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The MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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DRIFTS FROM DEMOCRACY.

(*Speech delivered by W. F. MURRAH in the Mississippi Oratorical Contest, Columbus, May, 1907.)

In an age when everything looks to change, when the fundamentals of religion, and, even of family life, are brought into question, it is not strange that problems of democratic government should attract our attention. Nor is it a misfortune that we are called upon to study the underlying principles of our Constitution. The very essence of self-government consists in a thorough knowledge of the methods and purposes of government. To rest content with the idea that our Constitution is so perfect that it needs no intelligent care is suicidal. It is true that "to live is to change," and "to be perfect is to have changed often," but if we do not have a clearly formed idea of the tendencies already existing, mere helpless change is but another name for disintegration and decay.

Since the time when our forefathers drew up that Constitution called by Mr. Gladstone, "the greatest single production ever struck off by the brain and purpose of man," a change has come over the spirit of our government. We still print in our text books the same Constitution that Madison formed and Hamilton defended, but neither of these old school statesmen would feel at ease in a constitutional dis-

*It is provided in the Constitution of the Mississippi Oratorical Association that the representatives of the Colleges shall have their speeches published in their respective College journals during the year succeeding the contest.

cussion in the cabinet of Cleveland or Roosevelt. The dividing line, so clear in the last century, between Federal and State power is vanishing in the wake of policy and expediency.

No feature of the original Constitution is more distinctive than the emphasis laid on the power of the several states. To the men who undertook to mould a nation from the thirteen vigorous, hardy, and intensely patriotic commonwealths, there was ever present the fundamental truth that the only way to create and maintain a vital and successful government is to make the people partakers in all official actions. With this in view, a dual form of government was devised, and so perfect was the division of powers, that though all the parts of the two inter-acting political machines were driven by the same motive power of popular control there was the most complete harmony between state and nation. While the individual citizen took an equal part in the state government and in the Federal, yet it was his state that was his native country, that roused in him the passionate devotion of local patriotism. It was to accept a position as state governor that Robert Y. Hayne resigned his seat in the United States Senate, and the first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court felt it an honor to retire from Federal service and become governor of New York. These early patriots had not overlooked the fact so fatally forgotten by the men of Recontsruction days, that the central government was created by small independent republics and that it could never be older than its parents.

It is not difficult to trace the steps by which the power and dignity of the state was undermined. For only a few years could our nation maintain its policy of "splendid isolation"; and in 1812 while the giant contest between the "man of destiny" and the "mistress of the seas" was at its height, we threw our weight into the trembling balance, and from that day no political calculation in Europe has been complete, which has not taken America into account. International relations were thus established, and as a result of these the

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treacherous desire for national expansion, to which we can trace the downfall of the great nations of history, has year by year grown stronger. Naturally these foreign questions, which attract our people and which must be dealt with by Federal authorities, have served to transfer popular interest from the politics of the state to that of the nation.

The state has become too small for our large business enterprises. The sphere of these industries has widened from localities to state and from state limits has spread abroad over the whole nation. Questions of financial interest have begun to absorb our legislative bodies, and policies of vast corporations usurp the attention that is due the welfare of the people of the state. Every step in our progress has been made at a fearful cost. The very instruments that have been used to build the greatest nation on the face of the earth have become sources of corruption from which have arisen conditions altogether unknown to our fathers.

These new conditions have tended to degrade the character of our law-making bodies. Our ablest men are attracted to Federal office on account of the greater interest and prominence of the questions at issue, and the vastly more important matters of state legislation have fallen into the hands of men who are either helplessly ignorant in framing statutes or are willing tools of the vast corporations that are chartered and regulated under state supervision.

From such causes can come but one result. The interest of the people has been withdrawn from the selection of state legislators and centered upon the more spectacular affairs of a nation that says to the warring hosts of Europe and Asia, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." And thus it is that while we have been speaking peace to rival powers, we have at the same time been losing respect for the third-rate politicians who consume their time in corporation legislation.

And with this loss of interest has come a change of attitude. It has been remarked by the most acute critic of American politics that our people have not ceased to care for their state

—far from it. They are proud of their states—even where there is little to be proud of. That passionate love of competition which possesses English-speaking men, makes them eager that their states shall surpass the neighboring states in commercial interest and that their particular star shall shine at least as brightly as the other forty-four in the national flag. But these commonwealths do not mean to their citizens what they did in the days of the Revolution; they do not command an equal measure of loyalty, nor do they have so large an influence on the individual welfare. The truth is the state has shrivelled up. It retains its old legal powers over its citizens, its old legal rights as against the central government. But men no longer say, as Ames in 1782 or Quincy in 1811, that their state is their country.

It is useless to rail against this state of affairs. Only by removing the causes can we change the effects. Our great nation cannot and will not allow matters of vital interest to be continually neglected, nor can crime and graft continue to flourish in high places. These flagrant evils will be corrected, if not by state legislation, then by Federal action. Not as an unfriendly threat but as a timely warning have our executive officers proclaimed what historical students have long taught, the power irresistibly centers where it is exercised—that the unused arm loses its strength.

We must frankly recognize the evils of our present state government. We must clearly see that if we resist the strong and well-organized movement of a few able and honest men for a centralization of power, it must be done by removing the necessity for placing upon our Constitution an interpretation that makes for centralization. When our people are throttled in the grasp of trusts chartered and controlled by state, when the hope of our nation is blasted by child-labor legalized by states, when marriage becomes a mockery and divorce is a question of geography because of varied state laws, when "state rights" has become the slogan of financial interests and corporate greed, then it is folly to talk of the sacredness

of state sovereignty. For the states to be preserved they must be worth preserving.

To revivify the state we must recreate the legislature, the palsied arm of an omnipotent people. The timid, time-serving politician must be replaced by the courageous statesman, trained to know his duty and strong to perform it. For this service there is demanded all over the land a general revival of a knowledge of the Constitution and of the theory of government. We must realize that the first great duty of every man is to be a citizen, that all education is but preparatory and looks to the fitting of the man for civic duties, that of all forms of training that in political and social service is the most vitally necessary. The man versed in all other learning but ignorant of state-craft is only a dead weight of useless knowledge and needs the enlivening touch of a coal from the altar of political duty.

There is needed again the voice of one crying in the wilderness of political decay. We have had too much of iconoclasm both in religion and in law; we are dominated too much by the spirit of expediency and opportunism; we show too little regard for the outcome of our legislation. We have long suffered from the pernicious fallacy that public service requires no especially trained faculties, that in the discharge of official duty one man is as good as another. Our state legislative bodies must attract and then must secure our ablest men, those men who are today shaping the commercial destinies of the world.

But this cannot come till every educated man realizes that there rests upon him a God-given responsibility which only the traitor can surrender. There never was made by man a form of government so perfect that its operation did not demand a skillful brain and an honest heart. The safety of our individual state rests on all of the people—not on a part of them; and there never was a time when the absence of the scholar from politics was so ominous of evil.

I know it has been said that the knaves have taken the honest men in a net and have contrived machinery which "grinds only the grist of rascals." This it is that has given rise to the agitation of today with its strident calls for centralization and for whatever lies beyond, possibly monarchy and ruin. But to give up our politics and our country to rogues is to deny the evolution of history and to despair of the laws of justice.

Shall our educated men sit idly at home, not knowing their duty nor caring to know, nursing the sickly feeling that politics is tiresome and dirty, half despairing of a republic and half cherishing a fond delusion that "somehow good will be the final goal of ill."

Should our independent states ever fall under the control of corporations and deserve the fate that their historic boundary lines be wiped off the map of a centralized nation, it would not be a case of government mastered by ignorance but of government betrayed by intelligence; it would not be "the victory of the slums but the surrender of the schools."

But our states and our people will arouse to their opportunity before it is too late. The interest of an educated nation will once more center in a purified legislature. Already the dawn is breaking. The youth of today are learning lessons of political wisdom, and the light of an awakened public sentiment is turned on recreant officials in great states. National patriotism and state pride are moving together to rid our government of corruption, and when in the conflict of contending forces other nations have fallen in the mad race for supremacy, then shall the world point to us as a people who have withstood the shocks of war, because we have conquered the evils of ambition and corruption, and have inspired our citizens with a holy enthusiasm for a nation in which freedom, Phoenix-like, shall be reborn to the end that this "government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

CO-ED.

Co-ed, co-ed, looking sweet,
On the campus all so neat,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy lovely symmetry?

Who the workman, on what morn,
Planned thy beauty and forged thy form;
From what distant deep or skies
Came that love within thine eyes?

When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears—
Smiled He twice His work to see,
For He Who made the rose, made thee!

"Prep." '90.

THE SIN THAT BLESSED.

John Wycliffe had said that if he lived he would have a college education. The neighbors and his mother, however, discouraged the idea, for at that time it was thought the the rich alone could obtain that higher development; and since his father had died and left a family of four for him to support they hardly thought it probable that he would ever become wealthy. But he worked hard, all the time saving a little money, and after many years it became possible for him to realize his "dream."

The day for his departure came. His mother gave as her parting admonition that he should not be discouraged, "You are not going to be able to wear fine clothes like the other boys," she said, "and they may laugh at and scorn you, but endure it all!"

The good-byes were then said and John started upon his way to the railroad station, rejoicing as no one can rejoice save those who have persistently striven and at last have received their reward.

He arrived at College in due time. He noticed that he attracted a good deal of attention and could not imagine why until one fellow remarked, "Wonder where he got the pattern." Then he knew that they were talking of his home-spun jeans. It was on account of this attire that he was given the name "Rustic."—by which he was ever afterward known He now began for the first time to realize the meaning of his mother's words.

Although he did not impress the boys as being good authority upon fashions, they concluded that he was "a pretty good sort of a greener." The professors, too, were surprised when he presented himself for examination, for he was much better prepared than the average student. Their surprise was even greater when inquiry concerning his preparatory school brought the reply, "I prepared myself."

The boys who had decided that he was a "pretty good sort of a greener," and that there was nothing more to him were considerably surprised when they reported to class, for they soon saw that he was unusually well developed. It soon became evident that Will Johnson, the scholarship man, was now to have a rival worthy of his consideration.

"Rustic" grew in favor with the boys and was fast becoming a recognized leader in the Literary Society, as well as in other phases of the college work. At the close of the first term his grade was two points better than Will's.

The second term examinations came and passed. "Rustic" again led his class, this time by a greater number of points than before. It now became evident to Will that he was beaten, and fearing that he might lose his standing with the boys should "Rustic" get the prize, he set himself to thinking of some way by which he might injure his rival's reputation, and if possible, get him expelled from school.

He accordingly took his closest friend into his confidence and after much plotting, they decided to remain quiet until

the third term examinations, and then to slip some translations into "Rustic's" desk. They knew that cheating on examination was punished by expulsion, so they had everything ready when the third term examinations came.

The examination was up and all the pupils had begun to write when Will arose and advancing to the teacher's desk, informed him that "Rustic" was cheating. The teacher examined "Rustic's" desk and to the surprise of all found the translations. "Rustic" explained that he knew nothing of their presence, and the teacher would have believed it, had not another fellow spoke up and said that he had seen him cheat in a former examination. This convinced the Professor that "Rustic" had cheated, so he went to the President and recommended immediate expulsion. This was done and "Rustic," disgraced and discouraged, started for home.

When he arrived at home he told his mother the story of his being expelled, and how the boys had managed to crush him. His mother believed his story and did much towards dispelling the gloom which had cast itself over him. He vowed that he would have revenge for the wrongs done him, little dreaming how soon the opportunity would come.

Will's father, who was a very wealthy man, had several plantations. It became necessary for him to send a message to one of them, and since it was away out in the country, the manager got his mail only once a week; so it was decided to let Will ride through the country—a distance of thirty or forty miles—and deliver the message.

Will arrived safely at the farm late on the evening after he left home, but he was not to make the return trip so successfully, for he was scarcely three miles away from the farm when his horse suddenly jumped and threw him against a tree. He tried to walk, but discovered that his leg had been broken, so he lay down and began to cry out for help. He had not been lying thus but a few minutes when he heard someone coming. Twisting around he was startled to see

"Rustic" approaching. What would he do since he now had an opportunity to have revenge for the shameful way in which he had been mistreated? While he lay thus thinking, "Rustic" approached and spoke to him as pleasantly as if nothing had ever happened between them, at the same time asking the extent of his injuries, and how long he had lain there suffering.

"Rustic" took Will upon his shoulders and started for his home which was about a quarter of a mile away. When he arrived he put him to bed and immediately started for a doctor. The doctor came, dressed Will's wound and told him that it would be several days before he would be able to return to his home.

During his stay "Rustic" remained with him and read to him. Will had hoped that Rustic would say something of his college experiences but they seemed to have been forgotten. So Will concluded to bring up the subject, confess his guilt to "Rustic." He told him that he was afraid that he might lose his "standing" with the boys if he got the medal and that for that reason he had slipped the translations into his desk. He asked forgiveness, and "R u s t i c," ever ready to do a noble deed, forgave him and agreed to forget the past and be his good friend even afterward.

When Will returned home, his mother and father noticed that he was a changed boy; for instead of the gay boy of former days he was now sad and melancholy. They wondered what could be the cause but they were not to conjecture long, for he told them the whole story. His father had him go to the faculty and have them rescind the order expelling "Rustic." The faculty immediately sent "Rustic" notice of what they had done and stated that they regretted that the mistake had occurred. They insisted that he return the following session.

In the meantime Will's father had not been idle, for he had sent for "Rustic" to come to see him at once. When "Rustic" arrived he offered him employment in the bank, and a home for his mother and her family free of charge. "In addition," he said, "I am going to educate you as if you were

my son. The world needs such men as you and I could do no better than to equip you for useful service."

"Rustic" and Will graduated in the same class, with highest honors, "Rustic" won the much-coveted medal, and no one was more delighted than Will. They then studied law and began practice together.

Their firm soon came to be regarded as one of the ablest law firms in their native state. "Rustic," whose ambition ran along political lines, soon went to Congress, while Will stayed at home to look after the rapidly growing practice.

"Sissy."

TO THE WOODS.

What joy in early spring to roam
The woods, the rising sun's slant rays
Piercing the myriad budding boughs,
Splotching with gold the trunks of trees,
The leaves of shrubs, the blades of grass,
Filtering in streams of white through mists
That gather in those woody shades;
Far from the busy haunt of man,
Where all is still, serene and quiet,
Save for the call and counter-cry
Of blue-jays, now and then the bark
Of cautious, curious squirrel there,
The swish of branches as he leaps
From tree to tree, and mosquitoes
Singing their song of blood and war;
The crickets having chirped themselves
To drowsy sleep, the frogs sung hoarse,
The owl silent, hooting no more,
His eyes now closed in slumbrous rest,
And other night-waked creatures stol'n
From light of day to their dark holes;
Here one can hear the vibrant song
Of Nature pulsing through the air—

Take great deep breaths made wondrous sweet
By fragrant flowers and night dews,
Pure, clear, fresh-washed, pleasing cool,
Delicious with the sense of life
And growth, so real, distinct it seems—
See Nature in her purity,
Her innocence and careless freedom—
Get near to Life's strong heart and feel
Its helpful throb; have stir within
Longing desires—oh, passionate—
To live as true, to be as pure,
Ennobled with inspiring thoughts
Purer and higher, yearning now
To be more worth, to better know,
To love his God, to have the quiet
And peace that perfect goodness brings.—C., '07.

THE RESULT OF AN EVIL ASSOCIATION.

Roy Gilmore lived with his parents in their out-of-the-way farm home, several miles from the railroad in southern Louisiana. But at the age of sixteen, when a boy first begins to feel the "man" coming into existence within himself, Roy began to feel a desire for freedom, to "be his own man," and to earn money for himself. He longed to get away from the quiet and monotonous farm life and to live in a city. He knew nothing of city life, except what he had seen when he went with his father in their ox-wagon to B——, fifteen miles away, to market their farm produce. He had gotten the idea that it was an easy life of fun and enjoyment for boys, so he had decided to try it for himself.

He knew that his father and mother would never consent to his going away, and he decided to slip away without mentioning it to them. One Sunday night, after his parents had retired, he rolled up some extra clothing in a bundle, put a few cakes from the pantry in his pockets and started out for

B——. He was not afraid of the night and of ghosts as most boys of this age are, for he had been hunting several times at night with his father, and thus became familiar to darkness, but he could not keep from imagining that some of the shadows of the tall swamp trees were living beings and were following him. However, he was determined in his purpose, and pushed forward, arriving at the city just about daybreak. He had no thought of turning back until he realized his utter loneliness when he reached town, tired and wornout from the trip. Never before had the little farm home seemed so dear to him as it did while he stood, unnoticed on the corner of Market Street, as the busy populace hurried by to their places of business. He thought of how his parents were then probably sitting around the little family table, and of how they would miss his presence, and of the usual daily boyish fun he would miss that day. Still that determination was in his heart and he decided to hunt some work to do.

He went to several places of business and asked if he could get something to do and everywhere he received the same gruff reply, "No, we don't need you." Late in the afternoon he was getting very hungry, as he had eaten his last cakes jut before entering the city, and he did not have a cent to buy anything to eat. He had almost begun to despair and thought of returning home. But, somehow, almost involuntarily he walked down the L. R. & N. Railroad, which was then under construction, to the camp of the grading crew just outside of the city limits.

As he passed by the tents of the workmen someone spoke to him, "Hey, kid! Where are you going?"

There was a ring of kindness in this man's voice, and as these were the first friendly words that had been spoken to him since he left home he stopped and said, "Just walking around."

"Come by this way," continued the man who had interrupted him.

The man, who was Mr. Wlson, the manager of the crew, soon found out Roy's condition, and as he was in need of a "water-boy" out on the works, employed him at once. The next morning at six o'clock Roy went out to work with a crew of rough men.

The work he had to do was not very hard, such as carrying water and doing in general what the men called "flunking," but the workmen were all gruff and wicked, and this did not suit Roy at all. He had never known what profanity was and every word of it stung him to the heart. He did not mind his work, but before night he had become so tired of their ceaseless cursings that he was almost ready to run away again and go back to his home.

Mr. Renshaw, foreman of the works, was at times a very reckless and dissipated man. He had been in several shooting affrays, at gambling houses and other places, and rumor had it that two men had gone down to their graves as a result of his good marksmanship. However, the men under him liked him, for when he was sober he was good-natured and seldom got on one of his "spells" while on duty.

It was with this man that Roy was constantly thrown, carrying orders to the men and running other errands by day and occupying the same tent at night. Roy was very small for his age and Renshaw treated him with a kind of tenderness, as if he regarded him as being more of a child than a man, and Roy soon found himself liking the man. It was as much Renshaw's influence as anything else that kept him from returning home before Saturday which was pay-day in the grading camp. Roy's wages for the week amounted to about three dollars, which was more money than he had ever had in his pockets before. He felt like a young Rockefeller as he rattled his first earnings. All thought of returning home was now gone.

Back at home his parents were very much troubled about him at first, but they had an idea where he had gone and thought he would return in a few days. When after several

days he did not show up they thought of hunting for him, and were ready to start for B——, when poor old Mr. Gilmore sorrowfully said, "No, we will not go to look for him. We have raised him up and done all we could for him. Now, if he don't care any more for us than to run away we'll let him go." It hurt the old fellow much to know that his only child, whom he loved so dearly had treated him thus, and as he said this large tears of grief came into his eyes. His wife threw her arms around him and in her gentle and consoling way said, "Don't worry, John, Roy loves us yet, and will come back sometime. You know he will. The Lord will take care of our boy and will send him back in safety." There was some comfort in this for the old man, and he tried to believe his son would be back in a few days. He loved the boy more than parents usually do, he was their only child; and it was not possible, he believed, for the boy to forsake him. But, alas, how often loving parents are brought to sorrow by a careless son!

Roy continued all the next week at his work, and was beginning to get familiar with the profanity of the men, in fact, he was using a few curse-words himself. He thought less of his parents, and the little cabin out on the farm; his mind was fully taken up with the thought of becoming "a rich man." He still loved his parents and his home, but his thoughts were of what he considered larger things. Often, in the stillness of the night, thoughts of the sweet pleasures of that dear old family fireside would return to him, as it does to every boy away from home, and he would think that he ought to be at home, but he would cast the thought aside, saying to himself, "I'll go back sometime, not now."

On Saturday of the second week after Roy entered the railroad camp, on account of its being "pay day" the men did not work in the afternoon, and he and Renshaw passed the time away, lounging about in their tent. Just as it was getting dark Renshaw asked Roy to take a walk with him. As they walked down the railroad toward B——, which was hardly a half mile away, Roy noticed that his companion was unusually

silent. They passed by an old car and Renshaw picked up an iron rod about three feet long.

"What are you going to do with this?" Roy asked.

"Wait and see," was the gruff reply.

They walked on a little farther to some box-cars, where Renshaw told Roy to stay with him for awhile. They were there only a few minutes when Roy saw a man coming down the road from town. He recognized him at once as being Mr. Wilson, who had been to get money to pay the men. As soon as he came in sight, Renshaw told Roy to get behind the car and stay there until he told him to move. Perhaps Wilson saw Roy step behind the car but did not pay any attention to him, and as he walked directly by it Renshaw struck him with all force with the iron bar, which laid him senseless on the ground. He then grabbed the bag which his victim had carried in his hand, put the money in his pockets, giving Roy a few bills, and started on towards town. Roy did not intend to go with him, but Renshaw turned and told him to follow or "get some of the same dose."

They arrived in town just in time to catch the west-bound S. P. train which was pulling out for Texas. Here Roy was shrewd enough to dodge his now undesirable companion by jumping off on the opposite side of the train, which was soon moving too fast for Renshaw to get off. In this way he was able to escape the desperate criminal who intended to force him to go along, and thus make him an accomplice of the crime.

When Roy was alone he was so frightened over what had happened that he could scarcely control himself. He knew he would be suspected of being a partner in the crime, but it never occurred to him that he could tell the facts and thus clear himself. His one thought was to get away, and with this in view he started down the road which leads out into the river swamps.

As all the workmen were at the camp waiting for Mr. Wilson to return and pay them, they did not remain long before they began to suspect that something was wrong. A search was started and they found him lying dead by the car.

Roy and Renshaw were suspected at once as being the guilty parties, for they were gone and had been seen walking down the railroad just after dark. Officers were sent in search of them. Roy had been seen by someone when he left town, and in less than three hours he was brought back and put in jail, but Renshaw was never caught.

Roy would tell nothing of the affair at first, but his actions and the bills found on his person were sufficient proof that he was implicated in the crime. He was arraigned before a court as soon as possible on the grave charge of murder.

When on the witness stand he told the straight facts of the case, but circumstantial evidence was against him, and he was convicted and sentenced to the farm for twenty years.

Imagine the feelings of his parents when they learned that their son was connected with such an affair. The boy they had loved so tenderly, the boy they had tried so hard to bring up in the right way, their only son, in whom all their hopes had been placed—a criminal! How hard it does seem for the innocent to suffer for the wrong-doings of others; how sad for gray hairs to be brought down to the grave by the thoughtlessness of a reckless boy.

Roy was carried to the state prison and after being fitted with a suit of convict stripes was put to hard labor in the fields. He still asserted his innocence and told everyone how he was connected with the affair. He soon saw there was no chance of escape, so he went to work and soon won the confidence of the officials, and was made a "trusty."

He had been on the farm about three years when a young clergyman named Gilmore came from Texas to preach to the convicts. This young man heard of Roy and learned the particulars of his case, and also on talking to him found that they were distantly related. This aroused his interest in Roy and he began to work to secure a pardon for him. After due consideration by the state officials it was granted. Roy was once more free—but what was this freedom to him? He knew that his sowing of "wild oats" had almost driven his mother insane and had helped to send his father to an early grave.

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EDITORIALS.

COLLEGE HONOR.

There has been much talk of late concerning the cause of dishonesty as well as other maladies that afflict man. There can be little doubt that an operation for brain pressure is the only sufficient remedy in some cases, but there is such a number of milder attacks which express themselves in such multifarious and unheard-of ways as to cause the surgeon much trouble in determining just what section of the skull to raise. For the present, at least, it seems that we will have to deal with these unfortunates in the same old way.

The seriousness of the situation is hard to realize. Observation and inquiry seem to point out dishonesty in one type or another as a universal evil in college. It is unfair to charge that the college men have less honor than other people but the fellow that claims his college untainted with this crime, is branded either a poor observer or so depraved as to conceal the truth.

Every boy who enters college has heard the same sermon from the pulpit, and the same lecture from the Sunday School; previous to every examination, the professor rehearses the penalties for each one known to be guilty of "jacking." In the Young Men's Christian Association he hears the same ideas reiterated even with greater earnestness. The man caught cheating is "shipped," labeled with burning anathemas from faculty and student body. Such a course has been followed for years and "cribbing" continues to sap the lives of college men.

A wave of the college "honor system" has spread especially over the South in the past few years and seems to have worked very satisfactorily. As a "system" it is doubtless better adapted to the growth of honor men than the old method of faculty-inspection, but we have by no means reached the goal of perfection. Dishonesty is lurking in the back-ground and though it may mean the surgeon's "knife and gimlet," we can not say that we have finished the fight.

In truth the solution of the problem does not depend on building up "systems," however perfect they may be, but an all-pervading "spirit of honesty" is what we need most of all. The spirit is the life and the system is the means of expression for that life. The "honor spirit" is to the system what steam is to the engine, and until we have an "honor spirit," we need a "system" no more than the ancients needed steam engines. We have a "system" and it is possibly more than we can perfectly manipulate. The most imperative need is for us to grow a genuine "spirit of honesty." We have heaped vengeance on the heads of those found guilty, we have cried out

against it from the desk and pulpit, we have depended on the Faculty, we have appealed to the "honor system,"—yet dishonesty abides. The merits of all these methods needs no defense, and we must conserve the good results they have produced; but in the meantime, let us turn our forces toward the development of the healthy, sensible and strong spirit of honor.

But this is the problem which has perplexed our best wit and defied our most earnest efforts. We have shifted our forces, stressed one phase, then another, and still we see many fellows capable of great things, fall into the meshes of this deplorable habit which converts them into mental weaklings and moral cowards. They first "jacked" for the novelty of the thing, but—more's the pity—they later cheated because they had lost their mental fiber, or didn't have the courage to meet a "bust" if it were caused by some unavoidable circumstance.

The average fellow comes to college ambitious and ready to do what will make him more able to battle with the problems of life. He is more than willing to follow the foot-prints of those gone before, to pay the price of success, no matter what the cost. Therefore, if he finds his lessons hard and knows that the other fellows passed, fairly if possible, but passed, then he if not wiser than many will count it nearer akin to success to pass—even dishonestly—than to "bust," and save his honor. To him "nothing succeeds like success," and a failure before his fellows, the Faculty and his parents is much less pardonable than a "pass" gotten with the stain of dishonor.

We must really convince the student that to pass on examination, desirable though it may be, is not the highest goal of college life, that each mile-stone unfairly attained has been reached at fearful loss to his mental strength and moral stamina, instead of the increased skill and double courage that each honest triumph inevitably brings. The great criterion of education is not the grade book, but the preparation for citizenship in this stern and complex age of ours. The

purpose and keenest mind for analyzing the many-sided problems that present themselves in the discharge of his social duties. The man who can think the clearest and strongest thoughts will master the elements of life. It is the breadth and depth of observation, analytic accuracy, ready adaptability to circumstances, together with this exceeding moral courage that enables the college man to dominate the society to which he belongs.

Should a man wishing to strengthen his mind by higher training, to increase his power of thought by intense application, start out by diffusing his attention? Why should he attempt to develop strong thoughts, the product of concentrated attention by keeping one hand on his paper, the other in his desk; one eye upon the teacher, the other on the help he nervously tries to obtain? May he expect the ideas in his sub-conscious mind to arrange themselves into well formed thoughts at the call of the will when his whole consciousness is beclouded by an infernal purpose to cheat? His will power being dethroned, allows ideas to flit through his mind in no more order than if he were dreaming, and his paper is sure to reflect and record this deplorable mental state. The teacher can scarcely determine from his papers, though they may contain statements sufficient to warrant a pass, whether his mental powers are developing in proportion to the information he is gathering or whether he is becoming a mental dyspeptic on account of the accumulation of unassimilated facts.

He may deceive the professor, and his fellows, but he can not deceive himself. He knows that he is losing that perfect control of his mind, that his ability to think clearly and accurately is weakening. He knows that he has les self-confidence, and feels no longer free to work and welcome the test as before; but that he has become a slave to the habit. He is no longer conscious of increasing mental power and the thrill of a genuine triumph but slowly falls behind the pace of his fellows. He has so weakened himself that he no longer has the vision and courage to imitate the fellow who even with

no better preparation, has a conscience clear as a crystal, with his determination set upon a victory, able to concentrate his attention on his work and martial every intellectual force into the position of greatest efficiency. Such a fellow may fail at first, but he does not surrender all; he has not exchanged the ability to think clearly and continue the struggle for one dishonorable pass which unhorses him for the greater battles to come.

If a strong honor spirit is ever the leaven which will pervade and control the whole student body, there must be a change in point of view. The idea that a "pass" is only a plum whose flavor is not effected by the method used in the getting, must be eradicated before the average student can really feel like interfering in case his fellow prefers deception to honesty and genuine effort. The college man is not sufficiently selfish and revengeful as to do anything that will prevent his neighbor from getting any good thing and whether or not he has gotten his "plum" he has no desire either to crush or pull down the other fellow as the case may be. As long as the prevalent idea is predominant, the man who wishes to "cheat" will do so if he dares and only the exceptional student will enter a protest because it is known that the pervading spirit would consider it a deed done to harm a fellow-student. To build an adequate honor spirit we must make less of dishonesty as a crime against the Faculty or the honest student and more of the devitalizing and suicidal effects on the guilty.

The Student and our Advertisers.

We deem it unnecessary to remind the old boys that our magazine is published by the aid of those public spirited citizens of Jackson who advertise with us. This co-operation between men in the city and the student-body is most helpful to both parties. The presence of Millsaps College brings no less than $50,000.00 each session to swell the circulating fund of the Capital City, to say nothing of its value in bringing

distinguished scholars to furnish the leaven of culture which attracts the best citizens, thereby rendering Jackson the most popular city in the state. There is hardly a man in town who is not directly or indirectly benefitted in a number of ways by the presence of the college.

In our active student life the COLLEGIAN is indispensable and deserves the heartiest support of every student. Not only by subscription and contribution does your magazine expect your help, but also in helping us make it profitable for a business man to advertise with us. The COLLEGIAN advertisements are most helpful in finding any desired article and a satisfactory man with whom to deal. So, boys, remember to help those who help us and show your college spirit by letting them know that their support is appreciated and reveal to them the fact that we do turn our trade toward those whose advertising deserves our patronage.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

T. L. BAILEY, Editor.

NOTE.—The Editor would gratefully appreciate anything of interest so please don't hesitate to report the news to him.

Howdy!

Let's pull for more athletics!

Messrs. J. W. Frost, S. I. Osborn and M. S. Pittman visited friends and club-mates on the campus recently.

New man—"Say, Mister, what's the admission to that Y. M. C. A. exception?"

"Prof." J. H. Holmes, to the delight of his many friends, is back from A. & M. College where he has been doing post-graduate work.

The Annual Y. M. C. A. reception was held on Friday evening, September 27th. This is one of the most important events in the opening part of the session, and was largely attended by the student body and friends of the College. All seemed to have enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent, and it is no longer "Mister," but "ole pal," etc.

The distinguished Georgia lecturer, Chas. Lane, in an address to the student body recently, used the following illustration in urging the students to study well their mother-tongue: Said he, "A young man in meeting a lady friend would hardly say, 'Good morning, Miss Mary, let's work a sum,' but would speak of the delightful weather, the neighbors and other interesting topics." Mr. Lane is evidently not acquainted with the custom in vogue here last session, for "Good morning, Miss Mary, will you please work a sum," was the introduction to the majority of the conversations begun by the members of that allwise class.

While enroute to New Orleans, Dr. A. B. Wise stopped for a day or two. Dr. Wise is exceedingly popular with both faculty and student body, and they are always glad to have him visit the college.

Dr. Sullivan—Mr. Johnson, can you tell me what acid it is that makes makes biscuit dough rise?

Johnson (very confidently)—Yes, sir. It's carbolic acid.

The vacancies in THE COLLEGIAN and the Bobashela staff were filled by the following appointments: Boboshela: W. F. Murrah, business manager; J. C. Rousseau, editor-in-chief; COLLEGIAN: R. M. Brown, Y. M. C. A. editor; W. P. Moore, assistant business manager.

C. E. Allen (to Bishop Andrews)—Sport, are you going to see the Clansman to-night?

Allen "skiddooed." More anon.

In no institution can be found a more enthusiastic faculty than the one at Millsaps. They are ever alert and eager to more thoroughly equip themselves for their respective departments. Dr. Sullivan and Prof. Swartz, instead of taking a much needed vacation, did special work at the University of Chicago this summer.

New man (seeing "Prep" Welch with his two weeks-old whiskers, standing in the G. L. S. door)—Boys, I believe the Galloways have got the best show.

Dr. A. A. Kern is back again after a years' absence. Dr. Kern completed his doctor's degree at Johns Hopkins in the early spring, and spent the summer in Europe. With Dr. Kern at its head, Millsaps presents one of the strongest English departments of any college in the country.

Will some one please put Denham wise as to what Department holds forth in the spire of the main building?

Mr. R. J. Mullins is receiving congratulations over his recent marriage. May no tempest ever trouble the now tranquil matrimonial sea.

Prof. O. H. Moore, having secured a leave of absence, is now completing his graduate work at Harvard. In the absence of Prof. Moore, the Modern Language Department is exceedingly well provided for in the person of his brother, Prof. Henry Moore.

The Sophomore Class has elected the following officers: President, Miss Clingon; Vice-President, C. G. Terrell; Secretary, Miss Hoover; Treasurer, W. L. McGahey; Historian, Miss Saums; Sport, O. G. Andrews and Poet, Fitzpatrick.

At a recent meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. W. P. Moore was elected President, and J. A. Beasley, Secretary. Messrs. Moore and Beaseley are workers, and we predict for the Y. M. C. A. a profitable year under this administration.

Dr. Kern (making announcements with reference to certain text-books)—I was not aware of the co-operative skin game, and have had Mr. Eyrich to order the books for my department.

One of the most noticeable improvements on the campus during the summer months, was the painting of the cottages. They now look very neat and attractive.

At a recent Business Meeting of the Y. M. C. A., when the President called for the initiation of members, Messrs. G. C. Clark, Boutwell and Sheppard seized their hats and rushed for the door with the remark: "No more initiations for us! We've been to the Dormitory."

With the coming of each session Millsaps grows in quantity, quality, and variety. On the College roll will be found Lords, Savages, PC Smashers, Koons, Shepperds and Fousts.

The beautiful new Carnegie-Millsaps Library has been finally completed, and the formal dedication will take place November 1. We are looking forward to an interesting program. After the building has been presented to the Board of Trustees by the Librarian, Dr. Walmsley, it will be accepted and dedicated by Bishop Charles B. Galloway, the President of the Board. The principal address of the day will be made by Dr. Dunbar Rowland, the Director of the State Department of Archives and History. We expect many of the friends of the College from a distance, and the day should be made an opportunity for re-union by the "old boys."

The library building itself is both an ornament to our attractive campus and a means of education in artistic taste and refinement. As a piece of architecture it is probably the most perfect in the State, and the only fault we would find with it is its provision for a separate reading room for the co-eds.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

BESSIE HUDDLESTON, Editor.

THE TRAITOR.

With The Traitor Thomas Dixon finishes what he calls the Trilogy of Reconstruction, the other two members being The Leopard's Spots and The Clansman. As the term trilogy implies, the books are dramatic and are separate and complete stories, but deal with one historical period, the dark period following the Civil War and known as the Reconstruction. The same types of people figure in the three books, particularly in the last two. There is the same loyal, hot-blooded young Southern hero, rebellious against the existing state of affairs; the same Southern father with broken will, and in the "Traitor," a broken understanding; the same loyal Southern girl who loves the hero only to see him fall passionately in love with a beautiful Northern girl who has no mother and whose father's politics force a violent enmity between himself and Southern blood; and there is the same political scum of scalawags and carpet-baggers striving among themselves to control the votes of the recently-enfranchised ignorant mass of negroes. This very element of sameness has made the book rather a disappointment to the readers whose interest is centered in the story rather than the historical facts and meaning of the dissolution of the Invisible Empire.

The plot of the story depends upon this disbanding of the Ku Klux Klan and its reorganization under an unscrupulous local leader. John Graham, the hero of the story and the Grand Dragon of the Klan in Piedmont Carolina, says of it the morning after its formal dissolution under General Forest's order, and proposed re-ogranization under Steve Hoyle:

"The Klan was the only way to save our civilization. I've sowed the wind and now I begin to see that somebody must reap the whirlwind. I realizcd it all in a flash last night when that scoundrel called the men to re-organize. The fools will follow him and there are thousands outside clamoring to get in. I've kept the young and reckless out as far as possible. Steve Hoyle . . . . hasn't sense enough to see that the spell of authority once broken, he wields a power no

human hand can control. It will be faction against faction, neighbor against neighbor, man against man—the end martial law, prison bars and the shadow of the gallows."

His words are prophetic. Under cover of the mystery of the Klan, robberies are committed and murder done. Internal feuds arise and the end is betrayal by Steve Hoyle and punishment at the hands of the Federal government of thousands of patriotic men of the South whose only crime is the protection of their land from Negro rule. The fact that these men are released from prison and pardoned before they can be tried by the Supreme Court of the United States does not lessen the reader's impression of the danger which was combined with the protection afforded by the singular order of the Ku Klux Klan.

The "Tratior" is a milder story than either the "Leopard's Sopts" or the "Clansman." There is much spirit and plenty of violent love-making; the story is interesting to the last; our indignation undoubtedly rises high in the scenes of the Republican County Convention and of the trial of John Graham for murder by a jury composed of eleven black negroes and one dirty scalawag; but there is no scene of soul-sickening horror as in the other two books. There is some objection to the part Susie Wilson is made to play in marrying Ackerman, the detective, and the epilogue has been criticised by some for its resemblance to certain well-known fairy tales; but we should hardly like to see the beautiful and lovable Susie become an "old maid" because she could not marry John Graham; and as for the epilogue, there are those who like to know exactly what becomes of the hero and heroine and their friends. The "Traitor" is a very readable book.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

JEFF COLLINS, Editor.

It is with a great deal of embarrassment that I assume the duties of Alumni Editor of the COLLEGIAN. I suppose it is my duty to say something of Alumni and of Alumnae So, Alumni, do not be offended if I should fail to choose words when I speak of you, or if I should be so cruel as not to mention your name in these columns. Alumnae, do not feel the least bit embarrassed, should I on all occasions "butt" into your sweet presence and without previous warning talk to you only of your Alma Mater. I shall endeavor to treat each Alumnus with due respect for his dignity and be considerate enough towards the abominable bachelor who still prowls around and claims admission to that august assembly. I shall strive to treat the Alumnae with ample regard for their beauty and grace, and shall heartily commend the skill with which any one of them may manage the fiery dart of dangerous cupid.

I have always felt an immeasurable amount of awe and resignation for even a Senior, and have regarded them as mortals of great wisdom and dignity, but to go even beyond the Senior and deal with Alumni and Alumnae, the latter of which I confess my total lack of a skill in managing, is for me to take a long and dangerous step in absolute darkness, by which step I may accidentally flounder around and unconsciously get on the toes of some Alumnus or fall at the feet of some Alumna.

It seems that the general trend of the Millsaps Alumnus is to delve into politics. The fact that the next legislature of Mississippi will have on its roll seventeen Alumni, confirms the above statement without enumerating the countless number of minor offices held by Alumni.

Among the surprises of the August primary may be mentioned the election of O. Backstrom as Superintendent of Education of Greene County. Mr. Backstrom not only defeated his opponent but succeeded in convincing him several weeks before the election that it was entirely useless for him to continue the race, and hence he withdrew from the race.

The surprising fact of it all is that Mr. Backstrom would even consent to enter the race for Superintendent with a man who had held that office for several years; but once started Mr. Backstrom is invincible.

Another surprise of the Primary was the complete demolishing of the District Attorney of the Second District by an Alumnus of Millsaps—Mr. East, the dancer.

We could go on and enumerate many other instances of Millsaps Alumni entering politics, but those mentioned are the most surprising and the most recent Alumni.

Hon. Sam Graham is now a most frequent and most welcome visitor on the College campus. Mr. Graham is a member-elect of the next Legislature, and expects to take a law course in connection with his official duties. He is one among the few Alumni who has been fortunate enough to secure for himself a better-half. Mr. and Mrs. Graham are now in Jackson, where they will remain until next summer.

Now, every one who knows "Old Pitt" can imagine how much the boys of Millsaps were delighted to have his old bones exhibited on the campus last week. The Lamar Society without "Pitt" is like a mighty locomotive without an engineer. 'Pitt" has also assumed the air of a politician, but claims 'o be honest, since he was appointed Superintendent of one tf the Parishes of Louisiana, and not elected by the people. The excuse, however, is questionable.

Jim Berry was among the few Alumni who were here on the beginning of the session. Well, if Jim is any better, any prettier, or any nearer the bliss of matrimony than he was while here, it is so little that you can scarcely tell it. Jim is making "good money" so he says. I therefore recommend him to some poor girl.

No one ever thought of Jack Frost as other than one of us, since he so tenderly cares for us and so regularly visits us. Jack is going to make an eye specialist—we judge by his punctual attendance at the Blind Institute.

Mr. Lamar Neill, one of the class of '07, is now holding the best position ever held by an Alumnus of one year's age. Mr. Neill is principal of the Hattiesburg High School. The last we heard of Mr. Neill he was in great trouble. He took

the position on the contract that if he remained single he should be paid $1200, but if he got married, he should be paid $1500. For awhile Mr. Neill told it around that he was going to get $1500, but now he tells it that he is going to get only $1200. Who can guess what happened to Mr. Neill?

It is impossible to mention in this issue all the wonderful things that Millsaps Alumni are doing. We therefore ask those whom we have not mentioned to send us a concise statement of their financial affairs together with their chances at matrimony.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT,

J. C. ROUSSEAUX, Editor.

By the interchange of ideas comes a broadening of the mind as by no other means. It has frequently been the case that students at college could study to the best results only as they worked together. If each individual do his part and not wait to be led by the others, no better method of study could be pursued. It is true that the text-book is the corner-stone upon which the building of an education should be begun, but the expression in study room or in lecture room of the different conceptions acquired from the text causes the ideas of the others to be either changed or confirmed. It is the association, the comparison, the intermingling of ideas that sharpens the intellect of the listener.

Now, this is precisely what the exchange department in the college publication should do. When the different magazines are exchanged and the thought of the different colleges is compared and the college spirit of the student world is commingled, the result should be the amelioration in magazine arrangement, in thought products, and in college enthusiasm of the individual institution. Thus it is that the colleges form a quasi-brotherhood, each one contributing his share, not to lower the standard, but to raise it higher and higher. Just as no individual can live to himself alone, but must live with a due consideration for others, so the college should never build a fence around its campus and refuse or neglect to communicate with the others. Long since has the idea of the hermit's cell metamorphosed into that of constant contact with conglomerations of people. To a large extent this neighborly feeling that we sustain towards the other colleges is instigated by inter-collegiate games, debates, and contests. But we should never forget that the exchange departments in our magazines accomplish the identical result.

The duty, then, of the college student is plain. Let him visit the library and there read the magazines from the other colleges. Let him read his own magazine, and let him read its exchange department. He will thus see two things: First, in the foreign magazines he will see whether the home publication has been of sufficient worth to have received favorable

comment, or of grave enough faults to have received severe criticism. If it haply be the former let him work to keep up the standard, but if it be the latter, let him blush with shame and strive to make his own magazine the best. Secondly, he will see what his home editors think of the others. If he read that department he will see clippings of note that may be both amusing and beneficial.

To the associate editor the first issue of the COLLEGIAN is always embarrassing. As soon, however, as the magazines begin to come regularly to our desk, the department will have criticisms and clippings.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

R. M. BROWN, Editor.

At a call meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association on the 25th of September, Mr. W. P. Moore was elected President, and Mr. A. J. Beasley, Secretary. The Association is in safe hands. These two men are fully qualified to fill these important offices and not only that, they are men of fine moral character, and are in sympathy with every department of the work. Men, let us stand by our President; let us not place this responsidility upon him and then leave him to bear it alone, but let us co-operate with him by doing whatever is assigned us to do the very best we can, thus helping to make the Association all it should be.

Professor Ricketts and Professor Sullivan were present at the devotional meeting of the Y. M. C. A., Sunday evening, and the words they spoke were helpful and inspiring to both new and old students. We are glad to have Professors Ricketts and Sullivan with us; they have always shown a great interest in the Association work and their heart to heart talks will be remembered by the boys long after they have passed out from the college walls.

The Bible Study Rally was held on Friday evening, Oct. 11th, in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. Professor Ricketts addressed the student body on The Value of Bible Study. After ward the Bible Study Courses were explained, and the students had an opportunity to enroll in one of the Courses. The privilege of enrolling is not limited to members of the Association but extends to the entire student body.

Quite a large number of new students and a few of the old ones joined the Y. M. C. A. Friday night. That's right, men. The way to start right in college is to join the Y. M. C. A. as soon as you have a chance and the way to stay right is to keep the morning watch.

The Bible Study Campaign and Millsaps Students.

You may not be aware that the students of the North American Colleges are entering upon the most notable campaign ever waged for Bible Study among college students. The campaign calls for the enrollment of 50,000 college men in Bible Study.

It does not take prophetic vision to see, at least in part, the results of this great forward movement. Already a promise of a deep wave of evangelism through Bible Study is becoming evident. Think of it! 50,000 of the thinking young men of our country spending from 20 to 30 minutes every morning in honest, earnest Bible study and communion with God. We hope that our Association will catch the spirit of this great forward movement and that each man will aid in enrolling this number by joining one of the Bible classes.

Y. M. C. A. Reception.

On the night of Sept. 27, the Young Men's Christian Association gave its annual reception to new and old students. This was an occasion of handshaking and hearty good cheer. Quite a crowd was present and the evening was pleasantly and profitably spent. All formal introductions were discarded. Every one was tagged with a slip bearing his name, and after this reception each student is supposed to be acquainted with every other one in school. . . . . .

We are glad to welcome the new men into our midst, and trust that they will fall into line, catch the spirit of Association work, and help in the fight for right. Don't delay in identifying yourself with the Association. You will be saved many temptations by starting out on the right side.

Come to all the meetings and take an active part in the work. There is much to be done this session and we must each do our part. Every one has his work to do, and unless he accomplishes it the Association must suffer.

The prospects for this year are very auspicious. We have some efficient and effective officers and a number of loyal and active members.

Let us do all in our power to make this session the best in Y. M. C. A. work, and we may feel confident of success.

W. P. M.

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The MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 10. Jackson, Miss., November, 1907. No. 2.

LAND OF THE SUNSET.

Excepting Niagara, all the great scenic features of our country are beyond the Mississippi. The National Yellowstone Park not only excels anything of its kind in the United States but outranks the world for scenery and beauty. Its animals are better and its flowers smell sweeter than any of the rest of those in this land of ours. The Great Salt Lake' the only inland sea in the United States, is surrounded by the Unitah and Wasatch—the most picturesque mountain ranges in America. It makes one tremble to look from the top of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado upon the apparent rippling brook six thousand feet below. However, an investigation shows that what one saw from yonder precipice as a small brook is one of the grandest of rivers running between the highest banks of any river in the world. Observe, next, the Sierra Nevada mountains, of whose beauty the poet has never sung, and whose grandeur has never been proclaimed; on their western slope nestles the valley of the Yosemite, where the mirror lake reflects the beauty and grandeur of lofty Elcapitan, whose granite walls rise perpendicularly to a height of over three thousand feet. From the neighboring cliffs dash streams like silver thread, forming the highest and most beautiful natural falls in the known world; bubbling from their unseen sources over the mountain tops, sparkling in the sunlight, they mingle with the verdure of the valley—"a carpet of flowers", that dot the landscape with colors of never ending fascination and shed their fragrance on every passing breeze—

and then as purling brooks, they go loitering along between their shady banks, murmuring sweet music as they flow, while merry birds hidden amid the foliage of the trees pour out their sweetest notes and flood the air with their melody.

It would be needless for me to dwell upon that wild and wooly region of song and story that existed in that West forty years ago, but let me place before you the conditions of another West—not another country, but the same country in another age. Then, there were barren and fruitless plains considered of little value save for the thousand of cattle that roamed over the treeless plains; to the south, where lay the desert of the Colorado, given over to the sage brush and the howling coyotes, not only were the people ignorant of the many methods that are today in vogue in the upbuilding of that land, but the wealthy ranchmen with the thousands upon thousands of acres had little incentive for the economic measures. But under American occupation our Government has apportioned this land in plots of one hundred and sixty acres. Since then it has been necessary to inaugurate new methods to get profitable returns from the land. Long before the white man's foot tread upon the American soil, the red man had dug ditches to convey water to his crops. The western farmers of today have interlaced the country with canals and ditches, and the Government taking up the work now is completing the greatest system of irrigation that the world has ever known. As a result, the time has come when the desert "blossoms as a rose" while land that was practically worthless forty years ago is now being sold at prices of one and two hundred dollars per acre.

· · ·We have all heard of the Nile and its valley as being the grandest in the world; and yet the parallel between the Colorado and the Nile is most remarkable. Both rivers rise among snow-covered mountains at a great distance from their mouths and traverse semi-tropical and almost rainless districts. Both empty into the great land-locked arms of the sea at nearly the same longitude. Each has deposited a great Delta at its

mouth, and has vast alluvial deposits along its lower length. Both overflow in the summer at a time when irrigation is most needed, and the crops of the Mojave and the Yuma Indians fail when the flood is light, just as do those of the Nile farmers when similar conditions prevail there. Finally, the minimum flow of each river is more than equal to the irrigation of its border lands; and the Colorado will prove, as has the Nile, the means of rendering productive and habitable its adjacent rainless regions which otherwise would be worse than waste.

The barbarous Indians which were placed in this section by the United States Government wandered over these hot plains ignorant of the fact that nature, prodigal of her wealth, had placed vast quantities of oil beneath those plains to await a discoverer. However, in 1892 when this oil was accidentally discovered, the people were not ready for it. They had no reservoirs in which they could store this vast quantity of oil. So great was the pressure of the abundant store that pipes were bursted when an attempt was made to confine it. Vast pools of crude petroleum ran off from the wells like water. Now it has all been utilized and the discovery of oil has brought about many other improvements which are beneficial to the world at large. One of the railroad managers found that he could run his trains better and much cheaper by using oil for fuel instead of coal. It was from this that the oil burner was invented for the locomotive, and is being used to a great extent in the West and North.

Since the discovery of gold in Alaska, the Klondyke has until last year been the greatest source of gold in the United States. At this time, however, there was discovered in Nevada a gold ore which surpasses even the gold of Alaska in richness. The famous Bull Frog and Tonopah are so rich that they bid fair to become as proverbial as Ophir and Golconda.

In all ages people have flocked to sections so well favored by nature. Since the West has more than doubled its population in the past forty years, we clearly see that history has only repeated itself. From the back yard the West has become

the front yard of our Nation, and the Oriental has already come to regard San Francisco as the Golden Gate of Opportunity open to all nations. The west has indeed been the "land of opportunity" since Horace Greely said, "Go West, young man!"

Little need of be said the climate of the Pacific slope, particularly California, where the varied climate makes possible the production of all varieties of citrus and deciduous fruits, whose exports bring millions of dollars into her coffers. California is the Italy of America, the land of perpetual summer and flowers, with none of the discomforts of the tropics, for the heat is seldom oppressive, and in some parts frost is never seen. Tourists have gone there seeking the fable Eldorado and have been so well pleased with the climate that they have chosen it for their permanent place of abode. All southern California has become the Mecca of the rich, and Pasedana is little more than a colony of millionaires, many of whom formerly lived in the east.

W. R. Applewhite.

TO ———

Ah, Friend of mine, it is to Thee I speak
These words, though they be few and weak
To voice the thoughts that, loving, stirring, well
Within, as if my heart they'd larger swell!

Friend, it is Thou that makest the life I live
So pleasant, Thou that most comfort dost give
When most I need an understanding ear,
'Tis Thou that makest my world to smile and cheer!

Oh, Friend, it is the beauty of Thy soul,
The boundless limits of Thy heart, Thy whole
Pure, kind, noble self, that doth make me aspire
To be Thy fit comrade in pure desire!

C., '07.

A CONCEALED WEAPON.

One day as I was standing on the massive wall of the city of Soochow, and wondering at this immense structure, my friend who stood beside me patted my shoulder and said, "Do you know the events which led to the building of this wall?" I told him that I did not. Then he told me the following story:

Ages ago, the "Middle Kingdom" was divided into many states and each state was governed by a feudal lord. These lords exercised their unlimited power for more than half a century, until the Emperor, Zin-Sz-Wang under whom the Great Wall was built, consolidated these states.

About three hundred miles south west of Woo-king, there was a powerful state called Tsoo. During the reign of the Grand Duke Sung, Tsoo was a very powerful state, but when his son, Koo, ascended the throne the court was filled with treacherous officers save Ho who remained loyal to his state. His two sons were minor officers in the state, the younger son was also a musician of a high order.

The loyalty and honesty of Ho could not mingle with the treachery of these officers, nevertheless they devised many skillful plans to make the Duke Koo believe that Ho was treacherous. So by the order of the Duke Ho was instantly imprisoned. Meanwhile, the Duke who was afraid that his sons might take vengeance compelled the poor officer to write a letter to his sons telling them to come to the court.

The letter was received by Ho's sons and after reading it over they knew that there must be some trick in it, for they heard that their father was imprisoned; but the elder son realizing that it was his father's order went anyhow, while the thoughtful younger son refused to perish with them.

Thus Ho and his elder son were beheaded for the charge of treason, and spies were sent all over the state to catch Ho's other son called Tse-see Where was Tse-see by this time? He had fled—whither no one could tell. However, tradition tells us that he disguised himself as a peasant and wandered about in the Duke's very domain. He appeared

only at night, otherwise he would likely have been caught. His picture and a description of him was printed in large letters and hung on the gate of every city in that state, and a reward and high honors were offered to those who would bring Tse-see's head to the court.

One night while he was in a lonely country, where the news of the outside world was entirely shut out, he paced up and down in a little room and meditated his flight. It was said that his long black beard and hair turned white during that night.

The next night he managed to make his escape through the city gate which closed later than usual, for the people crowded into the city during that night to see a great procession which was to go through the streets the next morning. The guards being much confused in keeping the robbers and ill-dressed men from entering the city and being unable to recognize this gray-bearded beggar pushed him out of the gate.

Tse-see, overwhelmed with joy, came in front of a canal which surrounded the wall. There was a ferry-boat—but many people who were pushed out of the gate were waiting to cross over. Thinking it was better for him to wait until the next morning, Tse-see retired to a bush and lay himself behind it and thus passed the night.

Early in the morning he awoke and began to search for the ferryboat and after waking the ferryman, he stepped into the boat. When he found that there were only a few pieces of silver in his pocket, he said, "Ferryman, I cannot pay you in silver, but take this precious sword which you might need some day in your life." Then he took the sword out of his robe and presented it to the ferryman. But the worthy man replied, "Sir, I don't want anything from you, for by this seven-starred sword I know that you are Ho Tse-see, and that the Grand Duke Koo would give me a reward and high office, should I bring him your head." Neither spoke again, except on reaching the other side of the bank, the ferryman said: "You are safe now, farewell!"

On passing through a village one evening Tse-see saw a stout man fighting with another man. Just as the stout man was about to knock the other fellow down, a woman from a house close by cried out: "Tsang-Sz! You must not do that." Tsang-Sz instantly stopped and let his man go. Tse-see after making some inquiries, found that this man was called Tsang-Sz and the woman was his mother.

After a long and hard journey, he reached Woo, which was a hostile state to Tsoo. However, a dispute of succession to the throne took place between a nephew and a cousin of the deceased Duke, and the former by the support of his kinsmen ascended the throne.

That this opportunity might not be lost, Tse-see decided to find his way to the service of the cousin of the late Duke. So he went to play his fiddle in front of the residence of Chow. The nobleman on coming home, seeing a crowd of people gathered in front of his house, began to investigate the matter. On finding that an extraordinary musician was present, he invited him to enter the house. Tse-see played his masterpiece which pleased Chow so much that he asked him where he came from. Tse-see told the nobleman who he was and of his father's and his brother's death, and his purpose of revenging their enemies. The nobleman told Tse-see to stay at his home, and promised to help him if he in turn was willing to help him.

As a private secretary of Chow, Tse-see won the confidence of his superior who entrusted him with important affairs.

One evening he told the nobleman that the Duke Lee was going to celebrate his birthday in a few months, and he secretly whispered to Chow his plan, which was afterwards executed during the feast on the Duke's birthday.

Then Tse-see went to Tsang-Sz's home and held a private interview with the hero and his mother. It was said that Tse-see sent Tsang-Sz to Tai-Ho where the people made a specialty of cooking fish. So Tsang-Sz stayed there for three long months in order to master the art of cooking.

Time passed on very rapidly, when the Duke Lee's birthday came. The palace was beautifully decorated and there were all kinds of music. The feast was held at night, and all the nobles were present on that great occasion. During the middle of the feast, when many nobles were drunk, there entered Tsang-Sz, the cook and waiter, with a delicious buffalo fish, which was attractive both by its scent and by its size. As soon as the dish was placed on the table in front of the Duke, Tsang-Sz drew a dagger out of the fish in which the weapon was concealed and stabbed it into the heart of the Duke. The guards who were close by immediately caught this murderer and killed him instantly. But Chow's soldiers had already surrounded the palace and thus it was taken.

The dukedom soon fell into the hands of Chow and his followers. For a time disturbances were prevalent in that territory, but under Tse-see's wise administration it soon became one of the most prosperous states. Tse-see advised Chow to pay homage to the king. Having received Woo-King district as a reward for his service to the king, Chow built a wall around his new dominion and removed his palace to this new capital which is known as Soochow today.

Soon after, an enormous, well-equipped army under the leadership of Tse-see crossed the boundaries and entered the territories of Tsoo with very little resistance. The capital of the state was captured and in spite of desperate resistance the palace was taken. However, the Duke Koo had recently died and his son the young Duke had fled.

Tse-see was in great despair, for after a great deal of inquiry, he could not find the tomb of the late Duke. Finally an old man came who said that he was the only survivor to esignate the place, since a spell of sickness had saved him from being beheaded with the other builders of the tomb.

Thus Tse-see, guided by the old man, arrived at the spot and put his soldiers to work. After having driven the water out of the pond under which the tomb was built, they found three coffins, each above the other, one of lead, the other of

sand, and the third the corpse of the Duke. On opening the last coffin Tse-see ordered his men to take the corpse out and burn it. The order was obeyed.

On the way to the captured city the conqueror met the benevolent ferryman who requested him to make peace with Tsoo. So peace was declared between Tsoo and Woo after the former had paid an enormous indemnity.

SING UNG ZUNG.

A CATASTROPHE.

"Now, Miss Peggy, you knows dey aint nuthin' go'n ter happen ter dis heah plate. So you jes' stop wurryin' and gib dem chillun dey dinnah. Cose ev'ybody's kitchen's boun' t' git to' up sumtimes an' hit looks lak de pots an' pans is playin' hidin'. Dem folks down at de jail is goin' ter be so glad t' see dese greens an' bread dey aint gwine t' know ef de plate's tin er chiny lak de gov'nah o' Miss'ippi eats off'n. But I'se gwine t' keep my eye on dis chiny plate an' you'll see hit comin' up dis hill again fo' a yeah."

With this Tobe picked up from the kitchen table a large tray containing several tin plates and one china one, each bearing a portion of coarse food for one of the county prisoners. As he shuffled across the sanded floor and out into the sunshine where the jail-keeper was waiting for him, the woman turned with relief to see after dinner for her own family. "Wash days" were always confusing, for then Tobe's wife had to leave the kitchen for the tubs at the spring and her mistress had to take her place.

Down the hill towards the village went Tobe and his master till they reached the little brick jail. Then, while the jail-keeper unlocked the main door Tobe drew a pailful of water from the well nearby and filled a tin cup to accompany each plate. This done they entered the jail and crossed the hall to the room containing the prisoners' cells, the white man going before with the keys, Tobe following with the tray.

As the keeper turned the key in the lock of the second door the door itself was suddenly thrown open and six desperate men who had escaped from their cells rushed into the outer room, the foremost one knocking the keeper senseless to the floor. Poor Tobe was behind his master and he and his tray and dishes were deposited with a loud clamor upon different parts of the floor. The escaped prisoners naturally did not stop to beg his pardon and by the time he was able to stand they had taken advantage of the quiet noon hour and were out and away.

Tobe looked dazedly upon the floor where lay his stunned master and the wreck of food and tinware. Then as his upset mind realized the true state of affairs he shook his fist at the open door and with bulging eyes exclaimed,

"Now, now, you done broke Miss Peggy's plate!"

E. L. N.

FATHER'S GHOST STORY.

"Father, give me a plot for my story," I said, as he laid aside his book and turned his chair about to face the fire. I had been sitting ever since supper, pen in hand and paper before me but not a word had I written. I was waiting for inspiration, but I had waited in vain. As I spoke, father looker over across the table to me with a smile and said: "Why I don't know, child, I'm not very much of a plot-maker. But what sort of a story do you want—love story, war story, ghost story, or what?"

"O, anything would do. I just have to write one, and I haven't one single idea. But tell me the ghost story, anyway. I want to hear it whether I write it or not—just wait a minute, till I look under the bed. If it's going to be 'ghosty,' I don't want anything in here I don't know about."

"Well," father began after I had taken my seat again, "I don't know but one ghost story that I could be positive was true, for I never had any experience with ghosts but once,

and though I've heard of a great many, I never could quite bring myself to believe the stories. But this really happened to me, about forty years ago. I was just eighteen years old, and it was the second year of the war. My company had been sent to B——, which was about sixteen miles from my father's plantation. I knew we were likely to remain there several days, so I got leave of absence for three days to go home. I had intended to leave early in the afternoon, and get home in time for supper, but I was delayed by several things: my horse, I found, had to be re-shod, and that took longer than I expected, but various other things kept me, so that it was nearly five o'clock in the evening when I started.

"I wasn't very well acquainted with this road, we always went to town the other way, but I knew I had to cross two creeks and a lonely bit of swamp which extended to within two miles of our house. I had crossed the first creek just before dark, and was trotting along on a level stretch of road when a clap of thunder called my attention to the threatening clouds that had gathered overhead. It was in April, and we had been having heavy rains, so that the creeks were swollen, and I was anxious to cross the next one before the rain began, so I put my horse into a gallop, and got to the usual crossing before a drop had fallen. However, I found the water high over the bridge, part of which was washed away, and I had to go two or three miles up the creek to the ferry to get across. This put me out of my way considerably, but I hurried on, hoping I might get home before the rain, although the lightning was flashing and the clouds looked black. I was just well into the swampy wood when big drops began to fall. I remembered that there had once been an old church somewhere along that road, and though it was almost too dark to see, I caught a glimpse of something darker back among the trees and turned my horse in.

"Sure enough, it was the church, almost fallen to pieces, but a good enough shelter to keep off the rain. I put my horse where he would be comparatively protected, and ran in the open door. It was pitch dark inside and I stumbled over

a pile of benches, but managed to find a place far enough from the windows to be dry.

"I remembered to have heard about this church when I was a child. Some of the darkies on the place had told me stories of how a woman had hanged herself from one of the rafters, and the old church which had not been used in twenty years was said to be haunted. None of our servants would ever go by the church. Old Uncle Jim would go two miles out of the way to keep from passing there, when my father sent him to town.

"Now, I never was superstitious at all, but I couldn't help thinking about those things and how Uncle Jim's eyes would get wide at the recollection, when he told of how he had passed the church once and seen through the open door a white something hanging from the rafters—he did not wait to investigate. The rain was still pouring in torrents and I knew I would have to content myself to stay till the storm was over; and my thoughts turned back to the ghost, and I wondered if there was any bit of truth in the stories, if something really had happened to start the darkies talking. At any rate, I found the thing was getting on my nerves, and I began to think I might be more comfortable out in the rain. I strained my eyes to see, for I began to feel that there was some other human being inside the old church besides me, but it was too dark to see my hand before my face. So I just sat and waited.

"Directly there came a flash of lightning that lasted just long enough to show me the old benches scattered about, the skeleton-like frame of rafters over the pulpit, and to the right a gleam of something white, and it was dark again. I sat staring it that direction hoping for another flash, but when it came I only saw the black beams and the sagging walls. 'Pshaw,' I said to myself, 'It's nothing at all, what a fool I am,' and began to whistle 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' with variations and a vim that made it sound above the noise of the rain. I was just in the middle of the second line of that song when there came a vivid flash and I saw distinctly this

time for my face was turned that way. Sitting high on the rafters was a ghastly white figure, with one arm thrown around an upright beam, and the other stretched towards me. In the moment of light I saw that it was the figure of a woman, wild, unkempt, hair streaming, and face haggard and fierce, and wide-staring eyes that seemed to be looking right through me. It was dark again, and I sat motionless, looking up into the blackness, waiting terrified, for another flash. Directly it came and I saw the thing again, this time slowly but with exceeding cunning beginning to climb down, eyes still fixed on me as if it could see me in the dark as well as in the light.

"You may imagine I did not hesitate any longer, but left in something of a hurry. I don't know whether the rain had stopped or not, but I know I looked for my horse and he was gone, not a trace of him anywhere, and I didn't wait to make a very extended search, for I looked back and saw that white thing coming after me, and my one thought was to get away, and that as quickly as possible. I ran, and kept on running down the road, looking back when I dared, only to see that horrible white thing almost at my heels.

"It was only two miles from home, I was a strong young fellow, and I ran all the way, without a stop—with that same figure close behind me. Panting and puffing and almost exhausted I ran up the drive-way, sprang over the rose bushes, up the steps, and without stopping burst in the front door and fell just inside, and as I fell, felt cold hands clutching my throat—the thing had me at last. My father and the whole family, including several of the servants, were down stairs and to me in a minute, and just in time, too, for I would have been choked to death in a very few minutes—"

"But what was it —what was the ghost?" I interrupted.

"Why, it was a crazy woman who had escaped from the asylum at B—— several days before. She had gone to the old church to hide, probably, and my intrusion had maddened her so that she was determined to kill me. Of course we notified the authorities and she was sent back to the asylum the next

day. My horse came up in the evening, I never did know how he got loose, for I had tied him tight. But any way, I made a pleasant visit home in spite of my experience on the way.

"Now, go write your story, if you can make anything out of what I've told you."

BERTHA LOUISE RICKETTS

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Remittances and business communications should by sent to W. F. Murrah, Business Manager; Matter intended for publication should be sent to C. H. Kirkland, Editor-in-Chief.

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EDITORIALS.

THE COLLEGIAN.

At the opening of each session a new staff must assume the duties and responsibilities of getting out a college magazine. The task, though difficult, is not always irksome, neither is it always pleasant. The editors are inexperienced and naturally feel like making little variation from the tried and true paths of those gone before. The Business Management complains loudly of the burden upon them, and the Editors of the Departments have their peculiar problems.

But it is not to their woes that we are now calling attention. The Editor-in-Chief finds himself in a position peculiarly related to the faculty, student body, the writers who contribute and the staff upon whose good will he is truly dependent. The College rightly expects a magazine which will do credit to the institution. Therefore he must see that the character and general tone of the publication is not inferior. To do this he must determine what to publish and what not to publish, a task made extremely difficult by the literal absence of all matter whatsoever.

After deciding what he needs, he starts in search of it, whether it be a particular type of short story, an essay, or a poem. He is haunted by the ever present fear of wounding the tender feelings of some young and promising writer by being forced to admit, or otherwise make known the fact, that the article so kindly offered is not suited for the place. He finds those who seem to think that he should pledge himself to publish anything, even from an untried pen, before it is placed on his desk. He comes in contact with those whose stifling modesty denies their productions a chance of publication. He finally runs upon the "very thing" were it not marred by careless and indifferent touches. He makes an effort to have these faults corrected, and receives the reply, "I haven't time, use it as it is, or let it go"—revealing the fact that literary pride lies low and that college spirit is none too strong.

The Editor-in-Chief finds troubles sufficient within his own sphere when others are doing their part. When he is burdened with the difficulties which proper support and co-operation on the part of the student-body would remove, the magazine must suffer. His primary duty should not be collecting material, but selecting material. His time should be spent in determining the fittest among the great number of contributions that should come to his desk by purely voluntary action on the part of those who are hotly contesting the honor of furnishing the best production. But how often is an Editor forced to use just what he can get, instead of having a col-

lection of stories, poems and essays to furnish a reserve to strengthen and balance the issue.

The Editor would be very much relieved and the COLLEGIAN greatly benefitted if the students could fully realize what we mean when me say that the COLLEGIAN is their magazine. With a proper appreciation of this, every student would take pride in his own and strive to further its interests. We seem to forget that the COLLEGIAN goes all over the South, and that it is the one thing by which we are known in the college world. Then, is it not of first importance that we make it worthy to go forth as our representative? The Business Department has a right to claim your support, but this claim is no more binding than your obligation to do all possible to add to its literary worth. It is your duty no less than your privilege to do your part. It is a pernicious fallacy to think that effort expended in this work counts for nothing. We are here for work, training which will render us more effective when we enter the "Great Campus" with its difficulties and varied duties. Those who support the worthy enterprises on the campus are the ones who successfully meet the besetting problems in this stern world of tremendous undertakings. There can be no reason why a student should be unwilling to contribute when there is abundant assurance of the highest appreciation from the staff, the faculty, and students, and no chance of getting returns elsewhere. Let us hope that no article will be held back on account of a super-abundance of modesty on the one hand, or indolent indifference on the other.

There are those whose interest has prompted them to contribute in the past, and they can testify to the fruits of their labor. It is encouraging to see an improvement in this respect, and our thanks can not be too heartily given to those who have done their part. But it is our desire to increase this number until the COLLEGIAN will correctly and adequately represent the work we are doing. **"Thou art the man, do thy duty!"**

MEDALS and PRIZES.

Many are the honors offered to those who strive for distinction at Millsaps. The oratorically turned have a chance at one or more medals during each year—the Millsaps Declamation in the Freshman, the Oscar Kearney Andrews Medal of the Sophomore, and the Carl von Seutter Medal in the Senior. The Junior year offers no class contest, but plenty of impetus should come from the Lamar-Galloway Debate (with medal offered), the Southern University-Millsaps Debate, and the honor of representing the College in the Chautauqua and M. I. O. A. contests.

To those who think "the pen mightier than the sword" the Clark Essay Medal, the Daughters of the American Revolution Essay Medal, Senior History Essay Prize, and the COLLEGIAN Story Prizes (one for eachhalf session), are offered.

For those who intimately associate with their "best friends —books," there is a chance during the Freshman and Sophomore years for the Oakley Scholarship, Latin and Greek Scholarship, and in the Senior year a Chemistry prize it offered. Among the many other prizes worth capturing might be mentioned honors in the Literary Societies and places on the staffs of the COLLEGIAN and Annual.

It is well for each new student to know of these honors and ta form a proper conception of the place they should fill in College life. These medals and prizes, offered by the friends of the College, are not for the purpose of placing on the one adjudged most worthy a badge marking him off as the superior of his fellows. The fundamental object is much deeper than this. In recognition of our purpose in coming to College, they are offered to stmiulate effort which will result in the highest training. There is little concern about who captures the prize, but much interest is felt in the training which the contest will bring about not only to the winner but to the losers as well· Prizes are offered for us to strive for and not for some one to get without a struggle. We, both the gifted and the less fortunate, are expected to make our best effort at least to enter

these contests. It is an easy thing for those who think they have a good chance for the prize, to enter, but the fellow who feels that he has no show, finds much greater difficulty in inspiring courage sufficient to make the fight. To him it is a losing battle and no one save the best are expected to derive any benefit from such a source. He looks upon a contest as a method of showing off the best in contrast to the inferior. Thus he forgets that the main purpose is the stimulation of labor, honest effort, which will inevitably bring its reward—maybe not in gold or coin, but in development, a thing of higher worth.

Let everyone remember that these contests are not for show, but for work, the prize is in truth not a mark of talent, more than a badge of labor. If you are here for work and its legitimate fruits, then it is you to whom the call is directed. If your rank is not high it only means that your future lies open before you, and that the call is more urgent on account of the extra work you have to do. Men on the campus often rise from nonentities into the highest places of honor by sheer force of industry. There is all to gain and nothing to lose. If you are willing to take an opportunity for increasing your power, begin early to lay your foundation broad and deep, in order that you may do your best when the crisis comes. See to it that the prizes offered do not fail of their highest purpose by entering every contest possible. Do your best to win and then if defeated, feel that you have fought a good fight. Let every one do his part earnestly at all times, and our campus will grow rich in men of merit trained by experience. Get at the work early and make the most of such excellent opportunity, avail yourself of this privilege and fulfill your duty to yourself and your college.

CLARK ESSAY MEDAL.

What is known as the Clark Essay Medal is ranked as one of the rarest honors offered the students of Millsaps College. It has not only rewarded the successful one but it has been a strong incentive toward literary effort among the student body. It has brought forth essays whose high literary merit

would warrant their publication in the best college magazines in the South. This contest has steadily gained favor since the beginning and we hope that it will be heartily entered into this year. It offers to every one the hope of a medal, certain and very valuable literary training and at least the chance of making the "lucky one" truly proud that his production was given first rank. No one is denied the privilege of trying and the medal is given to the best literary talent, the regulations governing the contest being admirably arranged for determining the most worthy. Dr. Kern has already announced a most satisfactory subject and we feel sure that every one who possibly can will make the most of such a rare opportunity. The subject this year is "Edgar Allan Poe's Contribution to Literary Criticism"—a more fitting subject would be difficult to find. Those who wish to work on a live question, to show originality of treatment, and to contribute to a theme of very keen interest in literary circles, could nowhere find a more fruitful field than is here offered.

The rules governing the contest are as follows: All essays must be submitted on the first Saturday in May, when the impromptu contest will take place. Three hours will be allowed each contestant on the impromptu essay. Different pseudonyms must be used in the impromptu essay from those used in the prepared essay, no true signatures will be allowed on either. Both sets of papers will be graded by the same committee, the prepared essay counting sixty per cent, the impromptu, forty per cent. The contestant with the highest average thus determined will be awarded the "Clark Essay Medal."

STORY PRIZES.

We take pleasure in announcing that Dr. Kern has kindly consented to give a ten dollar prize to the author of the best story published in the COLLEGIAN during the first half session. The Staff offers a similar prize for the best story contributed during the second half-session. This is to be a free-for-all contest.

The only special regulation is that the best story for the year will take the prize for the half-session in which it occurs, and renders its author ineligible for the contest of the other half-session. After the fifteenth of May, the Chair of English will appoint a Committee of judges to decide the contest, who will announce the result during Commencement, when both the prizes will be awarded.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

T. L. BAILEY, Editor.

NOTE.—The Editor would gratefully appreciate anything of interest so please don't hesitate to report the news to him.

Who said holiday?

It seems that the Glee Club is about to be cast into outer darkness.

"It am not I."—APPLEWHITE.

Messrs. George Morris and J. L. Haley were visitors on the campus recently.

The three fraternities entertained their student friends at informal smokers during the past month.

We are glad to see Dr. J. A. Moore able to resume his College duties. The Doctor was quite sick for more than two weeks and considerable anxiety was expressed as to the outcome. During his absence, the Department of Mathematics was well cared for by Dr. Sullivan and Prof. Ricketts.

It was not the influence of a narcotic that made one of the Millsaps boys think that the Y. & M. V. depot at Vicksburg was a battle-ship.

Boutwell (slaking his thirst at the dormitory well)—I'll tell you boys, this water is a great improvement on that hydrogen (hydrant) water.

We are informed that Dr. Swartz has purchased a farm. He's going in the collard business, we presume.

Prof. Moore—Mr. Shepperd, can dog be compared?
Shepperd—Yes, sir; Dog, more dog, dog-gondest.

It seems to us that the gentlemen to whom Prof. Preston (of Belhaven) propounded that question on Hallowe'en night are taking undue time in which to answer.

Dr. Murrah (to Senior class just after the Vicksburg trip) —Well, how did all seem to enjoy themselves?
Sumrall—It was the gayest crowd I've ever seen with the exception of the President.
"What was the matter with the President?"
"Cook didn't go."

Rev. J. T. Murrah and Dr. Sullivan, Sr., were distinguished visitors on the campus recently.

Important! Keep your eyes open! Geiger has found a street that buts into the Methodist Church. There may be other butting streets—so be careful!

At a recent meeting of the faculty, it was decided to return to the former custom of two examinations a session instead of three. This is generally appreciated among the students, for they regard examinations in "holy terror."

Dr. Kern—Can you give me an example to illustrate the brevity of the dream period?
Blushing Co-Ed—"How like a dream thou art."

One of the most enjoyable occasions in the list of events thus far was the trip to Vicksburg. It was a great trip and there is no doubt but that the day was profitably spent. The man who said that "it was worth two-bits to see 'Teddy' "

expressed the sentiment of all who went, and besides seeing Teddy, there were many other interesting sights on the hillsides and in the hollows of the historic old city. The student body went en masse.

Dr. A. A. Kern was absent several days the latter part of September in attendance upon the marriage of his brother. It is needless to say that the members of his English classes regretted that there was no one to take his place, for Old English is so delightful!

Freshman—I guess I'd better go to Latin.

"Prep"—It's past time.

"Right there's where you are off. Latin under Dr. Swartz is no pastime."

The Junior and Senior classes have selected the following officers: **Junior**—President, R. M. Brown; Vice-President, W. C. Leggett; Secretary, Miss Bertha L. Ricketts; Treasurer, J. H. Brooks; Historian, W. A. Welch; Poet, C. C. Hand. **Senior**: President, W. P. Moore; Vice-President, M. Geiger; Historian, Miss Bessie Huddleston; Prophet, Jeff Collins; Poet, G. P. Cook; Secretary, James Matthew Hand.

Football enthusiasm runs high despite the fact that the Freshmen and Sophomores are the only ones who have organized. There have been two games played. The first was between the Sophomores and a town team; the second, between the Freshmen and Sophomores. Both games were spirited contests and it seems that nothing but hard luck could have kept the Sophomores from winning one of the two. Especially is this true of the game with the town team, for they hit the line hard and fast. However, they have plenty of time in which to redeem themselves, for there still remains four games to be played. There is some fine material on these teams and we'd wager that a team picked from them would make an interesting proposition for the Mississippi State University.

Jake Bingham has at least one thing in common with the Missourian, for he has to be sighted. Not long since he presented his classification card to Dr. Moore. The Doctor took the card and in the proper column wrote "Mathematics" and handed Bingham the card. He looked at it a moment and returned it with the explanation, "I've got Algebra, too, Doctor."

We are anticipating a great time on Thanksgiving, for the A. & M. College and the U. of M. are going to play football here on that day. There is usually as much excitement over these games as if we were directly connected with them.

The Glee Club has elected the following officers: President, W. F. Murrah; Vice-President, C. H. Kirkland; Secretary and Treasurer, Marvin Geiger; Manager, R. R. Norquist; Assistant Manager, J. L. Sumrall; Director, Prof. Henry Moore. It is through the untiring energy of Prof. Moore that this Club has been organized and the student body is not insensible of the gratitude due him.

Friday night, October 26th, was election night in both the Galloway and Lamar Literary Societies. Much earnestness was manifested in the selection of officers and there is little doubt but that the members selected for the various places will do honor for themselves as well as the society. The following are the regular quarterly officers: **Lamar**—President, G. P. Cook: Vice-President, D. E. Zepernick; Secretary, R. J. Mullins; Treasurer, W. L. McGahey; Critic, J. L. Sumrall; Corresponding Secretary, Jeff Collins. **Galloway**—President, J. C. Rousseaux; Vice-President, W. A. Welch; Secretary, S. E. Williamson; Treasurer, R. D. Wasson; Critic, D. T. Ruff; Corresponding Secretary, B. F. Witt.

The following speakers and debaters were elected: **Lamar** —W. F. Murrah, President of Anniversary; C. H. Kirkland, Anniversarian; W. S. Ridgeway, Anniversary Orator; Jeff Collins, Southern-Millsaps Debater; Thomas L. Bailey and D.

E. Zepernick, Commencement Debaters; J. L. Sumrall and W. L. McGahey, Mid-Session Debater; Art Editor Bobashela, Miss Willie Anderson; Assistant Business Manager Boboshela, A. B. Campbell. Galloway—President of Anniversary, M. Geiger; Anniversarian, J. C. Rousseaux; Anniversary Orator, H. F. Magee; Southern-Millsaps Debater, J. A. Blount; Commencement Debaters, W. P. Moore and W. A. Welch; Mid-Session Debaters, R. M. Brown and J. M. Hand; Mid-Session Orator, W. R. Applewhite; Literary Editor of Boboshela, D. T. Ruff; Assistant Business Manager, Boboshela, J. A. Blount.

The Co-Ed's Lament.

Where, oh where are the jolly Juniors?
Where, oh where, are they?
Alas! They're Juniors now no longer—
And have not been for many a day:
The President's turned them into Seniors;
They sit in "Section One"—
And since they left our "Section Two"
Their love for us has gone.
But what care we for such as they,
When we are Sophomores?
We'll give them their diplomas now
And turn them out of doors.

Millsaps-Carnegie Library Dedicated.

Saturday, October 26th, was a red letter day in the history of Millsaps. The new library building was dedicated and Millsaps has thus entered a new epoch in her marvelous career. Few colleges have ever, at such an early age, had a building used exclusively for a library.

The dedicatory exercises were very interesting. After the rendition of some very delightful music by the Glee Club,

Dr. J. E. Walmsley, the Librarian, in a very happy and eloquent address presented the building to the Board of Trustees. Bishop Galloway, acting in behalf of the Board, accepted the building, and after earnestly urging the students to make books their closest companions, dedicated it to "truth, virtue and knowledge."

The dedicatory address was delivered by Hon. Dunbar Rowland, and it is needless to say was replete and with ennobling sentiments. He, too, emphasized the importance of a closer companionship with books. After Mr. Rowland's address, the faculty and students gave an informal reception and the guests were shown through the magnificent building. Truly it was a great day and the audience dispersed rejoicing that Mississippi's greatest institution of learning had made another mighty stride towards the topmost round of collegiate perfection.

The following ditty has mysteriously come into the possession of the editor and in the hope that it may prove of interest we shall publish it:

Distinction fair is won at last—
Long was it sought by the Junior Class,
For we fain would make some records fine
'Ere we graduate in naughty nine.

In the grid-iron charge we sadly failed,
Since many 'mid its dangers quailed,
And little could the others do—
That remnant of the faithful few.

Our baseball—tho' we hold our own—
Will ne'er for that disgrace atone;
And basket ball, though bravely played,
Departing glory has not stayed.

Some claim we've let our standards fall—
But look, we have surpassed them all!
Renew your courage, ye, who feared,
Behold Mr. Prep Welch's fiery beard!

C. L.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

BESSIE HUDDLESTON, Editor.

ANN BOYD.

"Ann Boyd" is a book of contrasts. Against the background of a little north Georgia village are pictured all the types of moral and social life that can be brought together in such a place; and the types are contrasts in themselves in that within the course of the story they are shown acting under changed conditions, and with opposite purposes. The motives and emotions laid bare in the story are as far from each other as the east is from the west; and yet just as one may go east by traveling westward, we observe hate suddenly merged into love, malice into generosity, shiftlessness into thrift, or we are present when the opposite changes take place. In the life of the village we have in contrast to the aristocratic Chesters rapidly deteriorating in fortune, social standing and character, the stolid, shiftless family of Mark Bruce, brought down from their shanty on the mountainside and ensconced in the ten-thousand-dollar Dickerson place, bought with Luke King's first savings. The difference between Luke King and Langdon Chester, the sons of the two families, is equaled only by the dissimilarity between Ann Boyd and Jane Hemingway, and between each mother and her daughter. Throughout the book the reader half expects to find, impossible as it is, that sweet-spirited Virginia Hemingway is the child of comely Ann Boyd and that malicious Jane Hemingway is really the mother of Nettie Boyd, the homely, shrinking girl who frets for the pretty clothes her father cannot give her, but fears public opinion too much to accept them from her mother.

The story deals with the misunderstanding, the social ostracism and the persecutions of a good woman who is guilty of one great mistake; with her desertion by a husband too weak to stand the gossip generated and kept alive by Ann's enemy,

Jane Hemingway; with the bitterness of Ann which never quite crowds out the impulse to do good, though she is forced sometimes to do it by stealth; with her final triumph through her love for a mountain boy, Luke King, whom she has educated and sent into the world to become a leader of men. In rescuing the daughter of Jane Hemingway from the very mistake of which she has been found guilty, Ann performs a deed which is a surprise to herself and which brings about Jane's repentance and attempt at restitution, so far as restitution is possible. The end of the story is the marriage of Luke King and Virginia Hemingway, and the return of Ann's husband to her, the greatest woman in the village.

The style of the book is intensely interesting, although the story is not a pleasant one in all of its details. As a character study it is excellent. The local color is true local color and is characteristic of Will N. Harben's work, while the humor is hardly equal to that of at least one other of the author's books, "Abner Daniel." The mountain freshness and purity of the latter is lacking in "Ann Boyd," but in both there is a naturalness that shows Mr. Harben well acquainted with the North Georgia folk of whom he writes.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

JEFF COLLINS, Editor.

Since none of the Alumni responded to the challenge made in the last issue of the COLLEGIAN, we judge that they intend to treat us with silent contempt. We refuse to be the victim of such treatment. Hence, our Alumni columns will, for this issue, contain the following:

No man of ordinary intelligence or of mediocre ability is an alumnus of Millsaps College. Under the present management and with the same advantages, it seems almost certain that Millsaps will continue to equip and send out such men as

already fill the ranks of Alumni. Millsaps men almost invariably get the best salaried and the most honorable positions of any men from any other college with equal advantages. Millsaps Alumnae are record-breakers in never having made a mistake in choosing for themselves a companion for life. No alumna has ever married a man whose bank book did not call for a million dollars, and whose chance for the presidency of the United States was not a moral certainty.

It matters not what profession the Alumni may choose, whether law, they rank first in legal ability; whether commercial life, they are among the most thriving business men; or whether teaching, they are most worthy of this sacred trust and most devoted to their profession. I was struck by a remark made a few days ago by a prominent educator of Mississippi concerning the Alumni of Millsaps College. He said, "Millsaps men are in great demand all over the state as teachers, because they are thorough and because they are not the victims of narrow thinking." We have reasons for being proud of such a reputation as this, and hope that the standard will never be lowered, nor the good name marred. It is unnecessary to verify the above statement concerning the lawyers who are Alumni of Millsaps. Anyone who knows anything of the bar of the State, is thoroughly convinced that the lawyers who are graduates of Millsaps fill the very highest positions of honor.

If Millsaps men make politicians, they are skilled in the beginning in all the mysteries of that profession and make almost invincible opponents. This phenomenon is easily explained by those who are acquainted with the conditions which obtain at Millsaps. The secret of the matter lies in the fact that our literary societies offer the most thorough, the most practical, and the most subtle course in politics that is to be had anywhere. Here it is that politics is taught first hand. Political schemes are concocted solely for the pleasure and practice in this art and in order to test one's strength as a leader. Hence, every man who gets a diploma from Millsaps College can without further investigation be branded as a skillful politician.

Men educated at Millsaps and entering the practice of law, can be sure of their grounds, for they have had practice in all sorts of suits—from the seer-sucker to the evening dress. They have plead in all kinds of criminal cases from the frightful arraignment before Dr. Murrah to the unhappy trial at the feet of some fair maiden.

If an Alumnus chooses the ministry for his life work, he has had training in the art of preaching and sometimes at the expense of logic. Boys who intend to be preachers can, within four years with the advantages afforded here, get a right voluminous collection of second-hand sermons. They can go out feeling sure of their ability to deliver these excellent literary productions, for why were they practicing them at Y. M. C. A. meetings?

If a man aspires to be a musician, he can have his vocal chords so well trained that the likelihood of his missing a note or making the slightest discord in "The Bull-Dog on the Bank" or in "Bingo" would be as improbable as for a rabbit to miss the hole in the ground.

In other words, it may be said that Millsaps College turns out from its walls practical men.—men who have had the most real practice in the various walks and professions of life.

There is no excuse for a Millsaps Alumnus failing in business. If a man does not learn how to do without money and to live without food during his four years of duns and receipts, he is simply not cut out for a business man, and will either be an inhabitant of pauperdom or reside in the land of mummies.

But woe is the man who aims at medicine, for he too has suffered the malady of his patients! The action of the organ most affected may be felt between the seventh and eighth ribs. Among all remedies offered there has not yet been found a quicker relief than the bantering eyes of Jackson's belles.

Since all these things are true, it should be the aim of every youth seeking to get the best training for the least money and in the shortest time, to come to Millsaps, and some great day be an Alumnus of Millsaps College.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT,

J. C. ROUSSEAUX, Editor.

So another month has elapsed, during which the colleges have all entered into the heart of work, offering up their foot-ball teams to Mars, settling the studious thinkers in thought, and launching their magazines as weak or durable barks upon the sea of college literature.

I wonder how many thoughts have been attempted since the session began—how many times the aspiring writer has had come to him some literary plot which he thought to have the exchange editors notice, and how often this plot in the end has turned out to be but an hallucination. If thought were a tangible thing, how many of them do you suppose we should find all crumpled in the waste baskets or waving as light as ever on the top of some bed of glowing coals. Yet such work as this is the only way to succeed as a writer. Poe and Tennyson were especially fond of changing, pruning here and adding there until the result was a symmetrical whole. And although some material may lie crumpled and forgotten, yet it is no disgrace; for the magazines during the first month each one does splendid credit to its mother institution.

The first magazine that came to us was "The Black and Gold." If the writer had submitted the other divisions as well as the third, the production on the drink question would have been strong. We like his contention that drink is a social evil. The stories are too short and without plot. The "Legend" as a legend is very good—not failing to leave an impression, but we think that the writer may well afford to give more attention to his meter, of which there is often a trip which spoils the smoothness of flow. In describing the warrior, it was forgotten that in all good description the broad, general outline is first noted, and then the specific If we had been

told at first something of the posture of the man, we might have better appreciated the paint, the feather, the eye. The sentence, "Legends are cruel and often are heartless," is entirely too flat; it would seem that the feeling here runs into more of an exclamation, and the sentence should begin with some strong words like, "But, ah!" The best part is the conclusion, where no one knows what has become of the warrior and the maiden's spirit is the cause of the desolation.

"The Emory Phoenix" presents a splendid apappearance, with gilt letters, smooth paper, and a two-columned page. The publication contains good reading matter. A charming love story is "Orphan Anne," but while the writer has a good command of English, he uses a somewhat ordinary plot. With more clear-cut descriptions than the word, "beautiful," he could have greatly improved our image of his characters. The ever-recurring "I dunno, dunno," of Sol Sykes is probably the best stroke in the story; we can see perfectly a bearded man with his hand on his chin. Some good attempts have been made at poetry. The poem dedicated to Dr. Allen's memory is a splendid production. In the poem, "Praise of Emory," we would offer the criticism that no matter how much love there may be for the Alma Mater, some persons would not probably sing her praise throughout eternity; a saint would praise God, an impenitent would gnash his teeth. The word "eternity" is too strong.

The "Eatonian" hitherto a stranger, we now gladly welcome as one of the most scholarly of our exchanges. In "The Religious Revival" the writer discusses present-day "isms" and making use of some valuable thought, is convinced that other agents, and not the church, are the reformers. In "The Sphere and Power of Woman," the writer, although giving some interesting facts pertaining to woman in history and in home, fails to follow his title in defining the sphere of woman. Where she has made the greatest success would naturally be her sphere—the home. Although the magazine has a good bit of humor, yet in the absence of a single short story, and also of poetry, it does not come up to the ideal college publication.

"The Southwestern University Magazine" replete with poetry, historical and descriptive essay, short story, and humorous matter, is up to its usual standard of excellence. "The Brook" is good poetry, if we disregard the technical criticism that minnows and perch could hardly live in a shallow brook in water that dashes and falls over rocks. Fish do not generally seek such places, but require a more even habitation, such as the pool. "The Iron Shaft" is a good attempt at a love story, and while well told the plot is old, being that of a hero who wins fame and finally his lady-love. In "A Plea for the Classics" the author states three reasons for a study of the classics, and thus shows well their importance.

"The University of Mississippi Magazine" is a very good issue, containing short story, essay, and poetry, thus giving the most important essentials in student literature. "College Life," although the moral atmosphere is low, is nevertheless a charming story, well told and having not an ordinary kind of plot. In the poem on friendship, the author, although he values his friend as his dearest gift, yet when that friend chances to be his sweetheart, mere friendship does not satisfy him. In the article on a Southern President, it is demonstrated in a clear and forcible style, that the next President should be from the South, because there is no longer any sectionalism, because our economic conditions will in ten years make us the "richest section of the richest country in the world," and because we are well able to hold the reins of government.

We note with compunction the absence of "The Whitworth Clionian," "The College Reflector," "The Hillman Lesbidelian," "The Spectator," "The Blue and Bronze."

It was indeed a pleasure to receive the following publications: "Randolph-Macon Monthly," "The Eatonian," "The University of Mississippi Magazine," "Southwestern University Magazine," "The Emory and Henry Era," "Emory Phoenix," "The Concept," and "The Black and Gold," "The Mississippi College Magazine."

CLIPPINGS.

Who Wouldn't Be a Football Hero?

"Oh, Tom," she said on greeting me,
In tones of great alarm—
"They said that in the game today,
You'd broken your right arm."

I calmed her tender, groundless fears,
With vehemence and haste,
And just to prove the arm was sound,
Slipped it around her waist.

So, nestling close beside me, she
Smiled sweetly in my face;

"That's great," said she, "not broken,
Nor even out of place."

—The Punch Bowl, Pennsylvania.

Joshua, Being Tried for Wild-Cating Whiskey.

Judge—What is your name?
Defendant—Joshua, Sir.
"Are you the man who made the sun stand still?
"No, sir; but I made the moon-shine."—Ex.

"Did you hear of the big explosion today?"
"No, what was it?"
"The wind blew up the river."—Ex.

Thoughts at Evening.

I feel so lonely tonight, dear,
I feel as I dwelt alone,
And my happy, guardian spirit,
Had by cruel winds been blown.

I wonder why in every life,
When one seems happy and gay,

That when the shades close 'round,
Our friends desert our way.

Perhaps the answer, though, is this,
The trouble all is on our part,
We've left some duty half undone,
Or hold some malice in our heart.—Ex.

The Lady of My Dreams.

O, weep with me, for my Love is dead,—
My Love so sweet and true—
And they buried her deep in a briny grave
Far out in the ocean's blue.

Together we sailed the ocean wide,
And care we never knew,
Until the winds beat up the tide
And wrecked our ship in the blue.

Oh! loud the wail of the awful gale,
That bore my love from me,
And dark the wave that made her grave
Far out on that stormy sea.

And never more, on sea or shore,
Will my Love come back to me,
For she dwells among a lovely throng
Of forms that used to be.

But no one knows of her death, it seems,
Nor yet of the wreck at sea;
For we sailed that day the Sea of Dreams
Where no one sailed but we.

And my love now lives where the sunset gives
To the sky the sign of strife:
And the storms we shipped and the waves we dipped,
Were the sordid cares of life.

—Ex.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

R. M. BROWN, Editor.

BIBLE STUDY AND CHARACTER BUILDING.

The one truth of Psychology which teachers are now stressing more than all others is that "character is caught, not taught." Since this is true and since the primary object of all education is character building, how important it is that students should not neglect their daily Bible study. For the embodiment of ideal character is in Jesus Christ," and the man who would build a perfect character must keep the perfect model constantly in mind. As an old painter kept before him gems of perfect colors that by frequent glances he might keep his eye perfectly toned while he wrought, so should the student form the daily habit of laying his life down by the side of the life of Jesus Christ in order that each day's character building may be fashioned after that perfect model.

The Y. M. C. A. held its second business meeting for the term, Friday evening, November 1st. The devotional committee reported that all meetings for November had been arranged for, and that it is the plan of the committee to have an especial meeting every other Friday evening, conducted by an outside speaker. Rev. W. H. Hill has been secured for the first of these meetings, Nov. 8th. His subject will be "Personal Purity."

Mr. J. C. Rousseaux, Chairman of the Missionary Committee reported that there had been enrolled fifty-three in Missionary study and that at the appointed time the special Rally was held with Mr. H. M. Ellis as speaker. To the cause of Missions by systematic giving was subscribed sixty-six dollars and thirty-six cents ($66.36), which will be collected monthly. There will be at least six classes organized—two

in the study of "Philippines," one in the study of "China," one in "Effective Workers in Needy Fields," one in "Aliens or Americans," and one in the "Call of the Homeland." The outlook for Mission work for this session is indeed hopeful.

The Bible study Committee reported an enrollment of 114, with fourteen study "groups"—nine in the "Life of Christ," two in the "Acts and Epistles," and three in Old Testament characters; also a normal class composed of the leaders and secretaries of the groups in the Life of Christ has been organized, which meets every Wednesday evening, from 7 to 8. This class is conducted by Dr. Kern.

The membership committee has been doing some good work. They reported the names of Messrs. J. A. Biffle, R. H. Wrgiht, J. C. Wasson, Lester Lewis, C. D. Risher, D. W. Bufkin, V. Bryon, E. A. Hoffpouer and H. A. Sheppard, as applicants for membership, and they were received. We are indeed glad to welcome these young men as a part of us and trust that they will remember that the greatest privilege the Association can give them is the opportunity for service.

Mr. Taylor, who was with us on the first and third of this month, and delivered two forceful addresses. Such earnest appeals to the young men to live the Christ life will not be fruitless.

A FORWARD STEP.

For the first time our Association has definitely planned and well begun the operation of the "budget" system. Our work has been seriously handicapped on account of an uncertainty of producing the cash to carry out our plans. The Treasurer has wisely planned to free us from this trouble in the future by counting the cost and getting the money before it is spent. This is the plan recommended by the most successful Associations, and has proven of incalculable value to other Colleges and Universities. It is hoped that every man in college will heartily co-operate with the Finance Committee in this work so that no unnecessary burden will rest upon them. They have unselfishly given their time to make the plan

conservative, yet commensurate with our necessity, and we should show our appreciation of their efficient work by being free in doing our part. So, fellows, when this matter is called to your attention, think carefully and give your share to such a worthy cause. We must have the money and it is much better to have it given in a business-like way.

Here is a concise statement of what we want, and what we want it for:

RECEIPTS.

Students' Subscription	$166 00
Membership Dues	135 00
City	100 00
Alumni	50 00
Faculty	50 00
Total	$501 00

EXPENDITURES.

Ruston Conference	$160.00
Speakers	75 00
Missions	60 00
Y. M. C. A. Hall Improvements	60 00
Y. M. C. A. Hand Book	60 00
Social	25 00
International Y. M. C. A. Dues	25 00
Advertisements	20 00
Debt from last year	16 00
Total	$501 00

The MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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THE POETRY OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

To apply to Kipling a phrase which he himself has employed in his "Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo," he has been more talked about and run after than any other living writer. Although his stories have contributed largely to his fame, and in the judgment of many critics are more meritorious than his poems, he is nevertheless regarded as a poet of no mean worth. He is even a general favorite with the masses, who have styled him the uncrowned laureate of Greater Britain. While the multitude esteem him, however, as the literary lion of the day, the critics offer a considerable divergence of opinion relative to his true rank and worth. There are his enthusiastic admirers who declare that he is unique among all living authors and who applaud him because he follows in the footsteps of no predecessors, but pursues the even tenor of his way, indifferent alike to the standards of older poets and the insistence of latter-day critics. Others characterize him as the "Voice of the Hooligan," "The barbarian whose song is a yawp"; some of these even intimate that he is read only by the uncultured.

These two views are obviously irreconcilable: both cannot be true. A study of the poems themselves justifies neither unqualified praise nor unmodified censure. Kipling is far in advance of mere modern verse-makers; but at the same time, he is not a "Voice," as was Tennyson or Browning. He has written poems that are destined to live because of their thought, feeling and form; poems, again, that do not

rise above the mediocre, to which the future must mean oblivion; still others, which, if they affect men at all, must necessarily appeal to the very lowest in mankind.

His first publication in verse—for it scarcely deserves the name poetry—was the "Departmental Ditties." All these ditties are plainly written for a purpose and that purpose to show England the frauds and mismanagements practiced by her representatives in East India. They were written with the hope that seeing and believing, Englishmen would feel, understand and rectify. Such titles as "Public Waste" and "'Delilah" suggest extravagance of the exchequer and treachery in high places. Yet while this purpose itself is full worthy of all praise, not so the manner and method of its presentation. The verse is essentially "clever": one illustration, representative of the whole spirit of mechanical brightness, will sufficiently show this:

"Cornelia used to sing with him,
And Jenkins used to play;
He praised unblushingly her notes,
For he was false as they."

The humor contained in a number of these verses is genuine and affords an entertaining diversion. If, however, the POETRY of Kipling is to be considered, they should receive only a mere notice as the first fruits of his realism. This opening stanza from "The Study of an Elevation in Indian Ink" is enough to convince the most liberal that the collection is little more than pure doggerel:

"Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Stands at the top of the tree;
And I muse in my bed on the reasons that led
To the hoisting of Potiphar G."

These verses may be amusing and entertaining; they may have been instrumental in bringing Indian affairs before the English public, and have wrought a much needed change in the administration, but they are not poetry.

A single exception must be made in favor of the "Prelude," which, consisting of three short stanzas, yet contains more genuine poetry than all the remainder of the collection. It is addressed to his co-mates of India, whose bread and salt he has eaten, whose water and wine he has drunk, whose ease and toil he has shared:

"I have written the tale of our life,
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise; but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth."

The next publication, "Barrack Room Ballads," met with instant and clamorous approval. There is much in this collection, also, that does not merit discussion; much that parodies or paraphrases other poets—for instance, "The Tale of Two Cities," after the manner of Browning. Lines like the following, from "The Ballad of the 'Bolivar,' " will serve to give an impression of the undignified tone that, in part, is true of the book:

"Seven men from all the world, back to Docks again,
Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road drunk, and raising Cain."

But some of the ballads are greatly superior to others; and, in a number of them, Kipling shows that he has struck a vein of distinct and absolute poetry. "Tommy" for its biting irony; "Danny Deever" for its tragic and mournful music; "Fuzzy Wuzzy" for its admirable simplicity and delicious humor and for its irresistible lilt, are worthy of unstinted praise.

In "Gunga Din" Kipling wins our respect and admiration; for though this 'eathen is a menial, a water carrier, whose uniform, "a twisty piece o' rag,"

"Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,"

yet, it would be difficult to find anywhere a mosre concise, subtle and excellent presentation of an unselfish and heroic spirit than in the six lines in which a wounded soldier tells how the water-carrier himself met death on the battle-field—

" 'E carried me away,
To where a 'dooli' lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean;
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before he died—
'I 'ope you liked your drink,' sez Gunga Din."

The careless pathos of these lines should make them live with that famous one from Thackeray, "And Amelia was praying for George who was dead on the battle-field of Waterloo with a bullet through his heart." And so throughout many of the poems, we find humor and pathos hand in hand—both are germane. Sometimes, however, we think that the author is consciously making phrases; and we accuse him of too grossly playing upon our feelings, after the manner of Dickens.

Other poems that are worthy of mention are "Tomlinson," admirable for its satire; and "The Ballad of East and West", which Tennyson pronounced the greatest thing of its kind in the language. Tomlinson stands for a dilletante, a book-fed character, who has known nothing of the deeper joys and sorrows of life, who possesses no individuality and has not done good enough to take him to Heaven, nor positive evil enough to give admission into Hell. He knows nothing of real life, has though no thought for himself—

" 'This I have read in a book,' he said, 'and that was told to me,'
'And this I have thought that another man thought of a
Prince in Muscovy'."

The setting is somewhat threadworn; but its application and the satire save it from the epithet, 'monotonous.'

In the "Ballad of East and West," Kipling shows his love for a man of courage, whoever he may be or wherever he may be found:

"O, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall
meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great judgment
seat;

But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor
nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come
from the ends of the Earth."

"Christmas in India" reveals something of what has been called Kipling's reserve power—

"Dim-dawn behind the tamarisks, the sky is saffron yellow."

The stretch of waste land; the opalescent air; the faint orange sky through a dusky lace-work of branches,—the whole picture called up by this brief line makes one apprehend the marvelous potentialities of Kipling's descriptive genius.

But for real poetry "Mandalay" surpasses them all. Here we have romance, melody and passion; there is also a note of gentle melancholy and of pathos. It fulfills Milton's characterization of poetry in being "simple, sensuous and passionate." In "Mandalay" Kipling seems to be gifted with the magical power of Poe to hold us in a spell, to draw us into harmony with what he is describing. We feel the wonder of the East, its fascination, its perfume and melody and color, and the mystery of its love which can move even the coarse-grained British infantryman to a pathos that is infinitely real.

"The Seven Seas," his third volume of poems, shows a marked advance over previous work; but it contains no particular poem equal to the "Recessional" or "The White Man's Burden," published later in "The Five Nations." It is, however, if we weigh the average of the collection, his most valuable contribution to literature.

A "Song of the English" is marked by an almost scriptural injunction toward restraint, which characterizes also the spirit of the ode just named; and not unlike this song in tone and spirit is the "Hymn before Action," wherein Jehovah's aid is invoked in a way that recalls the ancient Hebrews.

"McAndrew's Hymn," "The Mary Gloster," and several others have passed into the literature of the language. But perhaps best of all is "L'Envoi," the first two stanzas of which

are a wonder-compelling figure, and the last stanza of which is a consolation and a promise—

"And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of working,
And each in its separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It,
For the God of Things, as They are.'

"The Five Nation," like "The Barrack Room Ballads," is composed of poems of widely varying worth. Nearly all of those which relate to South Africa—and they constitute a good portion of the book—are lacking in the essentials of ordinary verse. No lover of harmony can grow enthusiastic over such lines as—

"On your feet and let them know
This is why we love her,
For she is our South Africa,
She is our South Africa—
Africa all over!"

or,

"We're foot-slog-slog-slog-sloggin' over Africa
Foot-foot-foot-foot-sloggin' over Africa,
Boots-boots-boots-boots, movin' up an' down again,
There's no discharge in the war!"

The majority of the poems in this volume are scarcely to be called poetry. There are, however, a few happy exceptions, among which "The White Man's Burden," and the "Recessional" are the most noteworthy. They belong to that literature, "which lives not only between the covers of books, but in the throbbing hearts of men."

It has been said that poetry should appeal to the feelings, especially to the higher emotions. Adequately to express

emotion, verse must have music. Now, there is no iron-clad law for music; because what is harmony to one may be monotony to another. There are those who prefer the chords, the surprises, some one may say the discords, of a Wagner to the celestial echoes of a Beethoven. Another may extol the moods of a McDowell above the mysticism of a Liszt. Music, therefore, may be virile, simple, weird, or melancholy; but whatever it is, it must represent feeling. Thus it is that poetry and rythm are inseparable. Verse may be metrically correct; but unless it has some harmonic rise and fall, it will be valueless as emotional expression. If we ask how far Kipling meets and responds to those requirements, we must answer that the greater part of his verse lacks the higher rhythm. It is very like the steed which the German poet tells us of—"which was beautiful in color, well-groomed and finely caparisoned—in all respects an admirable horse. It had but one fault. It was dead." Now, by this is not meant that words must be sacrificed to sound. Music must furnish poetry with a part of its working tools, but not with its material. The logic of Kipling's verse is not difficult to find: he is the poet of his age; the age is one in which emotion is repressed, in which vigorous expression and good form are insisted upon. Rationalism is everywhere reflected in the literature of the day; but nowhere so evidently as in the work of Kipling.

Yet there are times when the meter of Kipling's lines is overlaid with pure harmony. Take again the poem "Mandalay": Here is in every word a subtle correspondence between the music and the haunting suggestions that the theme brings to the surface. The wind in the palm-trees, the tinkle of the temple bells, the chunkin' of the paddles from Rangoon to Mandalay, the brooding spirit of silence, the mist on the rice-fields, the notes of the little banjo at sunset and the lazy smoke of the white cheroot,—all awake a strain of gentle melancholy and flood our hearts with the sunshine of tenderness: a mood wherein we do not know whether we are more glad than sad or sad than glad.

Far different from the music of "Mandalay" is the rhythm of the "Recessional": Here is the surge and swell of the organ. From the very opening:—

"God of our fathers known of old,
Lord of our far flung battle line,"

to the closing couplet,

"Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

there is an ever increasing cadence—a cadence where the throb of the music is in accord perfectly with the feelings and thought. And even after the poem is read, the deep overtone and undertone of the organ echoes and thrills. Unconsciously, we repeat, over and over, in an excess of emotion, that final great appeal:

"Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

ON A WINTER ROSE.

Only a rose—the other flowers fled,
Afraid of Winter's cold advance,—half-blown,
Relieved the bareness, cheered the glooming scene.

Surrounded by other flowers, gorgeous, it
Would still attract one's notice just because
So beautiful in lack of pretense 'twas.

Yet now that everything save it were gone,
The wintry hue of sky and deadened plant,
But made more lovely yonder budding rose.

No gaudy color there, but Modesty,
Clothed all in white, save where the cold North Wind
Had kissed its cheek, there blushing faintly pink.

Delicate incense, sweet and fresh and faint,
Above ascending from its own pure heart—
Inspiring, beautiful, this spotless rose!

Fit emblem, Man, of life well lived,
Sinless, amid temptations which should give
A sturdy strength to you, and flush with life.

C. L.

THE WORLD TWO HUNDRED YEARS FROM TO-DAY.

To be able to look through the dim vista of two hundred years and foretell the wonderful changes that will have taken place when this terrestrial sphere shall have run its course around the center of the universe two hundred times, presupposes a stretching of the imagination to the cracking point and the telling of a truth so far in the future that the present generation will discover the dawn of fulfillment of the prophecy in the latter days of their second childhood. Indeed the task is such a preposterous one that we do not fear but that there will be enough people unaffected by the prediction to establish sufficient insane hospitals to amply care for the more unfortunate, who have the ability to comprehend the observation. No one can hope for a detailed account of minor affairs, or to be able to capture all the smaller game, which is liable to be devitalized by such a long ranged gun. If one is able to catch a glimpse, here and there, of the great mass of people as they seethe and throb in that populous age, as to be able to smell the fragrance of the magnificent flowers garden as they waste their sweetness on untrained olfactory nerves, or even to hear the hum of all the new-fangled machinery which then will have gone out from the back door of geniusdom, he must indeed count himself not among the minority. After amply considering all the difficulties, we unhesitatingly delve into that near by time with brain over-running with facts important to mortal man and especially interesting to curious woman.

"On the morning of January 1st, 2001, a man with one eye on 1901 and the other on 2101 contrasted these two periods of time, in the following language: "As I stood there sus-

pended, as it were, between two mighty chasms with one eye on the past and the other on the future, I could hardly decide which I admired the more. Before my ancient eye appeared a specimen of humanity, strikingly similar to the monkey and possessing many of the characteristics of the donkey. They were dressed in all sorts of fashions from low-quarters to fore-quarters, and were putting into their mouths oysters, okra, and the 'Billy's weed.' I saw them use as merchandise peanuts and popcorn along with the helpless bodies of their children and the precious souls of men.

"Nor did the women, so-called, play any small part in this wonderful age of wind and braggadocio. They presented to my unlucky eye a specimen of boast, crossed between a dirt-dauber and a goose. If old Grandpapa Ugliness had had his gun loaded for sweet little Sister Beautiful his powder would have become cankered before he could have even scented the track of Little Miss Beauty. Their most conspicuous traits were flirting and skating.

"In spite of the silliness and bombast of this age, I saw in the crowd an honest folk. I saw the period of change take place in the brain of this more intelligent class. I saw them prepare a mighty iron house whose wonderful power astounded even the inventor. I saw men rise and fly from place to place, but with a considerable degree of uncertainty as to where they would alight. I heard a young lad tell his lady of his peerless love for her, and because I winked at a koon who was standing by, my evil eye was closed forever.

"But while my ancient eye was contemplating the absurdities of this hypocritical spectacle, my modern eye was beholding another scene quite different. There was before me, not humanity as I saw it with my antique eye, but evolutionized according to the prevailing customs of the twentieth century.

"During the interval of years between these two far apart times, man's constant association with 'fuss and feathers' and the practicing of the habits of the 'butt in' class, had

changed him so much that he retained only the complexion of the monkey and the most characteristic trait of the donkey, and had endowed himself with a 'whoo-owl's' head and a billy-goat's tastes. Woman took on the complete shape of an hour-glass, and imbibed all the loquacity of the goose together with the silliness of 'Poor Poll.'

"The class of genii and honest men, so greatly in the minority and so peculiarly distinguishable from the munko-dunko-dobero-gooso-whoo-owl-billy-goat class, had secluded themselves therefrom and had developed what was really intended for man to cultivate. They were no longer compelled to live on the flesh of animals, but by menas of an instrument which they carried in their vest pocket, they could synthesize vegetable matter so as to form a kind of food more palatable, more plentiful, and more wholesome than animal food. Hence, the cruel practice of slaughtering animals had ceased forever, and animals were left unmolested to evolutionize a species of humanity surely superior to the class of 1901, which was descended from the dirt-dauber and the whoo-owl.

"The genii had succeeded in completing an electric car line from Earth to Jupiter on which were run daily cars. Thus one desiring to take a trip from Earth to Jupiter could breakfast at Earth, lunch at Moon, dine at Mars, and sup at Jupiter. Wireless telegraphs connected all parts of the universe, so that it was possible for a lover on the Earth to talk to a Saturnite as often as he could catch her away from her spinning wheel, for all women there were employed in making a huge rope by which the planets may be drawn together to give room for expansionists. The genii of 1901 having begun at the top in the chicken-raising industry by inventing the incubator, left nothing more to be done along that line, but some egg crank had invented a machine whereby an egg could be laid every minute with perfect ease, thus putting the old laborious twenty-four process in the class with women's hat makers of 1901. One man, not very well informed on new inventions,

invented a crank-maker, but after perusing the patent office for several days, found that this invention was the oldest on docket; the greatest number of these tools having been used in the early part of the twentieth century. Man was no longer compelled to travel from place to place on foot, but had become so accustomed to travelling in flying machines that he was not feather-legged, as twentieth century men were, but was endowed with a nice pair of wings. Hence, walking was practiced only by those whose heads were too light to retain the equilibrium. Disputes were no longer settled by means of gatling guns, but by air guns, which were used almost exclusively by privates in the early part of the twentieth century. Some people of that day who were descendants of a class of people known as politicians, inherited a natural trimming of 'red tape.' Lying was not a thing of real value as it was in earlier times, but the profession had become so stocked with alumni that it consisted mostly of beggars and old dirt-dauber gossippers. As a result of the seed sown in the earlier part of the twentieth century, improvements along matrimonial lines were very wonderful. Matrimony, as reformed, slightly, consisted of a 'goo-goo' eye, an elopement, a jilt, a divorce, a suicide, and a candidate for a second process. June weather having been preferred, because of its insane results, to the more reasonable season, winter, was enjoyed at all seasons, as a result of an invention discovered by a hot-headed crank, by which sunshine could be stored away in a huge hollow sphere created in the heavens. Sunshine could be turned off and on at pleasure by a stop-cock. On account of the great demand for June weather by the hymenial class, the manipulators of the stop-cock were rendered insane each year by continued dogging for sunshine. Jilting became so prevalent among the women that a league known as the 'Jilters League' was organized. Their pass word was 'cute'; their sign was a frequent appearance before a mirror, a hair brush, a shoe shiner, and an application of talc powder every fifteen minutes; and their grip, as then called, was a locking of the left arm

of one under the right arm of the other and a clasping of the hands behind. Those unfortunate women who were the descendants of the class of honest folk, but who desired to belong to the hour-glass tribe, invented a pressing machine, whereby they could have their bodies artificially shaped so as to resemble the dirt-dauber, and tbe relieved from the old process of 1901. By quickly winking my eye, in order to dodge a small sardine can which was filled with a herd of wild Texas cattle, and which was on its way from Earth to Jupiter, my unlucky visions were lost."

JEFF COLLINS.

HIS ONLY PLEA.

A small, mis-shapen creature knocked at Heaven's gate,
And when the shining warden asked him to relate
What he had done on earth to give him right to rest
Within the glorious mansions of the holy Blest,—

"I made folks laugh down there," cried out the little elf—
"While all the time tarnation miserable myself!"
The warder saith unto an angel, "Take him higher,
Go past the saints and seat him in the white-robed choir."

L. M. M.

CROATAN.

One of the best friends I formed while at College was John White. He was very fond of curiosities, such as sea-shells, bones, petrified substances, and other things of the kind, and was also especially efficent at solving puzzles.

I usually spent vacation at his home in Norfolk, Virginia, and each summer I was surprised when I saw the great number of new specimens he had collected since my last visit.

Spending his time, as he did, in the forest and on the sea-shore, he had collected rocks and shells and bones of every imaginable description, and I greatly wondered at his ability to tell all about the origin and name of each one. Even his

parents were amused as they listened to his discussion of them

One bright sunny day, early in the spring, I went out a short distance from Galveston, where I was then living, on a fishing expedition. On my return I crossed a great sandy waste which extended about a mile from the Gulf of Mexico. While crossing this desert-like spot, I noticed a pile of bones. Among them was a rather old one unlike any I had ever seen before. It was oblong in shape, and about two inches in diameter; but what struck me most forcibly was the fact that it was without the usual rough edges. In fact, it really had the appearance of a shell rather than a bone, but it was among the bones, which I supposed were those of some sea-monster washed ashore during the Galveston flood. This bone, as I have already said, was perfectly smooth, but its smoothness was apparently natural, and not caused by long exposure to the elements. However its lightness of weight argued that it was like most other bones in being hollow. It at once struck me that this would add to John's collection and he would value it very highly, as I was sure he did not have one like it. So on the next day, March 29, 1904, I carefully packed the specimen and sent it it to him, at the same time writing a letter requesting him to inform me what service such a bone was in the body of an animate being as the absence of enlargement or socket indicated that it had never been joined with any other bone.

Weeks after weeks passed without a reply from John. I waited impatiently and wondered. Finally I received seventy-five dollars, and with it a telegram which read: "Take seventy-five dollars and come to Roanoke, Virginia, at once. —John White" It is needless to state that such proceedings were to me very mysterious.

Of course I lost no time in reaching Roanoke. My anxiety was so great that I was unable to sleep any during the trip, and consequently became quite exhausted. Upon my arrival, at the town I found a carriage awaiting me. Naturally enough my first concern was John's trouble, but the driver

said that there was nothing unusual except that John was roaming more than ever before, and would sit for hours holding a piece of paper as if in deep meditation, continually muttering something about a "red cap", and that his recent visit to the mountains seemed to make him worse.

When I arrived at the hotel, John met me with a most cordial welcome. The light upon his countenance and the sparkle of his eye more than his words, showed plainly his delight at the arrival of one whose presence had been longed for. When I asked him why he had sent for me—for this, as one naturally would suppose, was uppermost in my mind—he merely replied, "Come with me and you will see."

Great was my surprise when, instead of taking me up to his room, he immediately ordered Tom, the negro driver, to take a pick-axe and a sack, and also to provide me with the same, while he took a tape measure and a compass. He then requested us to tramp with him. Indeed his actions seemed to verify what Tom had said about him on the way out. I tried to persuade him not to start on the journey—for I supposed he wanted to go in search of some geological specimens—but all efforts were in vain, for nothing save our going would satisfy John, nor would he tell what he intended to do on the trip. For several hours we wound our way through the woods, over hills and rocks and long stretches of sand, stopping at times to remonstrate with John upon his folly. Time after time I pleaded with him to turn back for I was very much fatigued, having lost much sleep, but my petitions served only to irritate him and make him more determined on his journey. It was almost sunset when we reached the foot of the mountain toward which we had been travelling for some hours. I sat down to rest, but John would not be content. We must at once ascend the steep mountain-side. Before long we came to a level spot, but stopping was entirely out of tWe question; up again, and we reached a similar spot; here at last he consented to stop. While I seated myself upon the grass wondering how I would ever be able to

get back home, John began to enroll his tape. He commanded the negro to hold one end of the tape-line on a certain projection extending from the rocky side of the mountain, while he measured off with great exactness forty feet due east. With this point as a center, he drove down two stakes, one on either side, and four feet apart, and told us to dig between them. As useless a thing as this seemed to me, nevertheless I was compelled to dig, because nothing else would content John. I could not hold out long and stopped now and then to rest, but Tom dug hard, and John was the most vigorous digger of the three. . . .

On we dug until, to my great amazement, we struck a huge copper vessel. The superstitious negro became frightened and started to leave but John commanded him to stay. On attempting to lift the vessel out we were unable to move it on account of its great weight; however, we succeeded in prizing up the lid. We found it to be full of English coins dated as far back as 1500, and on the top of the pile was a letter addressed to John White. It is needless to say that I was amazed beyound expression. We did not attempt to count the money but took as much as we could carry. As soon as I had filled my pockets with the coin and partially recovered from my astonishment, I asked how this had all come about, but John then seemed to be so overwhelmed with joy that he was unable to tell me much about it. On opening the letter discovered in the vessel I found it to be the story of the fate of the English colony which settled in Roanoke Island during the sixteenth century, written by one of the few survivors. This and especially the fact that the letter was addressed to John White only increased my wonder. . . . .

After a late breakfast on the next day, John and I seated ourselves by a window of his room and he told me this story: "This," said he, holding in his hand the two pieces of a broken shell, "is the secret of the whole matter. On the first day of last April I received this shell without a line to tell where it came from, or what it meant. Coming as it did, on the first

day of April, I naturally inferred that some friend had sent it to me as an 'April Fool' gift, for it was carefully wrapped as if it were something precious. On opening the package I was somewhat irritated because I had been fooled, and so dashed it sharply upon the hearth. The force of the blow broke the shell in these pieces which you see here. What seemed to be a small piece of thick dirty paper fell out of the shell. I picked it up and, of course, expected to find written on it 'April Fool,' but worse instead it seemed to be simply blank. I tossed the paper upon the hearth and went on about my business glad there was no one present to see me so badly fooled. On coming to the fire some time later I picked up the dirty bit of paper to throw it into the grate, but glancing at it, I noticed some dim letters. Suspecting that this was a message in invisible ink, I held it nearer the fire to develop the writing more fully. I saw my name, John White, also several other dim letters appeared. Soon the writing became plain, until finally the paper, or parchment, as it proved to be, read:

"John White:—Croatan, 4:30 a. m.
Redcap. 2nd Landing. Nose of face. 40 ft. E., 5 ft. below. £.

Humphrey Drayton.'

I thought at first that this was a puzzle that some friend had sent me, knowing the pleasure I find in solving such things, therefore I set to work to unravel it. I was kept constantly busy with it up to the time I sent for you on June 10.

Well, to take up the steps in the solution of the secret: first, remembered from United States History about John White, the Governor of an English colony on Roanoke Island near the coast of what is now North Carolina. When he returned from England after a two years' absence, finding the word, 'Croatan,' carved on the bark of a tree as the only sign of the colony he had left. I went to this Island where White landed, and remained there several days, inquiring and searching, but could find nothing to account for the puzzle. Re-

membering that the colony was to leave the name of the place to which it went carved upon a post, in case they should leave Roanoke Island during White's absence, and learning that there was an island by the name of 'Croatan' near by, I next went to this island, but discovered no clue. While there, however, I was told by an old gentleman that there used to be a tradition among a certain tribe of Indians, now extinct, that some time back in the past there was a great chief, Croatan, of their tribe that won a great victory over the whites along the Atlantic coast, and took them all and their possessions to his camp back in the mountains in what is now the State of Virginia. Upon hearing this information, and bent on solving my puzzle I decided to go, if possible, to the place where the Indian camp was supposed to have been located.

As a first guess and because of its identity of name with the original island, I stopped here at Roanoke. I talked with some of the older men and they told me that they had heard something about this camp, also that there were some Indian mounds not far away. Early one morning, just before day-break, while yet in my bed, I noticed from this window here the reflection of the sun on that snow-capped mountain peak yonder not far in the distance. I noticed it several mornings, and each time it appeared about half past four o'clock. I came to the conclusion that the '4:30 Redcap' in the puzzle referred to this mountain. On ascending it I noticed that it was alternately steep and level, not unlike the landings between flights of stairs. This unusual formation led me to infer that the '2nd landing' of the puzzle meant the second level spot from the foot of the mountain. While wandering about on this level formation, I was struck with the resemblance to a human face of a large rock protruding from the east side of the mountain. This, too, seemed to agree exactly with the 'Nose of face.' I was now quite confident that I was on the right track and thought that the cryptogram referred to a hidden treasure buried by the colonists from the Indians. I was confirmed in this belief by the occur-

rence of the '£' on the parchment. Having reached this point it was not unreasonable to suppose that the '40 ft. E.' meant forty feet due east of the nose of the image on the rock, and I readily inferred that the '5 ft. below' meant five feet beneath the surface. Of course I supposed that 'Humphrey Drayton' was the name of the man that wrote the cryptogram and carved the word 'Croatan' on the bark of the tree. As soon as I had completed the solution of the puzzle, I telegraphed you, and, of course, you know the rest."

I sat eagerly listening to his story, but when he had finished, the mystery was still not fully explained. I at once recognized the "shell" he had been talking so much about to be the bone—as I thought—which I had sent to him, and I told him how I found it, but how did the parchment get inside? Finally we concluded that this man, Humphrey Drayton, having escaped from the Indians and buried the treasure, must have fled along the Atlantic coast in the hope of meeting White, but failing, he wrote the cryptogram. He must have placed it in the shell and put the shell at the brink of the water where White would likely land. Some sea-monster must have swallowed the shell and it remained within it all of these years until the monster was washed ashore during the Galveston flood, for no other solution would explain the finding of the shell among the bones.

BASIL F. WITT.

COMIC TRAGEDY.

A vacant seat, a crooked pin,
Expectant boy, another same
Entering room; delighted grin,
Oh joy, he sits! All in the game!

A smothered groan, stifled "Oh's!"
Snickers aloud, suspecting glance:
School out—a boy, tears, bloody nose,
These go to make the circumstance!

L.

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EDITORIALS.

ATHLETICS. When it comes to Athletics Millsaps has had a checkered career. Something has been accomplished, but much has been left undone. Soon after the opening of the College a movement was launched which resulted in the organization of the Millsaps Athletic Association, in 1894. In 1898 we made a very creditable effort at inter-collegiate football, but we had the freedom to "play with the other boys" only for a short period for at the next Conference we were commanded to stay on our own campus to live or die, athletically. The result is not difficult to imag-

ine and the records have it that we showed no signs of recovery from this shock till in 1903, when we began to arouse ourselves under the efficient leadership of Doctor Walmsley. In the season of 1904-5 our team played the city and much enthusiasm was aroused. This policy was followed up in 1905-6. In the season of 1906, the special feature was the system of class football. Doctor Walmsley generously offered a cup to the winning team. Every class put a team in the field fully determined to win. Much class spirit was shown and football material of no mean order was developed. The contests waged between opposing teams were as spirited and hard-fought even on the "hilly holly and tree covered ground" in front of Founders Hall as if they were Thanksgiving matches between the Army and the Navy on the gridiron in Washington, with the President and his Cabinet and Foreign Dignitaries, as spectators. There is no questioning the fact that we had more football on the campus, more nearly involving the entire student body than any college that produced a winning 'Varsity.

However, with nothing to crystallize enthusiasm, interest has so fallen off that only the Sophomore and Freshman teams are contesting for the championship. This condition is due not altogether to a lack of interest in the game. The outlook was more promising than ever before, but at the critical moment an accident caused by the roughness of the ground rather than the brutality of the game, so demoralised the teams that only the two have survived. The teams refused to play on such ground as was available on the campus, and it was impossible to arrange for the City Park every time we wished to play a class game. Thus we are once more on the decline, again the victim of circumstances not within our control.

It is perfectly natural for those who have been most earnest in their efforts to give to athletic sports their proper sphere in college life, to be discouraged. It is an undisputed fact that the mind, however brilliant, is helpless and worthless without a body through which to experss itself. It has been a reproach against the times of our fathers that so little at-

tention was given to this "Temple in which we live." It would not seem strange to the Western mind to see a Brahman Priest neglect, or even injure his body, when it is known that he considers it a positive evil to be subjugated and destroyed. But it is strange to the modern collegian to see the woeful neglect of physical training when it means so much to the individual throughout his whole life. We go upon the idea that the body is sacred as well as the mind, and that with the training of our minds there should come a training of the body, so that it might execute the will and high purpose which the increased power of our minds may conceive.

The world is in need of men who can scale a mountain or execute a plan, no less than men who can construct a geometrical figure, or dream a dream. Even considered from a psychological standpoint much less than a physiological our bodies must be the objects of much care. The healthy body generally carries a healthy mind, or, at least, a healthy mind is better carried in a healthy body. To tie the student with all his restless energy to his books with no incentive for recreation, and expect the most of him, is as foolish as to set a dish of pork chops before an infant and expect it to thrive. For the good health of the student it is absolutely necessary that he take exercise in some way. He not only needs exercise, but he needs recreation from his laborious studies, and a game is the one thing that most completely combines the essential elements. After a day of study nothing is so inviting to the average boy as the play ground among his fellows where he absolutely forgets whether some Latin verb takes the dative or accusative, or some other equally important and less interesting fact that he has tried to drill into his head. Not only is it pleasant to spend two hours of the day in such a way, but it is very profitable. After the game is over the mind has swept out all the filings from the day's drill, and is clear and ready for the work at hand. The night's studies are not only the more easily prepared, but they can be gotten pleasantly and with a more certain grasp which infinitely increases their value.

Not only is the mental and physical phase of Athletics important, but the rivalry resulting in class club, or college spirit, as the case may be, is of real value. On the girdiron or baseball diamond men are thrown together with a common purpose, that draws them toward each other as nothing else can. In a situation of mutual "weal or woe" men come "to know each other better and to love each other more." In this close touch of man to man there is developed a healthy moral strength. In the heat of a spirited battle men learn to hold ther heads and bridle their tongues, to play the game with all of their might rather than waste their energy in a fit of passion. This hard discipline furnishes a moral fiber which is of incalculable value in other affairs of life. When properly conducted, Athletics develops a genuine spirit of sport which is one of the most valuable attainments. Pure Athletics not only develops the physical man and makes possible the cleanest and most helpful study, but it adds a positive moral tone to the collegian which is essential to his rounded development. Then who will gainsay that Athletics is worthy of an important place in college life? Who can see the evils and not the good; who will consent to let a thing of such vital importance again fail in its purpose?

It is said that we have no grounds upon which to play; we are denied the inter-collegiate features which would enable us to care for ourselves along this line. We must admit that there is little incentive for the highest achievement and seemingly little appreciation of the seriousness of our situation, but it is the part of foolish men to stop and grieve over what might be. Let us make the best of our environments and get the best the conditions will produce. There is something good in it after all, and though we have no chance to play ball like other boys, we must recognise the fact that except so far as college spirit is concerned, class games come more nearly the ideal than any other form, provided it can be played at all. Nothing can come from a mere sitting down and grumbling because some athletic Aladdin does not set things just as we

think that they should be. The man that grumbles and does nothing now, would in all probability, find serious objections if we had inter-collegiate games. Remember that chronic kicking is a dangerous malady and only aggravates the old trouble, the effects of which we are trying to eradicate.

So let us get in the game as it is and play the ball down the field, overcoming every obstacle until we can lay it under the goal whereunto we have so long hoped to place it, and then greet the dawn of a better day for Millsaps. By all means let us not degenerate into a sickly lot of grumbling kickers, for ours is a struggle for constructive and not destructive operation.

ATHLETIC PARK

College life is a peculiar situation. In the training of the boys there are certain elements that are essential. Certain things are demanded in the business of educations that are not of such vital importance in other affairs of life. It is a fully recognized fact among all the foremost educators of our day that physical development is one of the most valuable assets of life. It is an equally well known fact that in college there must be some special arrangement made for the accomplishment of this end or it will not be fully realized. College men are not expected ordinarily to have chores to do which will in a way suffice for exercise and recreation. The average boy does his work from day to day as the demand presses upon him and makes no allowance for rest or play time. His spare moments are too often spent in listless idleness loafing about the campus, nursing a more or less fully developed case of "the blues."

In view of these facts most colleges are furnished with gymnasiums and other equipments for the physical welfare of the students. We have been supplied for many years with a fairly well equipped gymnasium and the need was little felt at first for an athletic field, since plenty of open ground near the campus could be utilized for that purpose. But that

was in the times that were. We are now confronted with very different conditions. The city, in its steady growth, has incorporated one section after another till handsome residences now mark the scenes of our games in the years gone by.

Therefore, the question presses upon us: what will we do for play ground during the coming years of our expanding career? The college was founded upon a liberal plan and established upon a broad foundation, and it behooves us to keep the way clear for the developments of an institution from which we expect so much in the future. One of the most characteristic features of our past has been a keen vision of things to be. The ideal was set high and every effort has tended toward the realization of that ideal.

But, singularly enough, nothing has been done by the college in the interest of athletics. So far as we can see not one dollar has been appropriated for the physical welfare of the students; the gymnasium came not from without, but from the efforts of the student body. Other colleges build gymnasiums, employ directors as members of the Faculty—But not so with us. We are not only woefully neglected, but we are positively commanded to stay on our own campus when there is absolutely no place on the campus upon which we can play. The need is crying, the time is ripe, and why should Millsaps not have an Athletic Park?

It is a question of grave importance and worthy of the closest consideration. It is not a thing to be lightly considered and quickly dismissed. It is an absolute necessity, and much depends upon prompt action. If we wait, all the available ground about the campus has been appropriated for other purposes, it will be well nigh impossible to convert it into a play ground. The land is now cheaper than it will ever be again, and the need is growing more pressing every year. It is little short of criminal neglect to have no arrangements made for a body of students in a way which so vitally affects their career in life.

If the proper authorities continue to lend deaf ears to our needs, it is high time that some public-spirited citizen come forth with a proposition that will enable us to realize our plans. There is no other thing that would so much endear a man to the student body as a gift of an Athletic Park. There is hardly any need of the campus now that is so urgent, and a better chance for public-spirited philanthropy to show itself has seldom been offered. Will not some friend of the College covet the glory of furnishing this addition to our campus and thereby indelibly inscribe his name upon the glowing pages of the history of Millsaps College and in the hearts of the present students and those to come?

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

T. L. BAILEY, Editor.

NOTE.—The Editor would gratefully appreciate anything of interest so please don't hesitate to report the news to him.

Christmas is almost here!

Congratulations! Thanksgiving didn't come on Saturday.

Little Caruthers Sullivan is able to be out again after several days of serious illness.

Several of the boys took advantage of the opportunity afforded by Thanksgiving and paid a visit to the homefolks.

The Kappa Alphas entertained at a very delightful chafing dish party on November 28th.

Messrs. Sam Osborn, W. A. Williams, Jas. L. Berry, John W. Weems, Oscar Backstrom, Jos. A. Baker, and Robt. J. Jackson were visitors on the campus recently.

Cook (in Astronomy class)—Dr. Moore, do they have earth-shine on the moon as we have moon-shine on the earth?

Prof. George G. Hurst, one of the foremost educators of Mississippi, and Hon. Joseph N. Powers, Superintendent of Education, have accepted invitations to address the two literary societies at their anniversary exercises next spring.

The Science Department is greatly indebted to Dr. C. Galloway, of Jackson County, for many rare and valuable gifts to the museum.

At least one member of the Sophomore Class is original as will be seen by the following translation of the English, Darius died. This is his translation, "Darius deditum est ghostum."

D. Thomas Ruff went over to Columbus to report the North Mississippi Conference for the "Daily News."

The Law Class has selected the following officers: President, S. M. Graham; Vice President, L. L. Tyler; Secretary, Pickens Harper; Treasurer, J. C. Talley; Historian, Luther Manship, Jr.

Dr. Murrah attended the session of the North Mississippi Conference at Columbus the first week in December.

Will some one please explain to Ed Brewer why it was that Central refused to put in his call the time he telephoned from the Fair Grounds?

Dr. M. W. Swartz gave his second lecture during the latter part of November, the theme being, "Why Latin and Greek Should be Studied." He gave many reasons why the educated man should have, at least, a reading knowledge of the classics. The address was greatly appreciated and the students anxiously await for further members of the Faculty to follow in Dr. Swartz's steps.

The students again demonstrated their enthusiasm over Athletics on Thanksgiving Day. Despite the fact that the

weather was very inclement, they donned their overcoats, put on their rubbers, rolled up their trousers, and went to see the A. & M. "soak 'em." As some one has wisely said, the student body on such occasions feels much like the little boy tied to his mother's apron string when he sees his companions permitted to go and engage in good wholesome sport.

We are glad to see Mr. O. S. Cantwell, of the Law Class, able to resume his work after several weeks' absence. Mr. Cantwell's absence was occasioned by a fall from the grand stand at the race track during the fair.

One of the most enjoyable entertainments ever given on the campus was that of the Glee Club on the night of Nov. 28th. There was a large attendance and all seemed to enjoy the program from beginning to end. Among the many things worthy of mention is the performance of that novel "apparatus", the "Gleephophone", the readngs given by Mrs. Swartz; the singing of Mrs. Murrah, and the piano music rendered by Miss Anderson.

On account of sickeness in Dr. Sullivan's family, the Senior Class has been forced to call off its Columbus trip. However, they are determined not to be deprived of a trip, and it is now likely that they will go to Hot Springs, Arkansas, instead of Columbus.

Mr. Ackland has purchased 16 pounds of rice. "The curfew shall not ring to-night."

The State Fair for 1907 has passed into history. It was a great exhibition of Mississippi's great resources, and could but fill patriotic young Mississippians—like ourselves—with greater love for our native state, and give impetus to our desires to make her greater.

The exhibit that gave us most pleasure was that of the Millsaps Science Department. That it was a success is attested to by the beautiful diploma of which Dr. Sullivan is the happy guardian. In view of the fact that it was our first attempt

at an exhibit, it far surpassed the expectations of all. Dr. Sullivan is due the gratitude of all connected with the College and their co-operation in his effort to make next year's exhibit still better.

Dr. Walmsley was absent several days during the first of the month in attendance upon the Southern Interstate-Athletic Association, of which he is Secretary.

The Temple Quartette gave its entertainment on the night of Dec. 3rd. There was a large attendance and the management is to be congratulated upon having them appear here.

Since the removal of the library to its new home, the science department has fallen heir to three-fourths ot the entire Science Hall building. New electrical apparatus and city gas are being provided, and as soon as the improvements are completed, Millsaps will have the most modern laboratory in the State.

Dr. Walmsley addressed the students recently on Athletics. He showed that Athletics not only develops the physical, but also the moral man. "Don't flnch, don't foul, but hit the line hard," said Dr. Walmsley, is not only good foot ball advice, but it is wholesome advice in every walk in life. The popularity of the speaker and his theme was clearly demonstrated by the absence of vacant seats.

Frizell and John Crisler were engaged in the discussion of the career of one of Mississippi's most prominent citizens and could not agree as to the esteem in which he should be held, when Frizell suggested that the Telephone Company had an information bureau, and that they submit the controversary to it for arbitrament. Accordingly they called "Information," and were greatly disappointed upon being informed by the head of that department that he was authroity only on matters which pertained to the affairs of the Company.

The fame of the Glee Club has gone abroad. In addition to calls from the various colleges of the State, there comes a request from Yazoo City for an entertainment at that place.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

BESSIE HUDDLESTON, Editor.

DAYS OFF.

The delight with which "Days Off" has been received testifies to the popularity which its author has attained in the line of poetical prose. No one who has read the "Blue Flower" and "Little Rivers" waits longer than he must to respond to an invitation to join Henry Van Dyke for a weeks' fishng in Maine or in Canada, for a hunt in New Brunswick, or a tramp among English hills; and though he may care nothing for ordinary sea-gulls, he hastens with interest to their haunts and feeding grounds when he learns that he may have Mr. Van Dyke as a fellow-student. Wherever this writer takes us, and whatever he talks about while conducting us thence, he is fascinating, wholesome, instructing while he entertains. He sees everything, hears everything, enjoys everything; and with these gifts he has the power of making others see, hear, and enjoy.

Of the twelve parts of the book it is possible to class "His Other Engagement", "Silverhorns", and "Leviathan" as stories, for they have slight plots. But the majority of the pieces follow the promise of the title and the introduction and are confined to no particular plan or subject. While they are all "days off" they are independent of each other, and a reader may begin at any other part of the book as well as at the first. "Life," says Uncle Peter in the introduction, "is a pilgrimage in which it is permitted to follow a side path, a mountain trail, a footway through the meadow, provided the end of the journey is not forgotten, and the days' march brings one a little nearer that end"; accordingly, the "days off" describe some of the deviations form the beaten track. Delightful little journeys they are, these canoe trips or tramps on foot, these expeditions to the depths of Canadian forests, to the homes

of favorite poets or the haunts of famous flowers; to the popular summer resorts and to deserted villages; to lonely lighthouses on the bleak Atlantic coast,—to our own vegetable gardens! No subject is forbidden. Philosophy and piscatorial fiction, mythology and current events, botany, theology, and gossip, geography and literary critisism, bird lore and biography, all these, and many others, are here; but the chief charm of the book is in the description of nature—human among other varieties. In the combined strength and delicacy of his pen in word-painting our author is unsurpassed.

It is safer to leave a comparison of the "days off" to different readers in their different moods than to attempt to say that any one of them is better than the others. To a confirmed fly-fisherman, like Grover Cleveland, to whom the book is dedicated, "A Holiday in Vacation" and "His Other Engagement" are bound to appeal, while a hunter must be thrilled by the story of the majestic Silverhorns. In the word-painting of "Between the Lupin and the Laurel" the author is perhaps at his best, but so is he also in "A Holiday in Vacation" and "Among the Quantock Hills." A quiet and comfortable kind of humor and a simple and wholesome philosophy pervade the whole book and are noticeable in "Days Off", "Little Red Tom", "Leviathan" and "The Art of Leaving Off." But let us not dissect further the attractions of the book. A compound may be divided and subdivided until its first characteristics no longer exist; a beautiful harmony may lose its charm by being resolved into the different notes that compose it; may it not be that even "days off" may be spoiled by a too conscious enjoyment of them?

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

JEFF COLLINS, Editor.

If any one has secured a diploma from Millsaps College, he can have several tags tacked upon him to proclaim his char-

acteristics. In other words, he has more than one article in his intellectual incubator to advertise. It shall be our purpose to present to the readers of this article a man bedecked with advertisements representing his products.

On his stickability cask, we would tack the sign, "Come to the fount for 'stickum." Of all the things a man must possess in order to acquire the article referred to in the first clause of the first sentence, the characteristic, known as stickability must be his most abundant good. The reason why our Freshman Class had seventy-five to a hundred men and our senior Class only fifteen to twenty, is that the majority of the Freshmen at the stickability fountain slumbered and slept when they should have been replenishing their jugs with this valuable article.

On his financial abdomen, we would put these words, "Always busted." It is necessary for every man who comes to Millsaps to carry in his "jeans" something with Uncle Sam's foot print on it to keep his stickability company. I have seen several men pass out of Millsaps College, and have heard many of them lament about their debts, but I have yet see one boast of his bank account.

I would paste in bold type on the treadle of his patience organ, "Job's article in abundance." The man who comes here without this metal 18 carets fine, will go away ere he is promoted to the Sophomore Class. Patience? Why, Job could not have passed through the Sophomore Class year.

Hanging to the spout of his endurance kettle, we would have on a sign board, "Hard to beat." To become Alumni of Millsaps College, one must have endured the compressive initiation into the A. P. S. the destitute feeling of a new initiate of the R. A. B. They have learned to endure the creepy suspense immediately after they have heard, "The following please go to the board." They have learned to work day in and day out from one year's end to the next with absolutely no holiday, perhaps Christmas excepted. They have been

sacked a countless number of times for "nuts" but have come out loaded with endurance.

Just in front, a little above the cross made by his horns and ears, we would label, "True and Tried." It is just as natural for a Millsaps Alumnus to "butt in" as it is for a hound to run a hare. They imbibe this trait more quickly than any other. It seems that the very air on the campus contains a tonic saturated with "Butt-in" juice. We would like for the man who attained the most proficiency in this to send us a note with information as to his whereabouts. We think that man who took the honors off in this graduated last year.

The last tag that we would put upon our man and one which would surpass all others, in conspicuousness, would be "Ego id sum." As the Millsaps student is handed from class to class his dignity and self-estimation increase enormously. Sometimes this characteristic develops into the contemptible littleness of haughtiness and moroseness.

When we had tagged our Alumnus, we would say of him, "If he had the first four of the above mentioned articles in abundance and the last two only sparingly, he can be counted upon to be a force for good in the world; but if he has the first four only slightly and the last two aboundantly, he needs another tag put upon him. We would suggest, "Fool."

We love to see any one have self respect, but we hate to see any one say by his acts, "I am It." Such a one will never reflect much credit upon Millsaps, or any other college, for that part of his brain is abnormally developed, and at the serious expense of all other parts. Such an Alumnus can never influence men to come to Millsaps to get their training, and we think influencing men to come here ought to be the one purpose of all Alumni. Alumni, what are you doing every year toward filling our walls with young men? Alumnae, what are YOU doing toward sending us "co-eds"? Shake off your dignity, Alumni, and get busy.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT,

[J. C. ROUSSEAUX, Editor.

During the past month several new exchanges have come to our desk, some of which have been gaily attired as Thanksgiving numbers. We are glad to note that in many of our institutions, the honor system has been championed by the editors of the magazines, and judging from the accounts of the many games, foot ball is still increasing the interest of the students.

The "Mississippi College Magazine," although replete with "res gestae in campo" and although printed upon excellent paper, is nevertheless too full of unimportant details of the campus, and has not the scientific arrangement of matter necessary for an attractive, readable publication. We do not think that it is good taste to quote so many of our leading outside publications, as all intelligent people are supposed to have access to this literature without seeing it in a college publication. A serious objection is the absence of the story and the essay. "The Ideal Graduate" gives valuable opinions of able men, but if the writer had himself characterized the Ideal Graduate, and left the opinions of his wise quoters to be published in some educational review, it would have been better appreciated. Throughout the issue there is a splendid vein of humor, and we can candidly say that the staff and students have more college spirit and more pride in their magazine than many other bodies. We also commend the two poems, "A Madrigal," and "Love and the World."

The "Reveiw and Bulletin" though it should contain more reading matter than it does, coming from one of the oldest of Southern institutions, is attractively printed, and the matter is well classified and well arranged under departments. We regret the absence of poetry, however, and our interest is not

aroused as much as it should be because there is no story, a thing which any preparatory school can produce. "The Puritan Influence upon English Literature" is a well-thought-out essay. However, we feel like we might appreciate a volume rather than a short discussion, yet the author has condensed his remarks admirably.

The "Harvard Collegian" in cover, in print, and in departments is one of the most attractive publications upon our desk. Although there is an absence of poetry, yet the stories make up for this lack. They are very interesting. "Anthony-Gordon" is a love story with a very good plot. It contains a touch of college life and the powerful sense of nature permeates the whole story, even the girl fresh as a peach blossom seeming a part of simple nature. The author certainly chose an ideal setting for his plot, nor did he forget to insert details essential to the sadness and uneasiness of the hero. "Stung" is a very good humorous story not without a plot that keeps up our interest to the end. We really think all the time that the conductor is badly mistaken, and after the marriage takes place and the gentleman comes to view, we expect him to be a wage-earner instead of a plutocrat, and we are doubly surprised to note the coincidence of the newpaper article and the anxiety of the rich man's mind. But we, too, are "stung", like the groom, when the man with the silk hat turns not to the bride, but to the other waitress. "Triumphs of Skepticism", though not as full as it should be, is an interesting essay. The author, however, in a happy style, has shown how an honest skeptic is but an earnest enquirer, and how "he that seeketh shall find." In the educational department the articles on "The Neglect of the Language" and "American Literature of the Present Age" are timely, but they should have been fuller, especially the latter.

The "Concept" is the most ideal of our exchanges. It is replete with the best stories, with poetry, and with debate. Attractive in binding, in departments, in arrangements, it is one of the most readable of our publications. We commend

highly the rather unusual department of current events, filling as it purposes, a need of the average student. The debate is an excellent composition clear in logic and forcible in style, and, at times, really eloquent in appeal, and the question discussed is one which has argument on both sides. "A Thanksgiving Blessing," placed in an all-absorbing setting, is thoroughly well-told and true to life. But the best and most touching story, new in detail and in setting is "In Cases o' Sickness." Here the author portrays to perfection the depraved human nature of a man, traces his fickle character through promise and resolve until finally his wife and child are "pro tempore" lost to him. It is drink that has caused it. The man sees his hideousness, swears off, and in deep remorse seeks his wife. When he sees a foot-print he says, "Except in times of sickness." But the foot-print is no clue, and he searches till the night is far spent, when he finds her and says, "Not even in times o' sickness!" "The Wit of a Page" is very interesting. The plot is a good one and the whole scene is painted so very vividly that one may close his eyes long after reading it and see that racing little boy out of breath, radiant, dark-eyed Spanish maidens, and the General strong and true. And can not we, as we are left to do, see the disappointment stamped upon the grim, dark faces of the soldiery? The poems in this issue are productions out of the ordinary—though producing and musical. "Thanksgiving Chimes" deserves especial mention. It is poetry in the true sense and meaning of that word.

The November issue of the "Columbia Collegian" is very creditable to come from such a young institution, and while far away from us, we feel that we are friends. "Ralph's Opportunity" is a story fairly well told, but the plot is somewhat commonplace. "Life" is an interesting suggestion of thought —but that is all. One would expect a lengthy discussion upon such a subject rather than a few paragraphs of suggestions. We think that an obvious fault of the little publication is the lack of scientific arrangement of material. For instance, "Conference Notes" and "Conference Appointments" should not

be separated by the editorial. Under the exchanges we hope to find more criticism of other magazines.

We are the well-pleased recipients of Andrew College Journal, Southwestern University Magazine, The Review and Bulletin, Black and Gold, Columbia Collegian, Howard Collegian, Mississippi College Magazine, Concept, College Reflector, Hamiltonian, Bessie Tift Journal, Randolph-Macon Monthly, Eatonian, University of Mississippi Magazine, Whitworth Clionian, The Reveille, The Spectator, Ouchita Ripples.

EXCERPTS.

There was a man in Athison,
Whose trousers had rough patchison;
He found them great,
He'd often state,
To strike those parlor matchison.

The poor benighted Hindoo
He does all he kin-do;
He sticks to his caste
From first to last,
And for pants he makes his skin-do.

Cleo—I wish I were cross-eyed.

Clara—Why?

Cleo—Because, if I were cross-eyed, when I smiled, I could make two boys each think I was smiling at him.—Ex.

"Goodtimes" Thomas—Say, Shine, how do you charge for a shine? By the yard or by the acre?

Shine—No, sir, boss, by the foot.

Here's to those who love us,
If we only cared;
Here's to those we'd love,
If we only dared.—Ex.

EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER.

(As uncovered in the ruins of Pompeii.)

Omnes agunt, sed pater,
Toto die sedet;
Pedes ante ignem,
Tubam terrae fumet!
Mater lavandas predent,
Ann soror atque—
In nostro omnes agunt,
Sed senex-ne!
O, Condamnati! —Ex.

(As sung in Boston.)

Every one labors except our distinguished progenitor;
He reposes in a recumbent position within our residence through the day,
His pedal extremities idling upon the bronze of the steam radiator,
Serenely engaged in extracting nebulous atmosphere from a tobacco receptacle of mundane matter.
Our maternal mentor receives soiled linen for the purpose of cleansing it,
And in this connection I should include filial Ann;
Indeed everybody is engaged in some variety of occupation in our domestic habitat,
Excluding, as primarily suggested, our distinguished progenitor. —Ex.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

R. M. BROWN, Editor.

RUSTON CONFERENCE.

Millsaps is planning to send a large delegation to the Southwestern Students' Conference which convenes at Ruston, Louis-

iana, December the 28th to January 6th. Delegates representing the colleges of Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, and part of Alabama, will be there.

The purpose of the Conference is, first and foremost, to train men for effective leadership in the Y. M. C. A. To acquaint them with the different methods that have been tried and found successful in other colleges, and with the great mission of the Y. M. C. A. No man can attend one of these conferences without being made to feel that he is not in college simply preparing to live, but that he is living now, and that the greatest opportunity for service that he will ever have is that which comes to him in college.

Another important feature of the Conferences is the help it affords young men in divining their life work. The principles which should govern a man in the decision of his life work are presented by the most able speakers of the country.

DR. WALMSLEY'S ADDRESS.

On the 29th Dr. Walmsley addressed the student body on the subject of Athletics. Every student should have heard that lecture. Among the many things said during the course of the lecture which impressed the writer are: "We are living at an age when the man of physical weakness is at an enormous disadvantage"; that the "Mental and moral condition of a man depends largely upon his physical condition"; that we must not "Make the mistake of thinking that we are here preparing for life, we are living. The man who will play honestly, will be honest everywhere."; "The man who can resist the temptation to take advantage of a doubtful point in a game, is the man who will overcome the temptation to be dishonest in practical life"; "The same disqualifications which cause a man to fail in the crisis of a game are those which will cause him to fail when the testing times come in the real battle of life"; "The man who does not play to win is a poor man, but

the man who puts winning above playing the game is the worse sort of a man."

He said in speaking of the relation of the Y. M. C. A. to Athletics, that "The glory of the Y. M. C. A. is that it looks to the development of the three-fold nature of man. It has played a large part in purifying college athletics." He stressed the fact that "This is, preeminently, the age of the clean man. Indeed, the whole lecture was a plea for pure, clean athletics, and pure, clean athletes.

LAFLAME COMING.

The boys who were at the Ruston Conference last year and had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Laflame, of Toronto,"The escaped missionary from India," will be delighted to hear that he has "escaped" the second time and will be with us sometime this month. To those who have never heard Dr. Laflame, let me urge you to hear him when he comes. Those who have heard him once will need no urging—they will be there.

The MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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THE POETRY OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

II.

Kipling, by the production of a few great poems, has demonstrated that he is something more than a writer of verse, and he is indisputably the most popular poet of his day. At the same time, the name he has won for himself in certain quarters of a literary "rough rider" is not wholly undeserved, and his literary value cannot be judged by the noise and racket of his progress. The clamorous approval of the multitude would indeed indicate that his poetry is not of the highest type; for though there are a few exceptions, notably in the instance of Burns, it is generally true that the masses are incapable of appreciating the highest art. And this applies with peculiar force in the case of Kipling; for his defects are the same as those of the generation of which he writes; and his weaknesses as well as his good qualities serve to increase his popularity. He has come when the imperialistic mood is most potent among the Anglo-Saxon people; while they are controlled and fascinated by the belief that they are destined to sweep over the world and spread their civilization to the ends of the earth. Kipling is, therefore, the poet of patriotism and imperialism. He is essentially a man of action, a man who loves movement for movement's sake; and it is but stating a sequence to say that he is the poet of England's campaigns. So keenly does he feel the transitoriness of it all, and the discomforts of physical misery, with such a frankness of humor and pathos does he put his

feelings into verse, that he has given us a glimpse of extraordinary vividness into the life and heart of the soldier in the ranks. His idea of virtue is courage and fidelity to comrades; he hates a cheat or a coward; he has large tolerance for the faults of other men because they are so interesting to him that he can forgive much for the sake of the unadulterated human nature it illustrates. He has taken for his hero, Tommy Atkins, the British infantryman, whose duty it is to guard the ever-widening circle of possessions, of which England is but "the power house of the line." His is not a narrow, insular patriotism, taking pride simply in the achievements of the islanders, but it extends to the remotest quarters of the globe in which English people dwell. "What," he asks contemptuously, "should they know of England who only England know?" He regards Englishmen everywhere as brothers, and he seeks to kindle in them the same feeling which controls him. To use a mathematical proportion, he is to the literature of England, as his friend—Cecil Rhodes—is to the statesmanship of England.

In no other poem does Kipling so splendidly voice the movement of imperialism as in "The White Man's Burden." Here he seeks to inspire his countrymen to do more, or rather warns them that it is their duty to do something more, than over-run continents and subdue barbarous people; that when this has been accomplished, they must labor to improve and civilize them, that they must,

"Take up the white man's burden,
And reap his old reward;
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard."

Kipling himself has a contempt for the

"lightly proffered laurel,
The ease ungrudged praise,"

and he inspires the same feeling in his countrymen.

The "Recessional" is something of a re-action, a recoiling from the spirit of imperialism, the subduing of peoples by

brute force and the material glorification of the English flag, to ask what higher power is ruling in the affairs of the empire.

If imperialism tended to make Kipling popular with the masses, because they too were imperialists, so much the more does his realism make him the idol of the hour. His realism is the chief quality of all his poetry—whether it be in the imperialistic poems, the poems of patriotism, or of philosophy, and though at times it becomes repellant, as in "The Ladies," or "The Sergeant's Weddin," it is this same realism, intense and frequently grotesque, that constitutes his chief strength. It may be traced throughout almost all his poems; but the "Song of the Banjo" illustrates it at its best:

"You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile,—
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp,—
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
And play it in an equatorial swamp.
I travel with the cooking-pots and pails,
I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork,
And when the dusty column checks and tails,
You should hear me spur the rear-guard to a walk."

His scorn for a false notion of romanticism is seen in "McAndrew's Hymn" in the Scotchman's comment on the question of the vicsount's son if he doesn't think steam spoils romance at sea:

"Damned ijjit! I'd been doon that morn to see what ailed the throws,
Manholin' on my back, the cranks three inches from my nose.
Romance! Those first class passengers they like it very well,
Printed an' bound in little books;
But why don't poets tell?
I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns, the loves an' doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam."

The above passage might be quoted as appropriately to illustrate that quality to which his worth as a poet is largely due, the dynamic force of his lines, his fire and genius. In

the invention or employment of artistic language, he is but a novice; yet in the use of the forceful phrase, he has proven himself a master. Scarcely anyone can read "The Seven Seas" without being impressed by its splendid virility. Sometimes he impresses us with this power by a single word or phrase, like "bullet-sprinkled breeze," "berg-battered beaches," "a dog-toothed laugh"; or, it may be in a line or a number of lines, as when the banjo is made to say—

"Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof,
I have told the naked stars the grief of man."

or in the "Three-Decker",

" . . . you'll never lift again,
Our purple-painted headlands, or the lofty keeps of Spain.'"

His distinctive power in presenting a whole picture in a word or verse has been noted, and again, he has a faculty all his own in dashing off a vigorous simile, as,

"he looked like a lance in rest,"

and in describing the stars that rim the mouth of hell,

"The first are red with pride and wrath, the next are white with pain;
But the third are black with clinkered sin that cannot burn again."

In addition, he gives us single verses that must endure because of their truth—

"Single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints."
"If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoof-slide is scarred on the course."

And always Kipling's virility of thought is in consonance with a catholicity of taste exhibited by his characters.

Sestina, of "The Tramp Royal," has tried all

"The 'appy roads that take you o'er the world,"

and found all good, "So write before I die," " 'E liked it all'."

Kipling's individuality is universally recognized and has inspired much of the praise that has been lavished upon him. But a mere departure from the old and beaten track does not of itself signify greatness. No poet has so far departed

from the way of the masters as Walt Whitman; no writer of any age has been more intensely individual. Yet in the estimation of our most competent critics, Whitman's fame as a poet will ultimately rest upon the few poems that he has written in conformity with established precedent rather than upon the many he has written at variance with all recognized rules. Kipling also is individual, he writes in a dialect which no other poet has worked and he writes it extensively; but his greatest poems are those in which he momentarily forgot himself, abandoned his dialect, and wrote in pure and simple English. Indeed, it may be questioned whether it is possible for any one whose poems are written largely in dialect to win a place by the side of our master singers. Kipling was, of course, wrong in assuming that the dialect of the uneducated is in itself a poetic medium and does not need the same care and arrangement that the diction of every class does before it can be worked into a literary structure. But Kipling recognized the real and rugged nature of the qualities that the struggle for existence close to the ground develops. The naturalness and homely vigor of the dialect led him to overestimate its literary capabilities. This is, at least, an error in literary judgment, not from a mistaken principle, but from mistaken balancing of correct principles.

Especially is Kipling individual in his conception and treatment of woman. With many of our greatest poets, woman has been the theme and has given the inspiration for some of our greatest poems; but Kipling in his treatment of her failed to recognize that high purity, nobleness and gentleness which she possessed for Tennyson and Browning. Not in "Mary, Pity Women"; surely not in "The Ladies"; nor yet in the "Maxims of Hafiz," where we are told,

"If she grow suddenly gracious, reflect—Is it all for thee?
The black buck is stalked through the bullock, and man through jealousy"—

Surely in none of these do we recognize the qualities of Tennyson's "Isabel," or Wordsworth's "She was a Phantom of

Delight"; though to be sure, one appreciates his realism, his grim humor in the passage just quoted. Nor has Kipling seen anything in the love of woman high or sacred. Evidently he put no faith in the enduring qualities of woman's love; he has imperfectly fathomed woman's nature. Love, which has been the theme of so many noble songs, is to Kipling even in its highest manifestation little more than a healthy animal passion; and in its worst, a degraded one. The often-repeated line from "The Vampire,"

"A rag and a bone and a hank of hair,"

has become an epitome to many minds of the estimation in which Kipling holds all women.

The futility of attempting to pass on the work of any author while he is yet living has long been recognized and frequently pointed out. But the general impression that one receives from a study of Kipling's poems is that they are transitory; that although a few like "Mandalay," "The Sea Wife," "The Recessional," and "L'Envoi," contain all the essential elements of great poetry, and will be likely to endure, yet the majority of them will serve to please the generation for whom they were written and will then be forgotten. It is true that Kipling in his verse may have done, and in fact did do, a great work for the English soldier; even for the British empire; for he is the poet of patriotism, and the spread of the British possessions, the success and growth of British commerce, the glory of the English flag have been the inspiration of his songs. Moreover, he has succeeded through his verse in kindling or increasing in the hearts of his countrymen that love of England and pride in England's progress, which he himself so abundantly possesses. The British soldier, formerly ignored or treated with gross injustice, he has elevated to a place in the literature of the day, and has won for him the sympathy of the English nation. But the question which he himself treats with such withering sarcasm in "The Conundrum of the Workshops," "You did it; but is it art?" is ever present when his work is to be considered from a poetical

standpoint. And, while it may be answered in his favor that sometimes he is an artist, it must be acknowledged that the greater part of his work is not art. In a number of his poems, he has proved himself a true poet; but he cannot from a just valuation of all he has written, be called a great poet. If, however, we cannot rank him with our great poets, we should not be unappreciative nor unjust to the man who has proven himself so excellent an artist in prose fiction and who in poetry has given us a "Mandalay" and a "Recessional."

W. A. WILLIAMS.

HEIMWEH.

There's a sad longing sigh in my soul tonight,
  There's a sorrow which lips cannot speak;
There's a cloud in the sky and how dim is the light,
  There's not one loving friend I may seek.

I'm alone, all alone in this wide, cold world,
  No kind tears come to soothe my dull care;
And the ache in my heart from Nemesis seems hurled,
  Just to punish me with its despair.

What is left to a life when hope is gone?
  In what can a heart seek repose?
Ah, me, could I sing just one little song
  To help me my eyes to unclose!

And why, I implore, am I thus sorely tried?
  What now have I done that is wrong?
Does all of this sadness now only abide
  To make me, a weakling, more strong?

Come, quiet tears, come help me to fight,
  I crave but for love and for rest;
It is only the strong who seem in the right,
  I am longing for all that is best.

W.

A YEAR FOR MILLSAPS.

Having spent an entire year working for Millsaps College, I have learned a great many things, and unlearned some other things. I would like to say, first of all, that no one has more to do with the reputation of Millsaps College than the student himself. What he is here and what he does after he leaves counts for more than the faculty does. The standing of the College is measured by its output, and if the student goes out to fill an honorable place in the world, it reflects credit upon the College. In my wanderings to and fro in the State, I have met many friends of Millsaps, and I have met a few critics also. But one thing at least has always given me much gratification. In every part of the State everybody recognizes the thoroughness and high grade work done here. There is no discount on that.

During the year I traveled about 15,000 miles, spoke no less than 200 times, and talked "Millsaps" until I would dream about it. Counting the subscriptions which Dr. Murrah had secured and those I have secured, we now have about $44,000.00, which, if converted into cash, would secure $100,000.00 to add to the Endowment Fund. I asked Dr. Lowry how he succeeded so well in getting the Baptists of the State to subscribe $75,000.00 to the Mississippi College. He said, "It is a secret, but I will tell you, if you won't tell anybody." I promised, so here it is: "I went over the State, and almost scared the Baptists to death by telling them how much the Methodists were doing." I decided I would try that plan myself, and see if I couldn't almost scare the Methodists to death by telling them how much the Baptists were doing; but a friend reminds me that there is a good deal of difference between a scared Baptist and a scared Methodist. He says that when a Baptist is scared he will do his best, and the more he is scared the harder he will work. But a scared Methodist will take to tall timber every time. "Is that so?"

I am very anxious to secure the co-operation of all the old Millsaps boys in this campaign for more funds. A large

number of them have made subscriptions payable in four or five years, and I hope to receive subscriptions from all of them during the new year. Wouldn't it be fine when we have our "China celebration," to have a productive endowment of Four Hundred Thousand Dollars? It is within the realm of possibility.

T. W. Lewis.

TRISTAIN D' BIENVILLE.

Marie de Bienville sat watching the few idle passers-by as they chanced along Ursuline Street that hot summer's afternoon. While her eyes followed each until they passed from view she invariably turned to the reading of two letters which the last post had brought. The expression of mingled sadness and worry plainly reflected the nature of the news.

Ten years before her only sister, Juliette Huguenin, and little daughter Blanche had moved to France. Juliette had gone because Yues, her brother, was coming back to New Orleans bringing with him his motherless boy, then twelve years old. She had hated Yues' wife and despised the boy with all the hatred of her French temperament. Refusing to live in the old home while the boy was there, her leaving followed, and in spite of the misery it brought to all, she had never returned.

On his arrival, Yues had left little Tristain with Marie and her father and had gone to Alaska with the gold-seekers. Soon after this the news had come of his death and with this added weight of sorrow the aged father soon died.

Left thus alone, with Tristain depending upon her, Marie had managed by teaching to provide the bare necessities and to give Tristain the schooling Yues would have wished him to have. Through these years of hardship they struggled together, until but a short year ago he had graduated with honors in law at Tulane. Thus he had repaid, in a measure, the sacrifices of his aunt. His record at once secured for him

a position with a well established law firm and his success brought hanpiness to both.

But the letters darkened all. Her sister had died, so one read, and the daughter Blanche would reach New Orleans in two days. The other was a farewell from Juliette, telling her to love Blanche and asking that she should not allow Blanche to see the despised Tristain. Juliette had also requested that she return with Blanche to France, where Blanche possessed vast estates and where they would lack nothing.

Tante Marie, as Tristain called her, became more bewildered the longer she thought. This dying request of Juliette could not be overlooked, yet what had Juliette been to her? Had she acted as a sister should? Truly Tristain had been more to her than her sister. She would not give up Tristain—and, yet, where could Blanche go? These questions filled her mind until Robert came to announce supper. She had never met Tristain with a sad face; he had never seen her sweet face clouded, and he should not now. During their meal she tried her best to seem happy and yet the smiles did not come so easily when she looked at him and thought that soon he might not be there. After supper they went out on the gallery, and kissing her softly, Tristain said, "Tante Marie, something is wrong. You are not happy tonight. I can see it in your face."

"Tristain, my boy, my own little boy," she sobbed as she clung to him, "you shall know. Now, listen while I tell you."

Beginning at the time he had come to her she told him all, then gave him the two letters to read which had come that day. He listened to her story without a word, and still silent he entered the house to read the letters. Soon he came out again, and as he sat down beside her his great heart which had known so little to love, seemed to give way as silently they wept. At last, gaining possession of himself, he spoke and in his usual cheerful way led her to see that it was right for him to leave. Blanche should come and learn that no D'Bienville would annoy a lady. It would be hard for him

to go, but he would be as brave as his famous ancestor whose picture hung in the library and who in 1817 founded the old French city.

The next day's sun beat furiously on the little winding street as a cab, bearing Blanche Huguenin and her maid, drove in and out among them, then up Ursuline Street, leaving the dirty part of the French Quarter far behind. As it stopped in front of a big, old fashioned house, a tall black haired girl and a maid carrying travelling bags, stepped out. The meeting was sad yet joyous for Blanche and Tante Marie, as they mingled their tears and leaughter. Leaving Tante Marie at last, Blanche slept as only a tired traveler can. She was awakened by a shrill voice crying, "Extra edition—New Orleans quarantined—fifty cases of yellow fever east of Canal Street." In a short time the trunk, which Blanche had seen leaving as she drove up, was brought back and placed in the hall. Creeping out quietly, she read the plate on the side and stamped her foot at the name of "Tristain de Bienville.',

That evening Robert found a note addressed to him under the kitchen window, which read:

"Am sick. Bring something to eat out to your room. Don't tell Tante Marie.

"TRISTAIN."

The little French servant lost no time in alarming the household, and at midnight the Doctor and Tante Marie sat in the servant's room beside a yellow fever patient. Faithful Robert stood by the door ready to do the least bidding, while outside on a ladder stood a tall black haired 5irl looking through a window. Her eyes were shining with mischief, as the little French maid below her, holding the ladder, commanded and implored her to come down. Breathlessly she whispered, "Diane, he isn't a demon at all; he's a dear and he's my cousin. Oh, he must be awfully sick, and how Tante Marie must love him—just come here and see how she is watching him." After a long pause she said,

"I'm going in there and make things right. I'm going to help Tante Marie take care of him."

As she crept down the ladder the doctor came out of the door and just in time did they step into the shadows. Then, in spite of Diane's crying and begging, Blanche opened the door and entered. While Diane and Robert began smiling at each other by the door, Blanche on her knees asked Tante Marie to forgive her.

"What mother never forgave I will forget, and you must forgive our selfishness," she cried, "I know this is my cousin Tristain, and he shall not leave here on my account."

It was with a lighter heart that Tante Marie left the sick room, as the nurse arrived to care for Tristain. In the next few weeks Blanche and Tante worked side by side, not only in caring for Tristain, but among the sick of the whole French Quarter.

Two other loving hearts spent hours in the kitchen making the little bowls of broth Tristain was allowed to have. Diane suddenly loved to cook, and Robert was more than industrious in his kitchen.. Then, one day, the first time Tristain could come out on the gallery, they had a family reunion and talked of their home and the many pleasures ahead of them. Tante Marie's face shone as of old, as she looked first at one and then at the other.

As they sat thus talking a message was brought, which read, "Just married—will be home at once.

"Diane.
"Robert."

GRACE HOOVER.

DE PRODJEKIN SON.

Whut makes de people talk so rough
Of de prodjekin son alone—
When I don't think dat he's no wus
Dan de one whut staid at home?

It's true he nebber libbed so good;
Aller's a-trampin' and a-ruunin' about,
But he went home, jes' like you'd do,
When he wore his breeches out.

Ye know dem niggers whut staid wid Pa,
Wus forebber on his mind;
He 'lowed dey had good backer to chaw
While he et husks wid swine.

Dat's not all 'bout de prodjekin son,
Ye see when he reached home,
Dey sont dem niggers, made 'em run,
An' kill de calf, 'most grown.

His brudder didn't like dat nary bit,
An' I don't think it's fair—
Caze he had libbed dare slap 'till yit,
An' dey nebber did give him a share.

Now, listen, to de pint whut I make,
Ye boys when ye lebe pa;
Don't allers think 'bout fried beef-steak
An' good ole backer to chaw—

But think ye 'bout dat other home,
An' yer moder's tinder care,
So, when dat judgment day am come,
Ye kin meet her ober dare.

J. F. Campbell.

HOME FOR A TRAMP.

Late one cold and dreary winter night, in the year of 189— as a groom was coming out of one of those magnificent houses in the suburbs of the city of New Orleans, he saw an old grey-bearded and stooped-shouldered tramp slip into the door

of the hay-room at the rear of the barn. The poor old fellow was homeless and was hunting a place to spend the night, but as usual was ordered out into the cold night. Thinking that his last chance of sleeping under a shelter that night was passed, the old fellow stumbled out of the barn and along the alley by the house. Looking up at the windows as he passed he could not help thinking how comfortable it must be inside that fine building—how delightful it would be to be shielded from the piercing north wind!

But his reflections were suddenly disturbed when he saw a bright flame burst through one of the windows—the house was on fire! His weary mind was now aroused to its keenest sense of action. He knew people were alseep in the house, and would perish if not alarmed at once. With a bound he was over the front porch and at the front door! But, alas, it was locked. He knocked, but no one answered him. Something must be done at once. Mustering up all of his faint strength, he threw himself against the door. It weakened very little at first, but with one more effort the bolt gave way and he fell headlong on the floor inside. Although the fall gave him a considerable jar, he sprang up and began to yell "Fire" with all his strength. The people were now very easily awakened from the inside, and the screams of women could soon be heard.

When the old man arose after breaking through the door, he was at the foot of a stairway. Hardly knowing why, he hurried up them to the second floor; he entered one of the rooms and threw open a window. He could hear the men below shouting, but as in a dream, for the smoke was stifling him. He must get out or die! As he groped about hunting the door, he fell against a bed. There the faint voice of a tiny child, choking in the smoke, startled him. He reached out blindly and his hands came down on the form of an infant which was struggling under heavy coverings. Dragging off the blankets and wrapping them around the little one he started back for the stairway.

When he got there the stairs were beginning to catch. The flames were spreading fast in the lower hall. To escape thru them seemed almost impossible; but it was the only chance. Holding his precious burden close to his breast, he walked weakly down where the flames were springing high on every side, and the heat was so severe that he could hardly endure it, but seeing an open door in front of him, he closed his eyes and made a dash for it.

He had passed through the door safely and was going down the steps in front, when he tripped over a blanket and rolled down, down, over and over, his head striking hard against a sharp cornered post, and then he lay cold and rigid, out of danger of the fire, with his precious treasure still in his arms. Some of the people who were standing by ran to him, took the child from his arms and tried to arouse him—but he had at last found a Resting Place, where even a tramp may have a happy home.

"Rufus Rastus."

JOHN SMITH'S LEAP YEAR.

On the first morning of leap year, John Smith sat at home thinking how grand it would be if the ladies would only "pop the question" as is their privilege once in four years. He had a heavy growth of beard, his hair was unbrushed, and his boots unshined, and from time to time he meditatively puffed at the stub of a cigar. Watching the curling smoke from his cigar, fascinated with the idea of having one of those dear, sweet creatures fondle him, he sat thinking, his imagination picturing his emotion when first a lady should squeeze his hand. Suddenly there came a rapping at his door. Jumping from his chair he ran to the window.

"Gee whiz," he exclaimed under his breath, "'an me looking like a scare-crow."

He quickly escaped by a side door to avoid a lady with a very determined look who came in at the front. Miss Jones was one of those plentiful ladies that believe in woman's

rights. So extreme were her views that she regarded the privilege of courting as a usurpation of woman's rights, and therefore, she came with the full intention of availing herself of the first opportunity to assert woman's claim to her own. She took a seat and looked as if she meant to stay, but there was only a moment of suspense.

"Dearest, how handsome you look," she purred, as John entered the door.

"Spare the blushes of a modest man," said he, as he turned his head away.

"Turn not away those beautiful dark, sparkling diamond-like eyes! Listen to my vows of affection," and she gracefully passed her arm around his neck.

"Leave me," murmured John, "think of my youth."

"Not till I have told you," said she, pressing him closer, "of restless nights, of fond emotions, and of undying love for thee! For years I have loved you from the depths of my heart. Need I tell how each of thy manly virtues has moved me; how my heart was entrapped in the meshes of those magnificent whiskers; how thy manner enchanted me—thy joy was my joy—my heart is thine forever! Now, let me snatch one kiss from those ruby lips!"

And John fainted! JESSE KLINKER, '09.

MOTHER!

Was there ever a name of sweeter sound—
A name that twines and weaves itself around
The very soul; whose charm does not depart,
Never, from the silent ways of the heart—
A name that calls with ling'ring mem'ries, tender,
Revering thoughts, always, our heart's surrender—
Name that would guide and steer us in our night,
That follows us to either farthest height,
Or lowest depth—whose hold Time will not wear
Away, but whispers ever, "She will care"—
Of her who loves not self, but serves another,
Than name of her whose name is simply, "Mother"?

J. C.

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EDITORIALS.

OUR ALMA MATER.

With the going out of the old and the coming of the new year, it is well that we take stock. An estimate should be placed on every article, whether of great worth or of little value. In writing of Millsaps College, it is not our purpose to relate all the virtues and turn vices into virtues, however near the vices often approach virtues. Then, not vanity, but a purpose to know the truth and provide for the future prompts this effort.

It has been a reproach against our College that there has not been sufficient enthusiasm manifested by the students. It is not in good taste for a student to be so shriveled up in his vision that he can see nothing but the school he is in. It is ludicrous to see a person so blinded by "red tape" and "hot air" as to think that only he and his college are worth while. But, on the other hand, he should have sufficient enthusiasm to impress his associates with the true influence which the institution wields. We are a little too self-satisfied with our condition and therefore take for granted that everybody else knows of our advantages. This sentiment has so pervaded the College that the student, believing that "talk is cheap," and heedless of the admonition, "Toot your own horn," prefers to do the thing and let the fame of it go abroad, if at all, on the tongues of other men. While this is a virtue in itself, it carries vice in its train and much profit might accrue to us from a little time spent in reviewing some of these forgotten vices that have ripened and mellowed into virtues.

For the most part at least the affairs of the College have been cared for by the wisest council. Every movement on the part of the founders and directors has been characterized by the clearest judgment. The proper course was pursued from the beginning in the location and the selection of an efficient faculty. The exigencies of the times have been met with the same forethought and wisdom, and never has there been a place in the Faculty for a man of ordinary training or for a broken-down instructor. The wisdom of such a course has often been vindicated and the high standing of an institution so young serves as a reminder to us of the gratitude we owe those who have unselfishly toiled and wrought here for our good.

It is to the credit of our wise benefactors that we are here in the capital city, where the life of the State is centered. It is to this fact that we owe the privilege of attending the historic public days at our own doors, and looking in upon our legislators while they are making the laws to govern our common-

wealth. But it is often urged that this is not a blessing, but a curse,—that the student should be away from the busy bustle of real life, and secluded in some quiet, unfrequented place, where the College may be "all the world to him." We frankly admit that such a situation may be conducive to the best mental musings, and that the student under such circumstances may dream dreams of great "castles in the air." But there is another point to consider. We are not aspiring to a hermit life of an ancient monk; we are called to a citizenship in a busy world of the twentieth century. We are at college in training for the varied duties and responsibilities of that life, and why not adapt the training to the work demanded. College men are expected to be a power in whatever society they move. If not in public life, or in one of the learned professions, the trained man will surely rule in the times to come. A trained man is nothing less than a man acquainted with modern conditions, a man of the times, who can grapple wih modern facts and grasp opportunities as they present themselves. Then happy is the College with the facilities to furnish such training. Being a College set upon a hill, there are many demands made upon us. A choice article can not be had for a trifle. We must sustain ourselves and make good our plighted promise. Such was our beginnig, and such is our history, that much is expected of us. Daunted not by difficulties, the wise men of our Directors are now pushing nearer and nearer to the forefront and with characteristic wisdom they are calling for the all-sufficient re-inforcement. Rev. T. W. Lewis, the gifted, earnest, and energetic agent, has been re-appointed to his work of increasing the endowment fund, which is the paramount need of the College. He has already secured subscriptions to the amount of $80,000 toward the doubling of the endowment fund. Not only are his efforts productive of financial gain, but his mission brings him in contact with the people, and introduces the work of the College to many who have not yet known its merits.

Another thing for which the old year will be lastingly remembered is the completion of the Carnegie-Millsaps Library,

the only one in this section of the country. We take great pride in the fact that the sixteenth session of Millsaps College finds her with a library already given an entire building—a thing most colleges consider in good time at the age of fifty years. This library, representing an outlay of over $30,000, is a lasting monument to the wisdom of the projectors of the Institution, in that the carrying-out of their original plans for a great College made it possible to secure it.

However, more significant is the fact that only fifteen years of Millsaps history has made such a national impression that the "General Board of Education" has selected her as one of the few among hundreds of colleges whose thoroughness in instruction and efficiency of administration have guaranteed the wisdom of placing her on the list to be aided in the way of increased endowment. Thus they offer $25,000.00 to the increased paid endowment when $75,000.00 has been raised by the College.

BOBSAHELA

How often are we shocked at a futile attempt to recall an old class mate or good friend of our past school days? How often do we meet a College man, and wish to show him something of the College we are from? It is a universal decree that school days are the happiest of life and whether or not this be true no one wishes to forget the pleasant experiences he had while at college. For these reasons and many more it has become a custom in most colleges to publish an Annual representing the faculty, student body and life in general upon the campus, tastily presented in the form of wit, humor, art and literature.

The staff is now "hard at it" trying to continue the good results of previous years. The Editor-in-Chief no doubt is longing for a snappy story or a catchy poem, while the Art Editor would be pleased to meet those of artistic turn. If you cannot help in this way, you can have your picture taken in good time, fill out the subscription blank when it is pre-

sented and hasten to pay the business manager before the Commencement stringency strikes the campus. The whole college has a right to be proud of "Bobashela" last year, but as a financial enterprise it was a failure on account of some students failing to pay their subscription, and otherwise neglecting to do their part. "Bobashela" comes from the "Good Friends" at Millsaps as its name signifies; therefore, we should exercise Choctaw fidelity in doing our part in getting it out. Above all, let not the reproach of last year apply to a single man this year, for if the finances fall behind, the "Good Friends" must suffer not only this year, but in years to come. Success demands that it be out in good time, and that the staff may get it out early, we must be prompt in doing our part.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We cannot express our appreciation of the hearty support given the COLLEGIAN this year. We deem it a personal favor when anyone having college spirit enough submits an article without being specially requested to do so. Then let every one feel that the invitation is both general and standing. We prefer that contributions be signed by the author, but this is not necessary if there be some special reason for the writer's preference otherwise. At any rate, don't be over timid, for if you are too proud of yourself on the one hand, or think too little of your production on the other, just signify the fact to us, and we will extend to you the full benefit of "Editorial Pauciloquy." Under no circumstances can we publish a contribution without someone taking the responsibility of authorship. Then do not send anonymous or pseudononymous articles without revealing your identity to the Editor.

GLEE CLUB AT MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE.

Just as we go to press, the Millsaps Glee Club comes from their visit to our sister Institution, exultant over their good time, and loud in praise of the Mississippi College boys. We take pleasure in furnishing editorial space as a medium to express Millsaps' appreciation of the kind reception given the Club on this occasion. Hospitality was unbounded; the whole campus was thrown open, the home of Dr. Lowrey and the halls of the "A. B. C. Club" being no exception. And the spirit manifested by the students is every respect we commend as worthy of emulation. The purpose of "The Canaries" in arranging this visit was to have a good time themselves and furnish pleasure to others. This purpose seems to have been fully appreciated, for every effort was put forth to secure its successful execution. The club went to give an entertainment of "Mirth and Song" and it is to be hoped that the entertainment given was as pleasant as the entertainment received. We think time thus spent is not in vain, and look forward to other occasions when students so closely related may have a chance of meeting upon the broad basis of intercollegiate fellowship to enjoy together the gleeful days of college life.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

T. L. BAILEY, Editor. D. T. RUFF, Acting Editor.

NOTE.—The Editor would gratefully appreciate anything of interest so please don't hesitate to report the news to him.

It's over—get busy!

The baleful(?) shadow of exams is rapidly casting itself over the campus.

If you have made good resolutions, let them be as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Dr. Kern startled one of his classes recently with the anoouncement that Miss Hoover had lost her grammar, and also Mr. Hand.

Messrs. W. P. Moore, W. A. Welch, Tom Stennis, Henderson, Anderson, J. H. Brooks, H. F. Magee, Marvin Geiger, W. F. Holmes and T. L. Bailey are back from the Students' Conference, which was held at Ruston, La., during the latter part of December and first part of January. They report a great Conference, and no doubt our Y. M. C. A. will derive much good from having sent them.

James Galloway (introducing himself to a young lady) —My name is Galloway.

"Well, sir, who said it wasn't?" And she passed on.

The Literary Societies elected their regular quarterly officers at a recent meeting. The Lamars selected the following men: President, J. L. Sumrall; Vice President, J. H. Brooks; Secretary, C. W. F. Buffikin; Critic, T. L. Bailey; Treasurer, E. C. Johnson. Galloways—President, W. P. Moore; Vice President, James Malachi Mand; Secretary, J. A. Alford; Treasurer, D. R. Wasson.

The Commencement debators have selected the following subject: "Resolved, That the Phillipine Islands should be permanently retained by the United States." The Galloways take the affirmative, while the Lamars shall strive to uphold the negative. This promises to be an interesting debate, as both societies will be well represented.

"Fatty Backstrom, of the Class of '08, enjoys the peculiar distinction of being the only man in the South who is Superintendent of a "Green" county.

Dr. Swartz (in Latin class)—"Here is a girl who has to be loved. What time does that express—past or future?"

Miss ———, Present necessity."

The third attraction of the Lyceum, an entertainment by Caveny, the cartoonist, is billed for the 11th of February. He comes well recommended and all are expecting a pleasant evening on that date.

The Glee Club gave an entertainment at Mississippi College on the evening of January 4. The following program was rendered:

1. Dear Old Millsaps ..... Adapted
   Glee Club
2. Sunset ..... Dudley Buck
   Mr. Norquist
3. (a) Come Let us Sing ..... Adapted
   (b) The Prof.
   Glee Club
4. Lullaby ..... Brahms
   Quartet
5. A College Medley ..... H. T. Moore
   Glee Club
6. (a) Stars of the Summer Night ..... From "College Songs"
   (b) The Co-ed—A Freshman Warning ..... H. T. Moore
   Glee Club
7. A Fishing Party ..... Adapted
   Quartet
8. Cradle Song ..... Vannah
   Mr. Norquist
9. Romeo and Juliet ..... William Shakespeare
   Mr. Kirkland and Mr. Addington
10. The Good—Bad Little Boy ..... Adapted
    Glee Club
11. (a) Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground
    Mr. Kirkland and the Glee Club.
    (b) Ben Bolt ..... Mr. Norquist and the Glee Club
    (c) Old Kentucky Home ..... Mr. Nelson and the Glee Club
    (d) Sewanee River ..... Mr. Duke and the Glee Club
12. Good Bye, Sweetheart, Good-Bye ..... Glee Club

Found in a Sophomore story: "He sought her hand as a life companion."

Mr. Elza (after Dr. Moore had explained a problem to him for about ten minutes)—"I don't doubt it a bit."

The different classes have elected their class speakers for Patriot's day. The Freshmen selected J. M. Broom; Sophomores, A. B. Campbell; Juniors, T. A. Stennis; Seniors, Marvin Geiger. These young orators will doubtless give soul-stirring speeches on that occasion.

The Faculty has selected the following representatives to the several oratorical contests: C. Hascal Kirkland, State; John Cude Rousseaux, Crystal Springs Chautauqua; Thos. L. Bailey, Whitworth Chautauqua. In the choice of these men the faculty has made wise selections and Millsaps need have no fear with her reputation in their hands.

Professor Henry Moore is now a member of the A. B. C. Club. He was very much impressed with the initiation.

Dr. Swartz (to the negro grading in front of his house) —Of course you will be responsible for the dirt you carry off on your scraper.

Dr. Kern gave the Seniors an examination on the Biblical references in Tennyson. The average grade was 49. This examination called forth the following pledge:

From my paper you know quite well
That I've received no aid;
'Tis with more sorrow than lips can tell'
That I this failure have made.

—J. T. Sumrall.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

BESSIE HUDDLESTON, Editor.

THE SHUTTLE.

The Shuttle, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, has been classed, deservedly, among the best novels of the year. The fact that Mrs. Burnett wrote it is enough of itself to prejudice us in its favor, for her little Lord Fauntleroy has won for her a place in the heart of every lover of children. And in the Shuttle she has proved herself capable of producing an equally delightful "grown-up" story.

As to the story, the title itself is suggestive of the underlying thought that runs throughout the book, and is voiced only often enough to keep us ever mindful of it—the shuttle that flies back and forth across the ocean, binding the continents to each other. Betty, the heroine of the story, is but a child when her sister Rosalie marries a scheming Englishman, who only wants some of her father's millions. After his return to England with his wife, he soon discovers that her money is not his, and takes his revenge on poor Rosalie, changing her in a few years from a happy young girl to a miserable woman, living always in terror of him. Meanwhile, Betty grows up, a splendid example of strong American womanhood, with much of her father's good hard business sense; and goes over to see what has become of her sister in England. She finds Sir Nigel away, and her sister as ten years of cruelty have left her. Immediately, Betty sets about making friends with the villagers, improving the neglected estate, and giving new life and hope to Rosalie. This, with the help of an unlimited supply of money, and a charming personality, she accomplishes before the return of Sir Nigel, who shows himself quite the scoundrel he is by becoming infatuated with his beautiful sister-in-law. She is in love with Mount Dunstan, who loves her, but whose pride will not let him speak because

of his poverty. Love conquers pride, however, and the story ends happily for all.

It is in the portrayal of Betty as an American girl of the best sort, that Mrs. Burnett has made the greatest success. One of the most enjoyable features of the book is G. Selden, whose pluck, humor, "slanginess" and perfect naturalness make him a most delightfully American character.

There is so much to be pleased with in this book that one hesitates to make any criticism of it. However, one criticism is inevitable—the character of Sir Nigel is certainly overdrawn. He must be a villian, but it would have been better if he had been more human and less of a brute.

The Shuttle treats of international marriage in the usual phase, and shows the power of that happy combination—strength, beauty and money. Altogether, the Shuttle is one of the best, as well as one of the most enjoyable books of recent fiction.

B. L. R., '09.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT,

J. C. ROUSSEAUX, Editor.

For the past month the different magazines decorated in holiday attire and replete with Christmas stories, give forth an atmosphere of the true Christmas spirit. How pleasant, indeed, is it to have our leading young thinkers thus make use of the joyous Christmas time to preach a little sermon on social service, or to write inspiring thoughts concerning the love of the Christ to mankind! While much has been said as to the turkey, the cake, the good things to eat, yet many of the stories have told not so much of physical things as they have of spiritual forces. May the return of that blessed birthday ever remind us to remember our Creator while we are young!

The "Emory and Henry Era" for December is among the best of our exchanges. The Christmas story, "Tempted," is well told and has in it some very good description. The battle in Miller's soul is an excellent character study. When men are wrong, the world seems wrong; but when they are right, so seems the world right. The article on Japanese marital customs is interesting and instructive, though in our country, the author could not request that we be guided by them. We think that our girls are harder to get than in his country. where the matter is arranged not by the necessity of going through fiery furnaces of love's consuming passion nor of overcoming the ill-will of the father, or the jealousy of the mother, but by simply requesting a friend to negotiate the betrothal. An essay, interesting for its contrasts, is "Fashionable Fads and Follies." The poetry in this issue is of a fairly good rank. The best poem is "The Optimist." For one to believe these sentiments is indeed to have the broadest view of life. There is one doctrine, however, set forth in the first stanza with which we do not agree—that each wrong in the world, though it be the blackest, comes from the root of right; that is, has its origin in right. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit." It is only an evil tree that can bring forth evil fruit—a good tree brings good fruit. How, then can every wrong spring from right? Right and wrong are two opposing moral forces—right cannot reproduce wrong. These two come from two totally different sources. A quadruped cannot reproduce a biped. Where evil results have followed from good plans, it is not because the good has changed to the evil, but it is because evil circumstances from the exterior have come in and supplanted the good. The difference between black and white is that white is a blending of the seven colors of the spectroscope into one, and that black is the absence of all the colors. Black, then, does not come from the same source as white; nor does evil come from the same source as good. The editorial on the financial panic is one of strength. After giving the

cause of the panic, three remedies are proposed for the salvation of our country's finances—legislation, "a more flexible currency system," and "a postal savings bank system."

The "Blue and Bronze" is also among the most excellent of the magazines, one of its best features being the number of its poems. While some of these poems are mere words in rhyme, upon subjects not by any means poetical, they deserve credit, and make the paper attractive in appearance. The monotony of the solid prose page is broken by the presence in smaller print of this poetry. "The Tale of a Midnight Feast," while its rhyme is good, has not been worked upon enough with regard to the meter. The last stanza contains a close likeness to Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus." Better than this one is "Fairyland at War." The second best poem in the issue is "Lullaby," but we think that "Birds and Flowers," being more natural in expression, smooth in meter, deserves the first place. We commend this magazine for its amount and quality of poetry. As to the story, we should say that is it very well told. Like Poe, the writer begins simply and as she continues, adds those details that heighten the interest until the great climax is reached, the effect for which the story was told has been produced, and then comes the end. It is plain that the "Indian Tragedy" was written for the effect, and the author has succeeded admirably. The climax is in the leap, and when Minnitonka falls, so do we fall and take a deep breath. The contrasts between Tennyson and Wordsworth in regard to nature are scholarly and show careful study. The "Hallowe'en Celebration" is well told. While the publication is among the best, yet we think that the editorials should be longer and upon more lively topics. We think that the Exchange Department should be fuller, and contain more ripened criticism. It were better to insert in the department matters of exchange only. The lines "To Belmont" should have been in the body of the magazine.

"Ouchita Ripples" is up to its usual standard of excellence, each department being well edited and the whole

issue possessing a charm for the eye and thought for the mind in such a way as can be seldom surpassed. The two orations possess much merit. In "The Dream of Empire and the Dream of Peace," the author has handled a rather old subject in a new and happy manner. While before Christ the dream was of empire, since two thousand years ago the dream has been of peace. The downfall of nations has been due to their greed for expansive dominion. The fact that in Rome "from the reign of Romulus to the time of Augustus Caesar—a period of seven hundred years—there were only six years of peace, while in our own republic of a hundred and thirty years there have been one hundred and fifteen years of peace," shows that the world is now nearing peace. "The Occident versus the Orient" is also a very well written and thoughtful production. "The First Christmas" is an old story of fact well clothed in modern phraseology and containing interesting information. We should like to criticise the statement, however, that Joseph went to Bethlehem to pay his taxes. He went to be enrolled in the census that was being taken—the taxes were paid afterwards. In "The American newspaper of Today," journalism is fully discussed, and not a money standard, but an educative criterion is shown to be necessary. The Literary notes are full and interesting, while the Locals are full of humor and attractively presented.

The "Whitworth Clionian" contains one of the best editorials on "Christmas" among the exchanges. In this the editor sets forth the true Christmas spirit. We think it would be well for all of our editors to make use of special seasons for special editorials. The reports and locals are well told, and it was a pleasure to note in the latter a fairly good vein of humor. The article on "Consistency", though not full enough has some interesting analogies and the personifications are meritorious. "Avoid Mistletoe" is a story which, though devoid of a plot, contains some charmingly told characteristics of college girls. Each girl seems to have some peculiar element of fun, and the whole group can be pictured

easily. The best story in the issue is the Christmas tale, "A Mystery Explained", in which is a fascinating study of child life. There is not the intricate plot to make the tale interesting, but that which catches our attention is the well imitated conversation between the children. We regret that the only poetry in the issue is that contained in an advertisement. As a whole the magazine is fairly good, but it should contain more reading matter to be a literary publication.

We are the happy recipients of "University of Virginia Magazine," "The Pennant," "The Green and Gold," "The Academy and College Journal," "The Index," "The Emory and Henry Era," "The Review and Bulletin," "The Blue and Bronze," "The Whitworth Clionian," "Ouchita Ripples," "Black and Gold," "Mississippi College Magazine," 'University of Mississippi Magazine," "The College Reflector," "The Piedmontonian," "The Concept," "The Academy and College Journal."

EXCERPTS.

Birds and Flowers.

The birds are singing in the trees,
Singing with all their might;
Their songs so happy, blithe, and gay,
So full of pure delight.
With early morning they begin
And sing until the night.

The warm soft wind begins to blow;
The flush of life is seen,
And scattered through the stately woods
And o'er the meadows green,
Many of Nature's lovely flowers
Crowning her as their queen.

Hail, bounteous Spring, that doth inspire
The bright and lovely flowers!

And all nature to live again,
In the warm sunny hours!
The happy birds, they sing "All hail!"
Up in their lofty bowers.

—JOHNNIE E. SHARP.

Where Were They "At"?

"What would our wives say if they knew where we are?" said the Captain of a down-east schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going ashore.

"Humph, I shouldn't mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we were ourselves."

William's Mistake.

A William goat, with low-bowed head,
Rushed wildly forth to butt;
A moment later he lay dead,
With a shattered cocoanut!
The fellow that he sought to crush—
The victor in the fray—
Turned out to be a center rush,
Who met the goat half way!

Small Boy—"Papa, if you kill a snake and hang it up, it'll rain every time, won't it?"

Father—"Not necessarily so; but why do you ask?"

Small Boy—"Well, we killed one and hung it up and it rained."

Father—"That was merely a coincidence, perhaps—"

Small Boy (interrupting)—"No, sir, it wasn't either! at was a black runner!"

The MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

Vol. 10. Jackson, Miss., February, 1908. No. 5.

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

The wind was blowing, and the snow cut like a whip. Not a glimpse of the sea could Tom Jackson or Pat O'Flynn obtain as they fought their way along the top of White Cliffs in the howling wind; only the sounds below told them they were near the edge.

They were old chums—this American boy and his Irish companion—both finishing off their education at Kimbo. Tom's father was away from home, and Pat's guardian did not care to have him come home just to spend the holidays. So they remained at Kimbo and enjoyed themselves as best they could.

It was only five o'clock, but already it was as black as midnight. Once they caught sight of the light-house, and knew they must stand further in towards the right, in order to clear Cuno Cave. Kimbo House lay the other side of that.

Suddenly Pat shouted, "Stop!" clutching his companion by the arm.

"Something wrong?" muttered Tom.

They could hear a roaring sound in front of them. They got down on their hands and knees and crept slowly forward.

"It's the edge!" shouted Tom, as his hands felt nothing before him.

They got to their feet again, and struggled on carefully and slowly, going more to the right. The wind was blowing hard now. For a second or so it would lull, then break upon them in terrifying violence, almost taking them off their feet. They clung to one another for support, and then struggled on again with stronger determination.

The wind was blowing from all quarters at the same time now—at least it seemed so to the bewildered boys.

"Push on!" urged the Irish lad. He turned to say something, then stood still, and looked wildly around him.

Tom was not there!

"Tom! Tom!" his cry rang out, "Where are you?"

He commenced to search wildly about, all the time shouting at the top of his voice. Not a sign of his chum could he see or hear. He tried to make little circles, as he had heard of people doing when searching. He shouted wildly as he moved along. Then suddenly he stopped. He drew back in horror. He was on the edge of the cliffs again. Another step and he would have been over. He could hear the wind roaring far beneath.

"Tom! Tom!" he yelled in despair. But notihing could he hear but the roaring wind below.

Again his cry went up.

A faint sound came up from below. He crept carefully forward on his hands and knees. He clutched a small bush and peered over the chasm. He shouted down; again came that faint return. The boy was half crazy with fear. He lay down at full length, and, putting his hands to his mouth, called once more. Yes; he surely heard some one. Then, during a momentary lull of the wind, came Tom's cry, very, very faintly:

"I'm caught."

Frantically, madly, the boy commenced to search around for some way of getting down.

Tom was there! He must get him some how. All the pluck of his Irish forefathers surged within him; and, without a thought of self, without a thought of the danger, he began to scramble over. He hung desperately to the bush, feeling about with his feet for something on which to get a footing. He groped about with his legs, but not a single projecton could he find. The cliff seemed to go in, rather than out. His hands were even becoming benumbed with the cold.

He must drag himself up again. He must try again at another place. With a mighty effort, he hauled himself slowly up.

By this time the wind had become somewhat calm.

"Tom! Tom!" again his cry went up.

Then came a reply very distinctly—

"I'm caught on a rock."

Pat knew he could not be far below, so he resolved to make a rope out of his clothes and let it down for him. I another minute he had pulled off his close fitting coat and made a rope.

"Hang on to this, 'Tom!" he cried, as he let it down into the chasm.

After a few moments there came a jolt, a twisting—then a shout. He was sure of it this time. The words heard, "Haul up a trifle!" In another moment a dark form appeared.

"Hang tight," urged Pat.

"I'm all right, Pat," sounded his chum's voice, and in a few moments both stood there safe and sound.

The boys soon started on their journey to Kimbo. They reached the school just on the stroke of midnight. The old Doctor, anxious and worried about their absence, greeted them with open arms.

"Boys," he said, "you did wrong in breaking bounds, but it's Christmas morning and I'll let it pass. Get a hot bath and go to bed. A merry Christmas to you both!"

S. C. WILLIAMSON.

THE PROPHECY OF THE OWLS.

The one desire of my early life was to have some thrilling adventure. Many an afternoon I would go down to the old mill near my county home and listen with eager ears, while men gathered there told stories of their experience with robbers. Each evening as I returned home, I would picture in my mind how I would become a great hero if I had been given the chances of the men of long ago, and I wished ten hundred

times that I had lived in those "days of opportunity." But as time passed, I forgot my early dreams and my thought were turned to the duties and cares of life.

Early on the morning of December the twenty-first, nineteen hundred and three, in company with an old servant known as Uncle Ben, I set out for Okalona, a small town about twenty miles away from my home. Each of us had a wagon loaded with cotton, and, as we crossed Chuquetonchee Creek, which was about eight miles from town, a man stepped up by my wagon and asked me to let him ride. I hesitated at first, but when he told me that he was a preacher, I told him to get up and ride with the negro, as his wagon was not very heavily loaded. For some reason, I know not why, I was inclined to disbelieve his statement, and I watched him continually until he got off the wagon and went into a little log cabin near the roadside.

Uncle Ben and I reached Okalona obout one o'clock, and as we fed the horses I asked the old negro what the preacher had to say.

"Boss," he said, "dat deblish old saint axed me more darn questions than you ever heard. He axed me all about was you gwine to sell cotton, was you a Christian, where we was gwine to camp tonight, and I don't know what all else he axed me. He said dat he went to dat little cabin to see one of his sick members; but I tells you dat am where I am been getting my Christmas whiskey Lord only knows how long, and I ain't never seen anybody sick dere yet, and so long as dey keep dat 'er stemlence dey ain't gwine to be sick."

After the horses were cared for, I went to sell my cotton and attend to my other business. In about an hour and a half I was through and ready to set out for home. We reached Chuquetonchee bottom about dark and stopped at our usual camping place. I built a fire and warmed our lunch while Uncle Bob looked after the horses. After every thing was ready we sat down on a log near the fire and began eating our supper. The moon shone bright, and everything seemed to

suggest a favorable night for campers. The only thing that gave me uneasiness was the fear that the fresh pork in my wagon would attract wolves.

Suddenly the silence was broken by Uncle Ben, who dropped his lunch and murmured, "Lor-got-a-mercy!" as he rolled his large, white eyes toward me. I drew my gun to shoot some wolves, for I was sure from his expression that there was a drove near by. But, failing to see any, I asked him what he was so excited about. The old superstitious negro said,

"Boss, didn't you hear dat blasted screak owl hollow? Dere is gwine to be bad trouble. One of dem debils hollowed jus' dat way de night my fust child died."

I told the old negro that there was no truth in the old superstitious idea about the owls, and insisted that he should not unnerve me again with such a howl of exaggerated fear. I set my box of provisions aside, and in a few minuets I fell asleep; but I was awakened by old Ben grumbling about the owls and wishing for an andiron to put in the fire in order to stop them from hollowing.

About nine o'clock I was disturbed again, this time be a distressful cry for help followed by sounds of heavy stroke and agonizing groans. Upon hearing which, Uncle Ben exclaimed, "Wah! Somebody am ketchin' de debil!" Just as we came up two men ran off, leaving another one groaning on the ground. I saw at once that he was the preacher that had ridden with Uncle Ben as we went to town. He told me that in one of his sermons he had preached against drinking, and had influenced some of his members to run some blind tiger men out of their community; and that these outlaws had caught him there on the pike and would have beaten him to death if we had not run up.

This statement aroused my sympathy for the minister, and I asked him to go back to the camp and spend the night with me. He accepted my invitation, and when we reached the camp he began telling me about the condition of his churches

again. Still I considered him a suspicious character, for there seemed to be something in his expression that was not characteristic of a preacher. In a few minuetus he repeated a passage of scripture concerning Daniel's rescue from the lion's den. Then he kneeled down beside the old log, and looking up toward heaven, he uttered a few words of prayer. In a minute he arose, singing of how the Jewish council persecuted the Redeemer of mankind. Before he had finished his hymn he had won my confidence. Then, fearing no danger, I took my purse and pistol from my pocket, and put them under my pillow, and asked the minister to share my blanket with me. Ben lay down near the horses still grumbling at the owls for their continuous hollowing.

About ten o'clock, I was aroused by the report of a gun nearby. I sprang to my feet, and at the same time saw the minster fall to the ground with an axe in his hand. I at once realized that some one had shot him; but had no idea why he was up with the axe in his hand at that hour of night. In an instant two other men ran up and one held his pistol in my face while the other searched me. Then I realized that I was in the hands of robbers. The one who held the pistol said, "Hinds, I see no danger. The negro has fled. Get all of his money, and then we will pay him back for having killed our partner.

By this time Hinds had searched me and was stooping to pick up the pillow, when another shot rang out, and the man who commanded me to hold up my hands fell across my blanket, and at the same time dropped the pistol at my feet. In an instant I had the pistol and threw it in Hinds' face. Then, to my great surprise, Uncle Ben, who, I thought, had forsaken me, ran up and disarmed him. After tying Hinds securely, with a heart welling with gratitude I reached out my hand to the old negro and thanked him for his faithfulness, and asked him to tell me how it all happened.

"Yessa, Massa," he said, "it looks curious dat dem dodgasted owls would know more about what was gwine to happen

than we know ourselves. They kept a-screeching and I couldn't git no sleep. After while I saw dat gasted preacher raise up and listen. I begins to snore like I was asleep. Den he got up and listened some more. I kept snoring. He picked up de axe and stepped up near you. I says to myself 'I believe be is gwine to kill Massa.' I don't see why he didn't hear my heat blumping. As he drew back de axe for to make his hit I shot a ball straight through his head. And when them other men run up I was 'cited so bad I couldn't hold my pistol still enough to shoot for de life of me. But when dis man started to look under de pillow I knew dere was de money, and I took both hands and stuck my pistol up side dat tree and took dead aim on dat other man. Quick as he fell I jumped up and ran to you for to help you with dis here man. And, Massa, if dem deblish little prophets hadn't kept me wake, you would be layin here wid your head busted wid a axe."

J. M. Guinn.

A BLUFF THAT WORKED.

"Why, I never had an adventure in my life; I only wish something exciting would happen to me some time."

"Why, my dear," said a quite voice behind me, and there sat Grandmother looking shocked at my fearful wish, "if you were as old as I am, and had had the things happen to you that I have had happen to me, you would not make such a rash statement."

Then a bright thought came to me, and I frightened the dear old lady nearly to death by grabbing her around the neck and emitting a yell that would have done credit to an Apache Indian.

"Oh! I'm fixed! I'm fixed! Dr. Edwards didn't tell us we would have to write about ourselves, so you just tell me one of those exciting war stories of yours, and I'll just write it down."

"No, my dear child, I could not; none of my experiences are interesting," and she blushed at the idea.

"Oh, yes, they are," I replied, "tell me about the time you locked the Yankee soldiers up in your kitchen while Cousin Joe and the other Confederate soldiers escaped through the front door."

"No! I've told you that so often, but I remember an incident of the war which I have never told you. In the fall of 1863, you know, there were many cases of yellow fever throughout the South, and this added new terror to the war.

"Your Grandfather's eyes were so bad that he was taken out of active service and was appointed Captain of the Commissary Department. I was staying with Mrs. Wright, about four miles from Raymond. One day your grandfather was sent with six hundred dollars from headquarters to some soldiers stationed near Canton. He had to pass right by our house and, of course, stopped in to see me. We had seen no Yankees for many days and felt perfectly safe; but suddenly little Richard Wright rushed in and cried,

"The Yankees are comin', and there's about a hundred of 'em, just turnin' the bend in the big road!"

We were, of course, very much alarmed on your grandfather's account, but he rose up and said,

"They will not harm me; but they must not get that money. Hide it quick."

"By this time the Northern soldiers were coming in the big gate, but as this was quite a quarter of a mile from the house we were not in a hurry. I made your grandfather go up stairs and get in bed; then Mrs. Wright painted his face and hands with some hickory tea, which she had made to dye cloth. This made him a ghastly yellow, and, as he was very thin and pale from exposure, he looked exactly like a man in the last stages of yellow fever.

"In the meanwhile I went down stairs and spread out the money, which was all paper, under the large rug in the

hall. When the soldiers reached the house, I met them at the door and in a sad voice asked them what they wanted.

"The leader, a large handsome fellow, stepped forward and said,

" 'Madam, we are looking for a certain Captain Aleaxnder Richards. He is a Confederate on his way to Canton, and was seen to come in here.'

"My heart beat so loudly that I'm sure they must have heard it, but with well feigned tears I brokenly answered,

" ' Oh, sir, there is no one here but myself and one other woman, and my poor husband, who is dying with the yellow fever.' "

"At this, all of the soldiers drew back; but their leader was brave and came into the hall.

" 'Madam, I am verv sorry, but I can not take your word for it. I will have to search this house.'

"He was standing on the rug now, and I thought how easy it would be for him to reach down and find what he was searching for. I took him up the broad stair case, and all the time my heart was going like a trip-hammer and I was wondering if he would see through my little ruse.

"At last we reached the room where my husband lay. His eyes were closed, and I, myself, was for the moment startled at seeing him lying there as if he were dead. The Yankee Captain took one look and with at involuntary exclamation, fled from the room, and down the stairs to the yard where his comrades were waiting.

" 'Boys, we must have been mistaken; there's no Confederate Captain here. That man up there is dying with yellow fever. Let's get away from here.'

"No sooner said than done. The last I saw of them was a cloud of dust gradually disappearing down the road toward town—then I fainted.

"Your grandfather and Mrs. Wright came down stairs and found me. I was soon revived and showed them where

the money was hidden. Alexander told me good-bye and started once more on his journey."

"Did he get there?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, "and without any further trouble in after years he often told of his narrow escape, and one night there were some gentlemen at our house, and he told this story. One of them, a stranger from Illinois, turned to me, and, with a peculiar expression on his face, said,

" 'Mrs. Richards, did you ever see me before?'

"Then, in one moment, I recognized the Yankee Captain, and we all had a hearty laugh over the way he had been fooled by two women." WILL ANDERSON.

AFTER IT'S OVER.

(With apolioges to Wordsworth.)

I.

There was a time when teacher, sums, and books,
And all that makes the student's life
To me did seem
The embodiments of useless strife,
Vain effort to escape accusing looks;
But it is not now as it hath been of yore,—
Nor weakness do I betray
As when I say
Those things seem dear, since them I now can do no more.

II.

My money comes and goes,
And merry are the shows;
The girls smile their delight
And gladness whene'er in sight I dare;
Ice cream on a summer's night
Is not quite so rare,
As where "half enough's" the rule:—
But yet I know, where'er I go,
'Tis good, "dead-broke" and half-starved, if you're just at school. L. C.

ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE BOY.

He was just a little boy, with a pug nose and big brown freckles all over his fat rosy face. His eyes eyes were large and blue; that is why they had always called him "Boy Blue," and just "Boy," for short. Although Jerry and Allen Curry, who lived across the street from his house, teased him by calling him "Reddy", Grandpa and Uncle Dave told him his hair was auburn, and of course they knew. Anyhow, it didn't make much difference to him. It had to be combed and brushed just as much as if it were black.

Boy was at Grandpa's now. He was there to stay all summer and things were so big and "breezy" and new. Mother had been sick and Daddy had taken her away up North where she could get well, forgetting that she had a little boy who teased and worried her all day long. When Mother and Daddy left, he hadn't cried at all; that would have been too much like a girl; but it was rather lonesome in the big house after they had gone, and he was glad when it came time for Sam to hitch up the horses. Somehow or other there wasn't anybody who could hitch horses quite like Sam. Once he had tried to help Sam, but Mother had told Boy not to go to the barn, and one of the big horses stamped on his foot. Then the doctor had to come, and he couldn't walk for two weeks, and nearly everybody in the house went crazy because he was so bad. Always after that Sam made him get into the buggy and just watch. Sitting on the front seat, holding the whip wasn't nearly so much fun as helping, but Sam wouldn't tell stories if he didn't mind. Boy liked Sam's stories about a horse named, "Black Beauty," and a dog called "Beautiful Joe," but they weren't half so good as the ones Uncle Dave could tell.

Uncle Dave was at home from college. Next year he would be a senior, and after that, he would be going away out West to be an engineer. Boy didn't know what kind, but he had looked mighty sorry when Uncle Dave told him it wasn't the kind that ran engines. To Boy, there wasn't any

body who could compare with Uncle Dave—not even Daddy. It had been Uncle Dave who taught him how to kick a football and who, the Christmas before, had given him a ball and bat and a glove just big enough for a little fellow. Uncle Dave enjoyed telling stories and talking to Boy as much as Boy liked to listen to him.

Just a few days before, Boy remembered Uncle Dave had said, "Boy, which do you like best, brown eyes or gray?"

After thinking a long time, Boy had said, "Why, brown eyes is purtiest, but I'll take dray eyes. Which does you like best?"

Uncle Dave didn't answer, but kept right on talking and asking questions about girls. Boy didn't know much about them, but he made them all look like Mother, and have curly hair and wear blue dresses, and know how to string beads like the kindergarten teacher. For some reason Boy's opinions suited Uncle Dave anyway. He told Boy he was a "brick," and then began telling a story. It was one Boy liked best and the one Uncle Dave always told when Boy had done something that pleased him especially. It was about Uncle Dave's room at the University in a house where there were lots of boys, and all the boys made lots of noise and played tricks on each other, and stayed up as late as ten o'clock! And Uncle Dave's room had a barrel of apples in one corner, while the mixture of coal, collars, ties and paper was so thick over the floor that Boy couldn't have told what color the carpet was. On the walls were flags and canes and caps and big, ugly posters. The only things that weren't broken were two or three photographs and sometimes they even got dusted off with Uncle Dave's sleeve. Boy never did know who they were except that one was Grandma, and he always thought maybe one of the others was Etta, the housegirl. Etta was the only grown up young lady that Boy knew, but she was German and he couldn't see how Uncle Dave could like her. The mystery of the portraits had exacted

great deal of speculation on Boy's part and some day he meant to solve it.

Such a room, though, was Boy's ideal. Why, at home he had to stay right in the front yard so that he wouldn't get dirty, and when Mother took off his Buster Brown collar and big white ties, she always put them right in his drawer, the bottom one in the chiffonier, and every morning he had to have on a clean waist and have his shoes rubbed and rubbed.

But besides telling Boy this oft repeated story, Uncle Dave had promised to get him an express wagon. To get the wagon, and, perhaps, to go to the postoffice, was the reason Uncle Dave had gone to town. Boy felt lonesome. Grandfather and the hired man were plowing corn away off in the other corner of the farm, and Grandma and Etta were busy in the kitchen getting ready for the threshers, who were coming tomorrow. He had pestered Etta all the morning, slipping up behind her and untying her apron string. She hadn't minded much for awhile, but when she got up, with an apron full of string beans, and they had gone all over the floor, she had chased him out of the house, fairly hurling her terrific German epithets after him. Forgetting Etta, he had wandered back to worry Grandma with his never ending questions. With all patience she had stood it until he asked if cheese meant a lot of cheese, and "chee" just one piece. Then Grandma had told him that all the men, who were coming to-morrow to thresh,had to be fed,and she had a bushel of potatoes to peel, and he must run away and play.

And so he had come out of doors again. Just now he was sitting under the windmill holding his face in his two chubby hands, listening to the wheel as it buzzed on top of the mill around and around. Boy knew if he stood up on the watering trough and pulled a lever down that the mill would pump. Uncle Dave had done it, so he thought he could. He almost fell into the trough, the sides were so covered with slippery green moss, but the lever came down and he got a drink. The wind was so strong Boy thought the wheel would fly right off

and the water came faster and faster. Then he forgot all about it and ran off to the elevator, where he knew Sam was grinding corn. It was nearly dinner time when Boy said some thing about the mill. With one yell, Sam ran across the barnyard, Boy stumbling over all the corn cobs and sticks as he tried to keep up. He saw Sam fix the lever, and then run toward the pig pen which was in a low place back of the barn. When Boy got there, Sam had a rake and a pitchfork pulling pigs out of the water and mud. Boy saw at least a dozen snouts sticking above the water, and that was all. The pen was completely flooded. When the last pig was out, Sam began to dig a trench, telling him that big pipe led from the watering trough to the pig pen and some one had left the water turned into the pipe. Sam said he was glad though, because if the water hadn't gone off in the pipe the trough would have overflowed and the water would have flooded Grandma's vegetable garden and washed out all the beans and lettuce and onions.

After dinner Boy waited and watched for Uncle Dave. At last there was nothing left to do but go to the barn and chase the chickens. He chased one right into the hen house and all the hens squawked and squawked and flew in every direction. When he saw Grandma coming he ran. It was hot running, but it was more fun than sleeping and that was, he knew, what Grandma would make him do if she found him. Boy reached the end of the lane just as a mover's wagon, with a dozen dirty, inquiring heads poked out, came along the main road. He had heard of such things, but had never seen anything half so interesting and when the man asked him to ride, he got in gleefully. They weren't very clean, but he had heard Mother say that one did get so dirty traveling, so he thought they were excused. They were going toward town, too, and Boy knew what he'd do, he'd go to see Jerry and Allen, then go down town and hunt for Uncle Dave, an they would go home together. He wondered if Uncle Dave had forgotten the express wagon. It was not long before he

spied Grandpa's buggy coming down the dusty road—and, yes, there was Uncle Dave. And Uncle Dave was reading a letter and just smiling, and once—but Boy was not sure about it. The woman in the wagon told Boy to sit right still, but just as they passed, Boy yelled,"Uncle Dave, did you get the express wagon?" Uncle Dave heard, and although he knew better, he thanked them for picking up the "lost child." as the woman had spoken of Boy.

When they got home, Boy couldn't understand why Grandma kissed him so. It was nearly supper time, and he knew she was still busy, but she stayed with him in the sitting room and told him the names of all the subonnet-girls and read the verses about each one. After supper, Grandma put him to bed and just as he was going to sleep,—perhaps, though, he dreamed it—Uncle Dave came into the room and kissed him, then whispered in his ear, "yes, brown eyes is purtiest, but I'll take dray eyes for mine too."

Grace Wilma Hoover.

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EDITORIALS.

THE GLEE CLUB

In no phase of College activity has there been greater achievement than in the organization and development of a Glee Club. At the beginning of the session there was no nucleus around which to form such a club, rather a positive attitude of "sour grapes" toward such an undertakng on account of the miserable failure of last year's

plans. But undismayed by the gloomy situation Prof. Moore began the movement with that air of confidence that brings success. It is needless to say that he turned defeat into victory, and we think it altogether fitting that the members of the Club unanimously give him the praise for the pleasure it has afforded them. It is due to the credit of his diligence, patience, and genius that he succeeded under such disadvantages in organizing and training a Club that the public pronounces the equal of the best lyceum attractions.

Following the first half-session examinations, the Club spent a week in the northern part of the State. On this trip Macon, I. I. & C., Grenada College and Carrollton were included. At each concert much enthusiasm was manifested and expressions of hope for another appearance were liberally given.

One event that will long endure in the memories of the boys, was the great way in which their efforts were received at Columbus. It was inspiring to see the faces in such an audience, and to hear the delightful applause from the numberless dainty hands, as they cheered number after number. It is the universal decree of the members of the Club that no improvement could be made in the manner of showing appreciation and thereby contributing largely to the success of the evening. Neither do the boys fail to mention the generosity of Prof. Whitfield in suspending the regulations so that the girls could "see their friends"—a thing of greater interest to their "Friends" than any other whatsoever.

At Grenada not only were the funny features and other numbers given full measure of appreciation, but our "sisters" remembered that the songsters were like other boys, and the "Chafing Dish Clubs" had arranged a reception for them. In the reception hall the color scheme was skillfully executed; the punch bowl was kept overflowing, while dainty "Carnations in ice" were served, and each "Canary" went away with a beautiful carnation on the lapel of his coat. Sweet are the memories of an evening spent in mirth and song among such

a choice company of the fairest of the fair. So captivating were these living beauties and so delightful were Prof. and Mrs. Clifton that our Seniors declare that their post graduate work will be done at Grenada College.

At Carrollton, the Club was given a dinner by Mr. Norquist's mother that crowned her with the lasting love of the troupe of College boys, and did honor to that historic old town of aristocratic tradition. After the concert, Miss Louise Bingham furnished delightful entertainment at a Chafing Dish Party, where an evening of rare pleasure was enjoyed. The jolly revelry continued into the "wee, sma' " hours of the morn, when the happy but wearied boys retired to their downy beds, under the magic spell of Orpheus, to dream of

"Sweet music that softer on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes—"

until transformed by the power of Morpheus, they softly sank into a dreamless sleep, and awoke in the morning with faces toward home.

Much as was the pleasure of the Club on this trip, there is yet another phase of greater importance to the College at large. One of our greatest needs is adequate advertising, and no scheme will be made more fruitful in making the College known than such trips by the Glee Club. It is evident that a successful concert by College boys will turn more promising young men toward Millsaps than a number of cut and dried speeches by men with an air of learning. Many choice fellows have been turned away from our College for fear of the old idea that we are a tame set of fellows who are denied theprivilege of having enterprises of our own. This is a fallacy that is well known by those intimately acquainted with our campus, for we really have more things controlled by the students without faculty interference, than any Institution in our knowledge. But the average young student contemplating a college course, does not know this, and when he sees the great college spirit manifested by other colleges, at inter-collegiate athletic contests, why should he not go elsewhere when he never hears

a word of anything that Millsaps men are doing. Classic speeches are indispensable, but our weak point is not that we have no reputation for training men along this line. So, let the old plan continue with undiminished zeal, and supplement it by a little work along the line of the Glee Club, and see what it will do for the good of the College.

Then if the Glee Club will contribute to the needs of the College, it deserves the hearty support of both faculty and the student body.

We think the support given by the students in this College activity is a happy sign, and we are pleased to have THE COLLEGIAN voice their sentiment. We are willing to commit ourselves to this sentiment, and hope that such a spirit may continue. By way of suggestion we think it worthy of the Alumni and friends of the College to contribute a share in making this new instrument count heavily in favor of the College.

A FAULT AND ITS CAUSE.

It is occasionally remarked that College Spirit at Millsaps is at too low an ebb. Doubtless this is the case; at any rate when we intelligently consider our present conditions, what can we expect other than a manifestation of a lack of general enthusiasm. Quite frequently we hear some one urge that we show more College Spirit, as though it were an element gushing forth from an inexhaustible fountain from which each individual might drink his daily fill. Why not arise amid the gloom of a bleak December morn and inquire why the birds are not singing, or why the bees have ceased to hum?

There are two essentials to College enthusiasm: first, whatever is done must be interesting; second, there must be a variety of attraction. Then before we expect our men to show forth enthusiasm, let us see that we are not trying to violate a psychological law. If our College has not those interests that appeal to the average College boy, it is useless

to try to pump our men full of "dry air" and convince ourselves that it is College Spirit.

Along some lines Millsaps has a record second to none; in other lines, she has no record. The State Oratorical Contest affords some opportunity for the awakening of College Spirit, but it is indeed a little factor when seen from the view point of other Colleges. Perhaps the most exciting day for the Colleges of Mississippi is the day set apart for the Oratorical Contest, yet it can not be denied that other features of the day invariably bring forth greater demonstrations; and in these Millsaps is neither seen nor heard. What then, must our boys do? Are we expected to boil over with College Spirit when the other Colleges of the State have men contesting on the athletic field and we are denied the privilege? The answer is obvious. While Millsaps poses as one of the foremost institutions of the State and allows her name to be drowned out on the athletic field beneath the applause of other institutions, we have naught of which to boast, for on this College Day our colors are furled.

On Thanksgiving we meet the same fate. It is natural that we should not witness the games as the ordinary person, for we are College boys, and are susceptible to those sentiments that prompt a College man to yell exclusively for his Alma Mater. So with our Alma Mater "down and out" we cannot stand in the position of the typical College man on the one hand, nor can we afford to deny our identity on the other. The result is that we are placed in a peculiarly awkward and unnatural position.

To such conditions, then, do we attribute this lack of College Spirit; and if we are expected to show more enthusiasm, attention must first be given to our athletic interests, thereby developing those conditions conducive to the growth of College Spirit.

J. L. S.

CHANGE IN STAFF.

In the withdrawal from College of Mr. Brown, the editor of the Y. M. C. A. Department, THE COLLEGIAN has lost a valuable man, the Y. M. C. A. a powerful worker, and the College, one of her best students. We are sorry for such unavoidable circumstances, and hope he will return next year to complete his course. While we regret to lose one of our staff, we gladly welcome the appointment of Mr. W. A. Welch, whose interest in the Y. M. C. A. is intense, and in whose hands the Department will be ably cared for.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

T. L. BAILEY, Editor.

NOTE.—The Editor would gratefully appreciate anything of interest so please don't hesitate to report the news to him.

Who's your Valentine?

It is reported that the dreaded epidemic, Spring-fever, has made its appearance on the Campus!

If you "busted" don't be discouraged. There's still another chance.

Dr. Swartz has added much to the beauty of his home by having his lawn graded.

Dr. Kern (to Soph. English Class)—Did any of you ever read Scott?

Soph.—Yes, sir: I've read his "emulsion."

Among the recent visitors to the Campus were Messrs. J. R. Bingham, Oscar Backstrom, R. H. Ruff, J. W. Frost, J. A. Baker, L. K. Carlton, and F. F. Flynt.

Messrs. Mohler and C. J. Sharbrough have the sympathy of the entire student body in their recent trouble. "She went back on 'em."

Dr. Murrah has been in Washington for several days past in attendance upon College duties.

The "Glee Club" is just back from a rather extensive tour of the State. They gave entertainments at Macon, Columbus, Grenada, and Carrollton. They were received with great enthusiasm at all places and were recipients of many social attentions.

Vernon Bryan can always be depended upon to find the "heroess" of a play.

It has been said that "In the springtime the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." This is only partially true of Millsaps students. They have hardly had time to do anything save think and plan for the coming base ball season. They have already scraped their diamond and made other necessary arrangements, and at the earliest moment will begin on a series of class games. Millsaps is going to have inter-collegiate base ball, and she's going to win!

Evidently some great singers will come from the Junior class.

Mr. Caveny gave his chalk lecture on Feb. 11th, and it was indeed a rare treat. Those who were present will not forget the entertainment soon. The public is grateful to Mr. Witt for "citin' " them.

Dr. Swartz (to Freshman)—Will you give the principal parts of the verb "Riddeo?"

Fresh.—Rideo, Riddere, Rufi, Rastus.

Rev. Mr. Savage spent several days on the Campus during the latter part of January. He is a jovial gentleman, and his many friends among the students will be glad to see him at any time.

Before long we will be called upon to go to the State contest to receive a certain gold medal, which there awaits us. In iew of the fact that it is an occasion for great rejoicing, we would suggest that the students begin to make preparation for a proper celebration of this great event. As all know, the way in which to show our College spirit is by yells, etc. So let's begin work early. Let's get some good yells, elect a leader, and prepare to make it eminently plain to all that Milsaps is there. Get busy and compose a yell and turn it in to the editor of this Department and it will be turned over to a Committee who will pass upon its merit. **This means You; not the other fellow.**

The Kappa Alphas entertained very delightfully at a chafing dish party recently

The Galloways have elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, David Thomas Ruff; Vice President, W. A. Welch; Corresponding Secretary, Neill; Recording Secretary, Henderson; Treasurer, A. C. Anderson.

Townsend has spent much time since Christmas trying to decide whether he got "the right kind of text book" in history.

"Brer" goat held forth a few nights ago, and as a result of his reign: Messrs. R. R. Norquist, T. L. Evans, S. L. Hurvey, R. B. Smith, H. G. Butler, Longstreet Cavett, A. M. Nelson, Jr., J. H. and C. A. Galloway, W. B. Lewis, and H. E. Hill are Kappa Sigmas; Rip Peebles, L. Addington, R. Berry, Ed Hays, and A. C. Jones, Kappa Alphas; Crisler, R. B. Alexander, L. Reed and T. W. Lewis, Jr., are Pi Kappa Alphas.

We would not have our readers forget that the Millsaps Law Department is progressing very nicely. One member is in the Legislature, and another, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate. While the others do not hold official positions, it is safe to say that they are doing some effective "lobbying" and are of great assistance in bringing about good legislation.

Judge Whitfield, of the Law Department, has recently returned from Washington. "Teddy" showed him a good deal of attention while there, and it is safe to predict that if the proposed new district is created, Judge Whitfield, if he desires, may become a Federal Judge.

The members of Mr. S. U. Zung's class are very jealous of him. They are of the opinion that he is receiving more than his share of "leap year propositions."

The students will ever be grateful to Mrs. Lewis and Mr. L. M. Jones for their kindness to the sick ones of our number. Had it not been for the nice eatables fixed by Mrs. Lewis and the constant devotion of Mr. Jones as a nurse it is impossible to see how we would have pulled through the recent "siege" of the measles.

Dr. and Mrs. Walmsley entertained the Seniors on the night of Feb. 14th. It was a most enjoyable affair, and its memory will long linger with those present. Dr. and Mrs. Walmsley are ideal hosts, and it is such Virginians as they who hold aloft the reputation of the grand "Old Dominion."

THE NEGLIGENCE THAT WON'T DO.

'Tis a rare pleasure to lend a pony to a friend,
And have him enjoy it and ride it;
But it is a pleasure so rare,
(Almost unknown I swear)
To have him with promptness return it.

The new initiates of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity entertained the old members at a very delightful banquet recently. Judging from the laughter and music, the new ones must be royal hosts.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

BESSIE HUDDLESTON, Editor.

ORATORS AND ORATIONS.

A recent publication that is of interest to college students of Mississippi is "Orators and Orations", edited under the auspices of the Mississippi Inter-collegiate Oratorical Association, by Mr. Marvin Summers Pittman. Mr. Pittman is a graduate of Millsaps College, and many students who yet linger within her walls remember him as a leader of College men, interested in all College affairs. The Association has done well in appointing him editor of the first volume of "Orators and Orations", for to the task he has brought the same enthusiasm which characterized his College work—an enthusiasm which must have been needed in the work of collecting the scattered material of this first volume.

It is the purpose of the Association to publish every ten years a volume containing the history of the Association covering that period, with also a short account of each annual contest and the orations delivered there, and a sketch of the authors of the orations, the representatives of the various Colleges of the Association. Obviously, the first volume is the most difficult to produce, since there was during the first few years of the Association's life, no one authorized to preserve the orations delivered at the contests; even the names of the orations were lost, and only the names of the speakers were to be obtained. With due allowance made for this state of affairs, the appearance of "Orators and Orations" for the period of 1896-1907 is a credit to its editor and business manager, to the young men of whose work it is chiefly composed, and to the Mississippi Inter-collegiate Oratorical Association.

MAM' LINDA.

In a recent number of THE COLLEGIAN appeared a notice of a book, "Ann Boyd," by Will N. Harben. It is perhaps not a good policy to give too much of our limited space to a single author, but a more recent book by the same popular Georgian writer, is, we think, worthy of some mention. This is "Mam' Linda," and is important because of its new manner of treating the negro problem of the South.

The plot of the book is laid in North Georgia, in the typical little town of Darley, where aristocrats of the old regime dwell along with the liberated blacks, and where the ignorant and excitable mountaineers do their marketing. The issue of the story is the candidacy for the State Legislature of Carson Dwight, a descendant of a line of slave-holders, and his opponent, Wiggin, of the "po' white trash" stripe. Wiggin is determined to win the place at any cost. Dwight ruins his political chances at every turn by refusing to compromise his principles. A White Cap raid upon the negroes of Darley, and the severe whipping of Pete, a worthless son of an ex-slave, causes Dwight's indignation to rise high, and his hot words against the men of Wiggin's side endanger not only his canvass, but his own life, by giving Wiggin the means of stirring up the reckless mountaineers against his opponent. At the earnest request of Mam' Linda, Pete's mother, Dwight sends Pete to his farm in the country, to try the hard work cure for keeping bad company and for a disposition to talk too much. Soon after his arrival here, one of the suspected White Caps and his wife are murdered in cold blood, and Pete is suspected of the crime. A mob is organized, and for three days the poor negro is hunted like a wild beast by the frenzied neighbors of the murdered man, who think their duty is to hang the negro without delay. Carson Dwight believes the boy innocent and joins the mob as they trash the mountains in their search, but his plea for a trial by law only angers the enraged men.

Pete escapes to Darley, the mob in close pursuit, and reaches Dwight's house just as he is overtaken. Here Dwight's eloquence and his fearlessness in a speech to the mob help him to quiet the angry men, and they allow him to put Pete in jail for trial.

But the danger is not over. Wiggin arouses the mountain people again and it becomes necessary for Dwight and a band of his particular friends to save Pete's neck by forestalling the mob at the jail and removing the negro to a cellar, pretending to have lynched him. The trick leaks out, after the real murderer has been found out, has confessed to the crime, and been shot to pieces; and the angry people rise again, against Carson Dwight as well as Pete. The two start for Chattanooga through the country, fall into the hands of the mob, and after a highly improbable scene, are allowed to continue their journey. Things quiet down, and soon after Dwight's return to Darley it becomes safe for Pete to go home to Mam' Linda. The people begin to see that Carson Dwight's views are right and that he is to be trusted, and after one more difficulty, the shooting of Dan Willis, Wiggin's tool, in self defense, Dwight is elected by a great majority.

There is a love story, of course, the hero worshipping Helen Warren, the belle of Darley, and finally winning her; but this is the subordinate part of the novel. There are many defects in the story. The scenes of Dwight's overcoming, single-handed, the mob before his home, and again on the lonely road to Chattanooga, are quite melodramatic, and some of the characters are overdrawn. There may be such a man as Carson Dwight's law partner, Billy Garner, but the virtues of both Carson and Helen are exaggerated. There are defects in the negro dialect, and other marks which seem to indicate that the book was hastily written; but the view taken of the race question, while it is a veiw that is shared by a great many of the best class of Southern people, is distinctly original in this class of books.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

JEFF COLLINS, Editor.

It is alway a source of great interest for college students to watch the varied success of the Alumni of their college. This information when it reveals that great things are being done, and large salaries are being received by the Alumni, becomes a means of exciting renewed enthusiasm in college work, and a feeling of interest and anxiety in those who are making such observations. Then it is that they, who are studying the Alumni not only from the standpoint of their success in obtaining large remuneration for their work, but from the point of view of their real success in that work, measured by the good they are doing and the kind of sentiment they are moulding, begin to determine what their own life work shall be. The wide-awake college man is going to be greatly influenced by that work which has, when everything is considered, the greatest men. It is a startling fact that the Alumni who are most recent from the walls of an Institution have a greater influence in determining what the decision of the average college man shall be in regard to his profession for life, than the more previous graduate. Hence, the success of the Alumni in their work has a great deal to do in shaping the future occupations of the post-college man.

When we examine the record of some of the class of 1907, we are influenced in various ways and think that they, too, while in college, were influenced by many things. For instance, when we study a man like James R. Bright from a standpoint both of his profession and salary, we cannot help being inspired to preach on Sundays and teach the rest of the time. "Jim Bob," who is at Hemingway, Miss., is putting in double time, acting as teacher and preacher. For this dual service he receives the handsome salary of $1,300.00.

We can say for "Jim Bob", what we might say for all the rest of the class of 1907, if one were not a woman, that they are all worthy men.

Several of the class of 1907, all of whom have made glowing reports of their success, have been visitors of the College this month. Each of them seems to think that his position is superior to that of any of his class mates. Those of the class of 1907 who visited us this month were: Jack Frost, a drummer; John Carlton, an assistant court clerk; Red Neill a professor; Oscar Backstrom, a county superintendent; James McKee, a minister; and Miss Susie Ridgeway, a teacher in the Jackson Graded Schools. We would be glad to record in the early future the visits of Messrs. Applewhite, Berry, Bullock, Locke, Osborne, Pearce, Rogers, Terrill, Weems, and Williams, all of whom were of the class of 1907. It is too early for the class of 1907 to forget us.

Among the Alumni who visited us this month were Messrs. McGilvray, Joe Baker, T. M. Bradley, and Sam Graham.

We were indeed glad to see these old friends and know that they still had a friendly feeling toward their Alma Mater. During this month we hope to see more of our Alumni on the campus. Gentlemen, it not only inspires us for you to visit us, but it renews in you the consciousness of your duty to dear old Millsaps.

JEFF COLLINS.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT,

J. C. ROUSSEAUX, Editor.

The serious business of criticism involves much the same danger as that which threatened the men of classic myth—ever rolling stones up hill and ever in danger of having those self-same boulders roll back and crush them to death. The

only way apparent to prevent the death of the toiler is for him to keep on toiling. Let him make sure of his footing, be sure of the ground upon which he stands in his criticisms, and while others may occasionally throw teasing stones at him, let him take no heed but keep on rolling. If they stop too long to hurl criticisms, their own burdens may roll back upon them. After all, that is the sting of criticism: if the critic take too much note of others he may be lacking in himself. It would indeed be taking a beam from our brother's eye, were we to make a criticism, of which we ourselves were guilty.

And there is another sense in which the work of a critic of college magazines is in danger: the same in which one would be were he to combat with the giant of the mountain, the stone of whose sling is the rounded mountain top, while that of the man is but the pebble from the brook. How apparent the danger to one so small in resources arrayed against one so large in equipment! Shall the exchange editor of a small college magazine express his honest opinion regarding the output of a great university? It would seem queer, indeed, but why not let individuality count for something, no matter how small the individual? It takes just as much skill for the man with the pebble in his sling to aim correctly at Goliath's forehead, as it would for Goliath with a larger weapon to endanger Mega-Goliath. If a college is small should its magazine fail to be recognized because the institution is young? Not according to a fraternal policy. We who are small colleges should take courage, for it is not numbers that count, but it is the stuff the numbers are made of. Why could not the three hundred men of all the small colleges be men of the stamp of Gideon's three hundred?

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA MAGAZINE

And why this preamble? In truth it is because we have just laid upon our table a rather thick magazine, bound exquisitely in white and printed neatly and simply in black. It comes from the greatest University in the South—indeed, compared with us, a giant—a great, big, worldly

giant, whose chief characteristic is to use giant words, publish mysterious, esoteric originalities, and to sit by the fire, dream, think, and smoke the merschaum. We think every man at the University of Virginia has a pipe to smoke: there is always, in that native country of the weed, an atmosphere of smoke.The issue for January is certainly a delightful one. We like the strength and clearness of its editorials, and agree with the editor that he has made something unique of his magazine. The careful criticisms and the original and suggestive policy of the exchange editor are timely, that our publications should contain articles on contemporaries or those active and thoughtful persons who have recently died.

The most inexplicable composition is "Brink o' Dawn III.' Containing the most queer allusions and the most far-fetched descriptions it indeed fulfills the purpose of mysticism and with its tremendous words gives an air of great learning. Underneath the surface, and winding its way through the various conversations, is a love story. In the second part of chapter III the episode of the heifer and the consternation of summer are quite amusing, but it evidently does not work out to the satisfaction of St. John. The story is collegian, and the use of the dairy that one college chum makes for his friend is very odd. The idea of one man writing another's diary! The campus scenes are very well portrayed. We shall look for a continuation of this queer, thought-requiring style: it is odd and esoteric, yet it is original and meritorious.

The best story in the issue is "The Ultimate Atom," a pseudo-scientific tale of charm and all-absorbing interest to the end. Of tremendous power is the description of the music; there is no doubt about the strength and literary value of this use of words. "Poetry—Like Olives" is a very amusing study in those who like and dislike poetry; the humorous situations and the grim humor of Mr. Holton are appreciated. "Vanitas Vanitum" is an interesting study in the insecurity of life and the gloom of the future. It is fairly good verse, though it contains one coarse reference. "Caster of Pearls"

is an odd poem the central thought of whose three stanzas is "Do not give your love to him who craves no paradise but to kiss you, because as the echo dies out, so will his trust die out and some other girl will be hanging about his neck." The best poem is "The Great Galleys"—the subject is poetical, there is a mastery of language, and at the end there is an awe and a majesty produced by the ever poetical subject—the sea.

THE TATLER

It is a neat appearance that is presented by "The Tattler." Possibly the only objection we have with the printing is that each composition seems to be separated from the others by at least half an empty page. This fault of the printer corrected would result in a fuller effect to the page. We should like to see stronger editorials from so important an institution. The editor-in-chief of a college paper should do more than extend New Year greetings, and mention the senior parlor or unusual attendance—but he should discuss vital, up-to-date questions.

The issue contains two serious articles—one a comparison of institutions, and the other a strong presentation of education for women. While the "Hermit of Chesterhaven" is a mystical and interesting production, yet surpassing it is "Waiting"—the end of which is tragic and all resulting from an intentionally innocent, meaningless quarrel. "To My Clock" is a good attempt at rhyme though a battered, noisy alarm clock is not a poetical subject. The ryhthm is good, but there is no emotion. "A Dream" is a charming little poem, containing fine color and the poetical atmosphere—the moonlight, the silvered water, the silken sail, the mermaid, the soft, summer wind. The letter to Tattler contains some charming humor.

Tam Alii Nos Vident.

The November issue of "The Millsaps Collegian" is very good. It contains two articles that are especially interesting, "A Concealed Weapon" and "Father's Ghost Story."—Mississippi College Magazine.

"The Sin that Blessed" in the Millsaps Collegian for October gives a good insight into the character of John Wycliffe and furnishes an interesting story for its readers. A valuable lesson may be learned from "The Result of an Evil Association" as well as from the above-named article. The editorials are good.—The Spectator.

Our expectations of this, the second issue of "The Millsaps Collegian," warranted by the quality of its first, have been more than realized and we find this issue above the average. "Land of the Sunset" gives an interesting and prophetic expression of the great golden West of the past, the present, and the future. "A Father's Ghost Story," though it occasions some doubt, is highly imaginative. "To—" is a poem which gets beneath the mere surface and is a beautiful and touching tribute to the depth and height of friendship in its purest type. This journal is well in keeping with the evidencing sphere of Millsaps' advancing improvement. Both, the institution and its organ, have their eyes noticeably toward the the future.—Review and Bulletin.

We are the happy recipients of "The Campus," "Mississippi College Magazine," "Kansas City Veterinary Quarterly," "Ouachita Ripples," "Emory Phoenix," "Review and Bulletin," "Baylor Literary," "Hendrix College Mirror," "College Reflector," "University of Mississippi Magazine," "Columbia Collegian," "The Gibsonian," "Randolph-Macon Monthly," "The Eatonian," "The Concept," "The Spectator," "University of Virginia Magazine," "Mansfield Collegian," "The Tattler."

Wasn't the Girl's Fault.

Excited Lady (at the telephone)—I want my husband, please, at once.

Telephone Girl (from the Exchange)—Number, please?

Excited Lady (snappishly)—How many do you think I've got, you impudent thing?—Human Life.

EXCERPTS.

A Parody.

Twinkle, twinkle, as a star,
How I wonder what you are—
Hidden snugly in the grass,
Tiny, shiny little mass.

Thou art not a burning coal,
Nor art thou a piece of gold;
Art thou, then, a fallen star,
Shedding light both near and far?

Why! when I come near to thee
In the grass beneath the tree,
I am blinded by the glare
From a lock of Maxey's hair!

—J. C. H.

"No," said Mr. Amis, "I never associate with any of my inferiors, do you?"

Elizabeth—"Really, I can't say, I don't think I ever met any of your inferiors."

Rush, R. C.:—You are the breath of my life.

She—Suppose you hold your breath for awhile.

Lawyer—Was the prisoner in the habit of talking to himself, while being alone?

Pat—Sure, I can't say, for I was never with him when he was alone.—Exchange.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

W. A. WELCH, Editor.

THE SOUTHWESTERN STUDENTS' CONFERENCE.

During the last two decades there has been a wonderful development of college spirit and fellowship between college men throughout the colleges and universities of America. Many causes have contributed to these changes, but chief of all is probably the growth of the Young Men's Christian Association which has brought together not only the students of America, but those of the whole world, in the study and solution of the great religious problems that confront student life.

Among the chief phases of this movement is the training for Christian work given to college men in the summer and winter conferences. The first of these Conferences was established at Northfield, Mass., about 1888. There two hundred and fifty-one men met and studied the Bible, and the problem of Missions, and discussed methods and plans for Christian work in College. During the lapse of twenty years the number of such conferences has increased to seven, distributed over the whole country and enrolling each year over two thousand of the choicest fellows in college. These men devote ten days to careful study and are given the best instruction as to how college problems must be handled, and are inspired to go back among their fellow students and transmit to them the higher ideal.

We now have two such Conferences held in the South each year, one at Ashville, N. C., during the summer vacation, and the other at Ruston, La., during the Christmas holidays. The latter met on December the 27th, 1907,and closed January the 5th. There were in all about one hundred and ten men in attendance from the various institutions of higher learning

in the Southwest. We are glad to know that our own College has recognized the importance of such a Conference, as is manifested by her interest in the ten delegates she had there this year—this being the largest delegation sent up by any single institution.

To begin with, we would say that while the athletic phase of the Conference was by no means the greatest, yet it takes its place among the role of events Those in authority realize that in order to obtain the best results we must carefully look after our phisical development. Accordingly, each afternoon was devoted to athletics. Football naturally attracted most attention, as there were several games played between the delegates of different States. The hardest fought and most ideal games were those waged between Arkansas and Texas, and Mississippi and Texas. In the latter, neither side scored. In these contests, as well as in basket-ball, and others, we saw, there pervaded through the whole a spirit of clean athletics among the Association men.

The program for the Conference hours was very comprehensive. During one hour each day part of the men devoted their time to Bible study under the leadership of expert Bible students, while the other divisions met and under the direction of experienced men they were shown the magnitude of Mission work. During the next hour the entire body met and discussed in an informal but well conducted conference, the various problems of Association work. At these conferences all the institutions were urged to present the difficult problems peculiar to their own locality. In this way we came to know that other men are battling along the same lines with us and we learned also their methods of warfare which are of immense value to us.

The body was divided during another hour into several groups, and each group pursued a different course. One gave itself to the study of the need of preparation for missionary candidates. At such meetings many saw the first glimpse of a greater calling. Another group devoted its time

to the study of "Personal Evangelism." In this the need of personal work was shown to be of the very greatest importance. Still another division, the Ministerial Institute, discussed during the same hour, the problems that pertain to their particular work.

Two hours each day were given over to Inspirational and Life Work addresses. Appeals were made that seemed to come direct from God; from addresses these inspiration was received and hearts were fixed on purposes which will mean much to themen who attended. It was there that many saw the call, the qualification, the need, to do Christian work. Such addresses as those delivered by Dr. Zwamer on "Costof Leadership," Dr. McMillan, on "Crumbling Character," Mr. Hobbs, on "The Association," and Mr. Weatherford, on "Social Impurities," and others, were enough to cause any man to realize the reality and importance of Christian service.

Such Conferences have been rightly called "Seasons of Life Work Decisions." There are hundreds, yes, thousands, who look back on such Conferences as a land mark in their lives; as a time when they decided to go into real life and service for God. No College man who has the opportunity to do so, should ever let one of these Conferences pass without attending. It is at such gatherings that we come to know the real feeling and true meaning expressed in "Blest be the Tie that Binds."

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The MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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THE SECULAR VALUE OF THE MISSIONARY.

In this day of activity, when man vies with man to reach the highest success, no more significant enterprise can be found than the missionary movement. The people of all nations have their interest at stake in some particular undertaking. While Russia builds up her shattered forces, Japan promotes her school system and the United States builds the Panama Canal. But the voice of the mighty urging the world-wide spread of Christianity is heard from all the nations. Not only is the missionary question important because the leading citizens of the nations are devoted to it, but because of the widespread attention given it by the students of the colleges, the future directors of the world. In no other period of mission history has this great cause excited so much study as in the latter part of the nineteenth century and this the opening of the twentieth century of Christendom. The past few months have witnessed a startling fact. In Yale University to the already wide range of studies the administration has added a department known as "the theory and Practice of Foreign Missions," with the returned missionary and writer, Harlan P. Beach, as its Professor-elect. But even where the missionary study is not found in the college curriculum, the students have joined themselves together for its discussion. Twelve years ago among all the hundreds of North American colleges no more than a dozen classes were studying missions. But during the past year in 668 institutions of higher learning, 12,629 students were banded to-

gether to systematically engage in the study of this world-wide movement.

My purpose is not to trace the emotional side of the missionary's life, not to treat of his miraculous success as an evangel commissioned by the Christ, and not even to tell of the millions whose lives have been transformed from blackest night to holiest light, but to speak in a simple way of the secular value of the missionary. With energy far superior to any other class of ordinary people, and dominated by one great purpose, this man has become in industry a veritable model! A survey of literature reveals him penetrating and exploring land never known before his time, and discovering articles useful to the whole world. To consider how close a relationship the missionary sustains to the ambassador, and to show the results of that relationship is to demonstrate the value of the missionary beyond the limits of his chosen calling.

In the first place, consider him as a man of industry. Oft-times without tools and machines he has been compelled to invent them himself. A study of the career of Cyrus Hamlin reveals not only the ardor of the preacher, but the confidence of the promoter. Not only did this man, in his mission station in Constantinople administer to the spiritual needs of the Armenians, but in more ways than one he assisted them in their secular occupations. The bread that he gave was of two kinds. His bakery, which became so useful that with it he supplied an entire army with food, is one of the many things by which this great man will be remembered. Another thing that will be recalled in this connection is the famous workshop that gave employment to many of the needy. During the Crimean war a number of soldiers, wounded and destitute of clothing, were sent to the capital of Turkey, where no one could be found who would undertake to wash their clothing. Equal to every such exigency, Cyrus Hamlin, whom Bowdoin College today honors by keeping on exhibition the steam engine modeled by him while a student there, invented a washing machine. Six persons operating thirty such devices cleansed 3,000 articles in a day! When Mr. Hamlin had pro-

posed his industrial ideas to the home base, his suggestions had been regarded as entirely too radical. But to such an extent was he of secular value that when the books were audited, the net proceeds of the various industries amounted to $25,000 all of which went to the building of churches.

But the missionary has also been useful as a doctor of medicine. Close observation has led to the belief that administering to the physical needs of a man opens a way of approach to the soul within him. In Formosa where the people were severely afflicted with malaria, the Canadian missionary, MacKay, made use of his medical skill in treating the dread disease that had plagued the whole island. The outcome of this practice was the erection of a hospital, a God-send to the natives. In addition to this, it is a noteworthy fact that Mr. MacKay during his arduous career extracted 40,000 teeth from malaria-stricken natives. Of vast significance is it, therefore, that of the student volunteers who go to foreign lands this year, a great many will sail as medical missionaries.

And then note the missionary as an explorer and a discoverer. Plodding his weary feet o'er sandy wastes, and wending his way through jungles of entangled vine, his garments and flesh torn by thorns and briars, the missionary, undaunted by the kiss of the serpent or the roar of the lion, but guided by the sole ideal of enlightening a dark race of superstitious savages, has thereby given to the world its greatest knowledge of the wonders of the earth. In order that we may clearly see how great has been the success of the missionary explorer, with him let us contrast the explorer of the American shores. The missionary goes not as a leader of a royal expedition, and accompanied by no one until he has formed the friendship of the natives. But the explorer of the old time was always supported by a band of soldiers. How great, then, in view of the solitary efforts of the missionary, have been his discoveries! To gain a home for himself and glory for his earthly king—this was the purpose that dominated the first explorer of the American shores. By sheer physical force was the

Indian driven from his home—the lands we hold today; and the glory of the earthly king passes away. On the other hand, the purpose of the missionary explorer is to make homes, not for himself, but for the natives; and to gain glory not for his earthly ruler, but for his Heavenly King. Day by day the natives are appreciating more and more the meaning of home and the glory of God is manifested.

No better illustration can be found than in the eventful career of David Livingstone, undoubtedly the world's greatest missionary, and yet a man to whom we are all indebted for his explorations in Africa. Calm in the midst of a mob of howling savages, by the occult power within him, he subdues them to his will. With wonderful success he forms their friendship, and they take him into secluded valleys unknown to the civilized world. As time after time he visits new tribes and masters new dialects, with the one purpose of giving the light of Christianity to his dusky friends, in due compensation they draw aside the curtain of entangled vines, and vast regions of wealth and splendor meet his wondering eyes! After he has delivered the last message of the day, with the dust of travel still on his weary limbs, by the candle's dim light he traces the journey and records the discoveries of the day. Well might old England be proud of such a son! Right and laudable it is to perpetuate not only by a meager slab in Westminster Abbey, but in every Anglo-Saxon's affections, the name and fame of him who at the expense of his own brain and brawn hewed a way through central Africa! He pierced the heart of the Dark Giant Continent, and the rich life-blood of commerce began its flow to the nations. Let a monument strong as the study tree under which his stalwart heart lies buried, be erected to his greatness!

Not only is the missionary an explorer of unknown lands, but a discoverer of useful articles. Entangled in the jungles and wrapped around the huge trees of the Congo forest grew a vine destined to facilitate the manipulation of many useful machines. This vine, from which has sprung the rubber industry far-famed in commerce, was first discovered by a

missionary. Once more a solitary man, wondering at the mysteries of nature, forces a way through the jungles along the Congo River until there comes under his observation a simple herb unknown to the world, but treasured as a remedy of priceless value by the African medicine man. Thus was discovered for the cure of asthma and hay-fever a remedy known to medical science as the Kola Compound. To the missionary again is the honor due; for the first information we have of this valuable medicine was given by the Rev. Mr. Conyers in a letter published in 1887 in a London weekly.

Nor is this all. As a rule endowed with great intellectual power developed by hard work, and given that peculiar intuition to master the natives, the foreign missionary has been of inestimable value in his relations to the foreign official. This relationship has been mainly brought about by the practice of exterritorialty, which provides that all foreign residents of a non-Christian country be subject to the laws of the home land, and that the consular representative administer these laws. Sir Mortimer Durand, for five and twenty years representative in Persia and recently British ambassador to the United States said: "I have found that in knowledge of the people, of their customs and feelings, the missionaries were, as a rule, far ahead of the officials, allowing the judicious missionary an opportunity to afford at times the most valuable aid to the official who will consult him." The idea of such a statement has really been accomplished; for, although toiling away his existence in the foreign land, the missionary has, nevertheless, been of value to the home land.

In 1844 Hon. Caleb Cushing was sent from the United States to establish our first relation of diplomacy with China. After the matter was successfully completed, Mr. Cushing returned in honor and splendor and was applauded as a diplomatist. But his enterprise would have been a failure, had it not been for the help rendered by Dr. Parker, a missionary doctor of medicine, and by Dr. Bridgeman, both Americans!

Concerning matters in the far East the United States from the first has taken the lead. In 1852, when Commodore

Perry sailed to Japan, the Empire cut off for so many centuries from the other nations, it was with the purpose of opening her ports to the trade of the world. Although backed by tribute from both Europe and America, Commodore Perry yet lacked one essential to his venture. To make the expedition a success the presence of an interpreter and adviser was imperative. When again this opportunity of secular service comes to the humble missionary, Dr. Williams, a famous scholar and preacher, for a brief times leaves his work in Canton, and steams to the "Sunrise Kingdom". And, since it is a fact that the Commodore in his own narrative praises Dr. Williams as his main support, let us, in recalling the great success of that great leader's commission, also remember the incalculable value of the missionary! In 1858 Dr. Williams, who had now reached such great prominence in assisting the diplomatists, was again called upon for his advice by the American minister, who said, "I could not but for this aid have advanced in the discharge of my duties." These are but a few of the many instances where the success of the ambassador was made possible only by the aid of the missionary. It seems to me that this service has been unparaleled! The name of the missionary, side by side with that of the official, should be given a place among the leaders of his country.

As a result of this relationship to the foreign official in concluding matters of diplomacy, it can be clearly seen that the missionary largely contributes to the world's progress towards universal peace.

No matter how the comity of nations is to be successfully maintained, no matter how many treaties may be formed in the Hague conferences, the question of world-wide peace depends not upon restrictions and conventionalities, but upon the good will of the individuals of nations. Christianity more than all others is a religion of peace and good will; and the missionaries both by precept and example are forcefully illustrating the identical motives that animated the Hague tribunal. Guided by the laws of arbitration the philosopher with faultless precision may reason a solution of international difficulties.

But unless that method is dominated by the principles of peace found in the Christian religion and in the missionary's message, it can not be a solution creditable to justice. With the evangelization of the world, and only with the evangelization of the worid, will come the reign of universal peace. "Then shall the Son of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings." The missionary, his toils at last completed, shall take his position on the right, and the sheaves of a golden harvest shall be spread out before him.

JOHN CUDE ROUSSEAUX.

THE PRESIDENT'S INK WELL.

Some of the students called him "Crazy George", to others he was "Doctor Murphy". Placed at the very end of the salary list he was—George Murphy, Janitor. For the last twenty-five years it had stood thus. Presidents and students had come and gone, but Murphy had remained thus.

During all these years of service Murphy's special pet and care was a beautiful, old-fashioned inkstand that stood on the President's desk. He seemed to think it almost human, and, while giving it its daily cleaning and filling, would talk to it of the many great things that had happened to the college since they had been there, of the pranks the boys of long ago had played on him and of those they were still playing.

But today as he filled it he talked of other things. There were tears in the old man's eyes. "Yes," he said, "after tomorrow I won't be here any more. The President told me yesterday. I'm getting too old, and they have got another man for my job. He won't care for you as I have done, old pal. I'm going to the poor house over the hill. There won't be any boys there to tease me, but there won't be any of them for me to love."

Then the old man was silent for a while. Suddenly some of the gloom lifted from his face,—"Maybe", he said, "they will let me take care of you still. I could come over every day to do it."

Two days later, Murphy went to the poor house just over the hill from the college. The President had gotten special permission for him to come over every day to care for his beloved inkwell.

Things went on quietly for about two months. Suddenly one night, the chapel bell began to ring loudly. Immediately there was a great clamor. The building was on fire! Flames enveloped the entire structure. The crowd gathering, the fire engines coming, all had the appearance of an ordinary fire. A figure rushed through the crowd to the door of the burning building. At first no one recognized the man, but when he cried, "My ink well! It must not be burned!" There was no doubt as to who he was. He reappeared carrying his precious ink well in his hand. Just as the people were starting a cheer a falling timber hit him and—even the safety of the ink well could not worry him after that.

On a modest stone, in the furtherest corner of the college cemetery, beside the President whom he loved, stands his name, as he would have wished it—"George Murphy, Janitor."

"C."

"THE OMEN."

And it came to pass that on that day, which was several days before the election, that the crow belonging to one Gabber was taken sick with a mortal illness and did die.

And he was in the first year of his age.

And men whispered together and said, "It is an omen."

And it came to pass that on that same day two young men whose names were John and Bob were playing ball behind the court-house that is in the city of Batesville, and they were throwing the ball one to another.

And as they threw, behold, the crow was sitting on the outer stairs that lead up unto the court-room above, and the crow grew suddenly much sicker, so that he could not stand longer, and he fell from off the stairs.

And he that was called Bob, hearing a sound as of some thing falling, turned and looked.

And he saw that the crow had fallen from off the stairs and that he lay there kicking.

And he calleth unto his friend, whose surname was John, and saith, "Look, something doth affect the crow, for he doth kick and flop his wings like unto one that hath lost his head and is nigh unto death."

Then he that was called John came running and saw that it was as the other had said and that the crow was nigh unto death's door.

And he became sore afraid, for he knew that when the master of the crow should find it out, he would tax them with killing him, saying that they had done it.

But nevertheless they went and told the master.

And the man arose and came and looked upon the crow, and took him up and saith, "What is the matter with thee, O, Jim?"

For when he had first come unto him, he had called him "Jim," and by that name he and all his family knew him.

But the crow made no answer, only flopping his wings and stretching out his feet in his misery.

And the man was grieved and called unto his wife and said, "Wife, Jim is dying. Verily, I reckon thou art glad."

For she had not looked with favor upon him in his strength.

And she answered and said, "Those boys were catching the ball and they did hit our crow, for I saw them."

But she jested.

And she began to lament, for now that the crow was dying she forgot all his meanness and the way she had previously used him.

And when the master heard her words he became exceeding angry, and saith unto the young men that if it was as they had said and they did not hit the crow, it was well; but that if they did strike him they were cowards.

And he profaned them and spoke all manner of evil against them.

For he regarded them not as friends.

And the younger of the men, he that was called Bob, liked not the way the other spoke and remonstrated with him.

But the man heard him in anger, and saith unto them that if they did not like it, he would go out and fight it out with them.

Now neither of these young men were afraid, but they respected his gray hairs and said unto him that they would not fight with him.

Whereupon the master became more offensive and vile in his use of them, and bitterly reproached them.

And the elder of the young men saith unto him, "It is not seemly for thee to speak so, it is not becoming in a man."

And he asked him to cease speaking so.

But the man would not hearken to his words of wisdom, but again offered to go out and fight with them, saying in his wrath, "Are ye dogs, that ye are afraid to go out and fight with me?"

"If ye are not contented with what I have told you, come with me out into the yard which is in the rear of the court-house and there will I smite ye.

"Regard not mine gray hairs nor mine old age. But there will I smite ye till ye shall cry out for mercy and shall get up and flee from me, or do ye even so to me."

But the two young men considered together that it was not seemly that they should go out to brawl with this man.

So they let him go his way unrebuked and unhurt.

And verily they had their reward.

For this man was a candidate for Chancery Clerk.

And when at last came the day of election, he was defeated and great and overwhelming was his defeat. Selah!

C. '07.

A SUMMER GIRL—THE SAME OLD STORY.

Two young men were strolling arm in arm down the rows of small pine trees which bordered the main walk of the campus. One was tall, broad and muscular,—clearly an athlete. The other, a shade handsomer, was immediately recognized as a student with the stamp of intellectuality upon his clear, handsome features. Upon turning a corner they encountered suddenly an elderly, but saintly old man, commonly and more familiarly known to the college students as the "Doctor."

"Well, boys, I want to congratulate both of you", said the Doctor, stopping in front of them, "not only", addressing the taller, "for your fine showing in the game yesterday and the almost miraculous goal which you kicked, and", turning to the smaller, "those medals, Greek and Latin, weren't they? but also for this friendship between you two. I declare it does me good to see it!" Here he stepped closer to the two friends and looked into their eyes, brown and blue respectively; he said, "Remember, don't quarrel about 'nothing' ", and he passed on.

This friendship had been commented upon on all sides. It was the talk of the small college town, which also served as a summer resort, and in large red letters upon the chapel fence appeared, "Damon and Pythias—Lawrence Thompson and James Loraine".

These two boys had arrived three years ago upon the same train without either having seen or heard of one another before. But here fate took a hand. They had been put in the same room, joined the same fraternity and had taken the same literary course. Lawrence had adjusted matters from the first—"James, old boy, you look to the literary side of this establishment and leave athletics and society to me". Things ran extremely smoothly up to their conversation with the Doctor. When James took both Latin and Greek medals Lawrence was just as happy as though it had been himself.

So we meet these two boys, reveling in the companionship of one another.

. . . . . .

She arrived before the expiration of school, to be what is commonly termed "a Summer Girl". There was no question that she was pretty,—so much so, indeed, that her beauty was excelled only by her attractiveness. The moment Miss Margaret Randall arrived and was domiciled at the social quarter of the small town she immediately became the center of a large group of admirers foremost of whom was the first of our friends, Lawrence Thompson. Let it be said here and now that Margaret was a flirt, for nothing seemed to give her greater pleasure than to watch the victorious assualt of her rich brown eyes.

As we have said, Lawrence was among the first victims. 'Oh! Jim," he said, "I have sworn half a dozen times, infatuated by the moonlight, that I was in love; but, my boy, 'nihil faciens'—this time I am crazy."

"Oh, shut up!" James was studying, "You are no more in love with that girl than I am, and you know that I am engaged to Marian Calhoun. I have known and loved her all my life."

"What! in love with a girl you have known all your life!" with a disgusted grunt. "You are too d—n prosaic. Give me the only real love—love at first sight. Come and go around with me tonight."

"Well, just to please you I will go to see this dream who, I am sure, must have been a pleasant contemplation to the creative god of beauty!" This last with a bite of sarcasm.

So they went. Poor James! He, too, fell victim to Margaret's charm, and that night he was full of praises of her, even dreaming of brown eyes and light hair.

At first, through Margaret's ingenuity and good management, things ran well. But the clash came as come it must. As Lawrence met James time and time again, and, as James seemed to be on terms of closest intimacy with Margaret, Lawrence let his temper get away.

"What's he doing here all the time and he engaged to that girl in South Carolina? He is making an ass of himself."

But James could not see it in that light nor restrain himself from thinking that Lawrence was "butting-in", as he himself termed it.

"What the devil is he hanging around here for? I suppose he is telling her what he has told half a dozen girls in half as many weeks; seems like he would stop for my sake."

After trying in vain to "out-sit" each other, they walked home that night in silence. When they reached the room, Lawrence grimly shut and locked the door behind him. James walked over and looked out of the window.

"Look here," said Lawrence, "You are making a d—n fool out of yourself, and I can't help believing that you are intentionally intruding upon Miss Randall and me. You certainly can have no other purpose in view (with sarcasm) for you are engaged."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted James, "but that is my private business. I feel that you have insulted me. Of course all friendly relations between us is over. Good night."

With this, both retired to their bed-rooms.

The next day James moved to the other side of the dormitoriy, and Lawrence changed his seat at the table so as to be as far from James as possible. Comment was rife on all sides, for everyone easily guessed what had caused the schism between these two friends. The appeals of their fraternity brothers and even the Doctor were in vain. They openly avoided each other and the enmity grew.

. . . . . .

June 15, was a memorial day, the most celebrated day in the social history of the school, and even more so in the lives and history of our two friends. Margaret had been suddenly summoned home and was leaving at eleven o'clock. The depot was thronged with students to bid her a last farewell, among whom was Lawrence and James. Both desired to accompany her to Winchester, a small station some fifteen miles from the college, where Miss Randall made her first change. But each

feared that the other would be along, so neither went. And as the train, bearing this precious package, turned a sharp curve shutting from their view what each thought was the nearest and dearest person in the world to them, they inwardly cursed each other.

The next day, among the letters of the one o'clock mail, were some half dozen postals,—one for Lawrence and one for James. Lawrence read his, "Wish you were with me. I long for a talk with you." His heart beat rapidly. He glanced at James': "Wish I were back in ——. Maybe I could see and talk with you." So small, indeed, was Lawrence's joy that he tore up his postal in disgust.

The breach, wider now than ever, was still there, and the more their friends tried to reconcile them, the more they avoided each other. Margaret indeed was gone!!! But, she was destined to create a larger and much greater commotion than ever. It came in the shape of a harmless invitation. There were some five or six in the mail, one for Lawrence and one for James.

Lawrence tore his open in feverish haste and read:

Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Randall
request your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Margaret
to
Mr. Randolph K. West
at
nine o'clock on the evening of
August twenty-third
Nineteen Hundred and Four.

. . . . . .

That night at supper every one noticed that Lawrence was in his old seat by James. In the midst of a lull of conversation, James, turning to Lawrence, said:

"Let's get up that German tonight."

"All right, Kid", said Lawrence. GASS.

AFFAIRE D'AMOUR A LA CO-EDS.

First Spasm.

Now Wharton Earth can,
In Life's little Spann,
Make John feel like warbling sweet Saums
Than to sit in the Park
Under covers of the dark—
With a blushing Co-Ed in his arms?

2nd Trance.

But—will it be-Hoover
To Clingan to you for
The rest of her life? No, I fear lest
The Knowles that're above
The Graves of "Past Love"
Will make room for your hopes to rest.

3rd Attack.

Johns on as a winner,
But he's after a minnow
That has flirted with Johnnies before;
And he Huddleston naught
But the Whiteside that's caught
And disposed of such chaps by the score

Relapse.

And-er-son, to be sure,
I Read in last month's McClure
That this Rickett-y structure of love
Is all in the soak;
With the Co-Eds,—a joke;
So Honeycutt it out,—It's your move.

R. R. N.

AN UNPLEASANT DREAM.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

"Aren't these beautiful lines?" I said to myself, as I sat in my room preparing my English lesson. I am a lover of English, especially of poetry, and so I had put off preparing this lesson until the last. My room-mate was asleep, and everything was quiet in the rooms near me as I was sitting up late. The fire was burning low in the grate, and a soft breeze was gently playing with the curtain at my window. As I read, the rhythm of my words fell with a soothing effect upon my drowsy ears:—

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But—trailing—clouds—of—glory—do—we—come
From—God—who—is — —"

: : : : : :

It was midnight. Quietness reigned thoughout the large dormitory, except in one room. In this room in particular four boys were sitting around a bright fire. They were peacefully smoking their pipes and telling stories, as college boys will do. The stories, of course, were of a light nature, and had caused us much merriment. I had just told my best one and for a moment after the roars of laughter had died away there was silence.

"Boys," spoke up Jack, the eldest of our number, "I am hungry and I have a plan. You know they don't half feed us at this old dormitory, and so I think that the best thing we can do is to take it upon ourselves to get something to eat. Suppose we have a little feast tonight?"

The character and life of a college boy is a strange one. The happiest days of a man's life are the ones he spends in college; yet his life is not all happiness there. He has his

troubles and trials. Alternately he feasts and fasts. Today his pockets are full of money, and tomorrow he can not buy a lead pencil. On Sunday night he will conduct the Y. M. C. A. Service, and on Monday night he will slip out of his room and ring the chapel-bell for no other reason than to see the faculty get mad. His temptations are greater than any one else's, and therefore he must be judged with leniency.

Well, we were true college boys, and as a matter of course we were delighted at the prospect of a feast.

"But how are we to manage it, Jack?" I asked.

"My plan is this," he responded, "I guess you've noticed that chicken house up yonder in 'Old Doc.'s' back yard and—"

"Well, I guess we have. Boys, this kid has a head on his shoulders. Bully for you, Jack! You'll be President some day."

"But what if we should be caught?" Henry asked.

Though Henry Monroe was not a coward, he was the most timid boy in school.

"Well, if any of you guys are afraid, you may be excused, and we'll tell you tomorrow how good that chicken was. But, Tom, you haven't expressed your opinion yet. Let us hear from you."

"Boys, I've never gone back on you yet. You call me 'Reckless Tom' and I guess I deserve the name. I'm at your service in anything you want to do."

"I think it is time for this honorable and august body to proceed to business", spoke up Jack. "And I do hereby appoint Tom Henderson as chief high president of this incorporation, and Henry Monroe will please record the minutes of the meeting. And, Frank Leigh," he said, turning to me, "by virtue of your qualifications, you are recognized as chief stealer. As for me, I will follow as body-guard."

"Boys," said Tom, "we have a good fire here, and we can easily get a frying pan, and the other necessary articles, from the kitchen. Now, let us proceed to business."

And thus we started out. As we silently made our way across the campus, the dull, yellow color of the eastern horizon

showed us that we must hurry, for the moon was about to rise. In a few moments we were whispering to each other in front of the chicken house. The house, or coop, of the fowls was an old-fashioned one. It was made exactly like the roof of a small house with two gables. Its four corners were resting on the ground and its top was level with our heads. We soon saw that it would be an easy matter to secure our prize, and already it seemed that we could almost smell the sweet aroma of fried chicken.

After a few moments' consultation, it was decided that my companions would hold up one corner of the coop and that I would crawl under and make the acquaintance of a nice, young fowl. In a few seconds I was inside the coop among my feathery friends, who, by this time, had begun to raise a clamor of fear. I was preparing to catch a young rooster by the neck, when—"Bang! Bang!" As quick as a flash I took in the situation. Our vigilant janitor, being attracted by the noise, had come to the defense of the chickens and at the first shot my friends had taken to their heels. I was a prisoner. The coop was too heavy for me to raise, but even if I could have gotten out it would have been useless for "Doctor" Ackland had seen me. It seemed like a year to me, but it must have taken him only a few minutes to summon the President of the college to the scene of my humiliation. He struck a match and saw who I was. Was ever another college boy in so horrible a situation? The fate of Jonah would have been welcomed as heaven.

"Well, sir! My young man, this thing won't be tolerated. You may leave this institution at once, sir!"

: : : : : : :

"What in the world is the matter with you, Frank?" interrupted my room-mate excitedly, "you must have dreamed that the devil caught you. Put up that English book and come on to bed. You can read Wordsworth to-morrow."

R. B. Alexander.

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EDITORIALS.

A QUESTION.

Much is said today about an ideal man. We do not presume to enumerate the qualities attributed to such a man, but it seems that the time has come when ideal men are picked out from among those who have tasted the sweets of college life.

The man who begins to think of going to college, readily receives many suggestions from friends and relatives about

the kind of man he should make. Out of the conflicting ideas, he soons find that he is expected "to know something about everything, and everything about something", to become learned but not sophisticated, a walking, talking encyclopedia but not a mere automaton. He should be plenteously supplied with "book larnin' " no less than political traits of character and brazen nerves which will mark him off from the populace as a man capable of doing things. Whether or not he can preside with equal grace over a midnight feast at a good poultryman's expense, or at a religious meeting on the following night, is as yet a question; but he must be able to do the happy thing at the happy moment.

With some idea of what is expected of him, with a faint memory of the advice given him, and the vague conception of a college life gathered from the catalogue, the freshman enters the campus ready to be transformed as if by magic into just the kind of man the world is calling for. During the first few days he is so crowded with getting settled and classified that he sees little of the "new world" into which he has placed himself. He pays his board and fees, expecting that few other demands will be made upon his pocket book, and then begins his studies with the determination to win.

But a few days, and he then begins to realize that college is not what he had expected. Already the representatives of the various clubs and organizations have waited on him each one insisting on his becoming a new member of the "best thing" on the campus. He now, for the first time, "sits up and takes notice". He finds that "learnin' and recitin' " is not all of college life and begins to consider what he will do with his time other than recitation and study hours. The Literary Society, Y. M. C. A., Gymnasium, and athletic field have a standing call for men. This is a critical time in a man's history, for the decision he makes will determine, in a great measure, his future course in school. The question is, how the "time of his own" will be spent. What is the decision?

How often does the student conclude that the compensation is not equal to the cost? Studiously does he try to put

in all of his time on his regular studies, and fails, because it is foolish to attempt to disregard the law of diminishing returns. This first plan becomes unbearable, and he then decides to take recreation—out walking, or someway—and this plan soon degenerates into loafing. Loafing takes all the life and fire out of the man and he grows into a weak-bodied, soft-brained grumbler to whom the college is dry and tiresome. To such a mind the street is more interesting; the amusements it offers are classed higher and invite him to spend his time in a lighter strain. Such a course leaves a man a mental weakling and we may say it is well if he does not become a moral wreck.

Happy is the decision of the fellow if he gets out upon the full stream of college life to play his role in every college activity. He then becomes interested in every phase of work. The literary society is a source of much profit and pleasure because into it he puts the energies of a zealous member and gets the valuable experience of debating, thinking on his feet, and proceeding according to parliamentary law. In the Y. M. C. A. he finds many hours of comfort from the cares and struggles of life. Rich is the joy of sympathetic union with his fellows in offering prayers and worship to the Father of Love, who inspires and leads them on to higher things. Many are the profits gotten in the "Gym" where he develops his muscle and strengthens the physical man so that he may feel that his mortal frame may not crumble at a time when the circumstances demand the strength and tenacity of steel. Then out upon the athletic field, where he can yell, throw his hat into the air and forget the trials and difficulties, he learns to breathe in the spirit of life which makes the world look brighter and the people appear better. Here is where the boy learns the feeling of good fellowship that results from close association and common interest. Here he learns to value the tingling of red blood as it courses through his veins.

A fellow that takes such a course inevitably comes to love his work and college. Nothing is dull or interesting. He needs no stimulants of frivolity to spur him along. Instead

of leaving school he begins to push things along and his whole heart is drawn into the current of college life. He sings instead of finding fault, laughs instead of frowning. Adding cheer where he goes he gets a smile from the world because he is received as a man who is capable of doing the happiest thing at the happiest time.

THE "GYM"

The colleges all over the country are awake to the fact that the physical welfare of the students should be looked after as well as the mental. They realize the fact that to get the best work out of a man is to combine work with play, to give the student the proper amount of exercise. They see that the business man of the future will require a much better physique and a better nervous system than the business man of today, for the business man of the future will have to face greater problems than the business man of today and the strain upon his nervous system will be greater. The colleges are trying to meet this need by making strong physical men out of their students, men who will go out in life with a strong physique, a healthy mind and body, and a good nervous system, men who can stand the cares of life and business without being forced to take a long vacation every year to keep them from breaking down.

The method by which the colleges of the country are turning out such men is college athletics, at the head of which stands the gymnasium. There is no exercise that a person can get that will do him as much good as the exercise that he gets in a gymnasium. The gymnasium exercise does not only develop a certain muscle, or set of muscles, but if taken properly it develops every muscle in the body. The gymnasium exercise can also be taken so as to lay stress upon the development of any part of the human body, or any particular set of muscles. So let us now forget for a moment the much talked-about athletics in general and give attention to our pressing need of a gymnasium.

It is true that we have a gymnasium, if I may call it such, but it looks more like a barn than a gymnasium. It can, in

no sense, compare with the other buildings on the campus. The building is old, the window-panes are out, and it is not ceiled inside. The gymnasium itself is very poorly equipped for a college of this size. The matts are torn up, the bars are broken, the rings are in a bad condition, and the other apparatus is not what it should be.

The complaint is often made that the students will not come out to the gymnasium, and will not take an interest in it. How could they when there is really nothing to come to, when there is nothing at the "Gym" to interest them? You could hardly expect anyone to come to a place for exercise that is too hot in summer and too cold in winter, and about the only form of exercise that they can get is to swing a few dumb bells or Indian clubs.

A great many colleges take the gymnasium in charge and make it a part of the college course. They have a regular instructor whose whole time is taken up with the gymnasium, and who meets his classes as regularly as one of the professors. The college either requires the student to take a certain number of hours of gymnasium exercise every week, or they make the "gym" work optional and allow it to count a certain number of hours on the student's yearly schedule. The colleges and universities not only take the gymnasium work in charge, but they build and equip first class gymnasiums and appropriate a certain amount of money each year for the building.

It seems that the College has found no trouble in securing all the buildings that it needed, except a first class gymnasium. The College has failed to look after the physical welfare of its students in proportion to its care for their mental welfare; but it seems that at last it is awake to the fact that they need, and need badly, a new gymnasium. This building they could have secured earlier had they placed the proper stress upon it, but so far it has been neglected. It would only take a few thousand dollars to build and equip an up-to-date "gym" and in no way could the money be better spent, since a gymnasium is one of the best adverstisements that a college can get.

A college with a good "gym" gets students that would go to other institutions were it not for the fact that they wanted to go to a college where they could have the advantages of a good "gym."

Why longer delay? Let us devise some plan by which this pressing need may be satisfied, a plan that will result in a new "gym" which will be the pride of the campus, and a lasting benefit to the boys who are to fill the halls of Millsaps in the years to come.

J. L. A.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

T. L. BAILEY, Editor.

NOTE.—The Editor would gratefully appreciate anything of interest so please don't hesitate to report the news to him.

What about your yells?

And now for the grand finish!

The "sing-song" of that bloody, and all but deadly, foe, the mosquito, is wafted upon the breezes.

Messrs. J. R. Bright, H. H. Bullock, B. H. Briscoe, and J. C. Nolen, were recent visitors on the campus.

The Kappa Mu Sorority entertained the Kappa Alphas very delightfully on the night of Feb. 29th.

Although the Legislature cannot appropriate its thousands for Millsaps, its members have been very generous to the students in the way of excursion tickets, etc., for which the students are very grateful.

The continued illness of Dr. Moore is deeply regretted by the students, and it is the earnest prayer of all that he

may soon be able to resume his College duties. During his absence the Department of Mathematics is being cared for by Drs. Sullivan and Walmsley.

And now comes Jesse Leviticus Sumrall with the declaration that Jonah erected the ark!

The series of basket-ball games played with Mississippi College resulted disastrously for Millsaps. But that's O. K. We've just begun our career in athletics; we'll get in line, and then look out!

The Lamars recently installed Messrs. J. L. Addington, as President; Robert Mullens, Vice President; C. E. Johnson, Sectretary; Jefferson Collins, Critic; J. M. Guinn, Censor; William R. Moore, Corresponding Secretary.

W. S. Clark announces that the Constitution of the United States is a great piece of literature and should be preserved.

The representatives to the State Contest from the various colleges have been selected, and, no doubt, it will be one of the best contests ever held. The representatives are: Mississippi College, T. D. Brown; University, Benjamin Tillman, a former student at Millsaps; A. & M., Broomfield. Our representative will speak on the subject of "The Meeting of the Orient and Occident."

The Y. M. C. A. election was held on the night of March 7th, and the following officers were elected: President, W. A. Welch; Vice President, L. M. Jones; Secretary, J. H. Brooks; Treasurer, Thomas Stennis. We predict for the Y. M. C. A. a great year's work.

Stennis (studying the map of Europe after the war of 1878)—I'll tell you that war left Europe in a terrible fix. See how ragged she is on the South!

"One never grows too old to learn," observed the Senior. "Why, I've just learned the origin of the expression 'O. K.' " As revealed to him, that Great Democrat, Andrew Jackson,

gets credit for its origin: "Once upon a time a bill was sent to him for his approval and he straightway took his pen and wrote 'Oll Korreck' across the margin. Since then it has been 'O. K.,' for short."

Some of the Law Students anticipate taking their Exam. soon. We have no doubt but that they will pass, for the Millsaps Law Department has yet to see one of her graduates turned down.

On the night of March the second, Dr. H. W. Sears delivered his noted lecture on the subject, "More Taffy and Less Epitaphy." It is a great lecture, and all enjoyed it to the fullest degree. This completes the list of Lyceum lectures of the season, and it is needless to say that this year's course has given entire satisfaction to all. Those of the students who did not secure season tickets and attend all the entertainments are great losers. It is to be hoped that every student in College will attend each and every entertainment next year.

The 24th day of April has been settled upon as "Patriots' Day" and the students look forward to it with much anticipation. In the morning we will have patriotic speeches from the members of the various classes, and in the evening there will, doubtless, be a ball game. We expect many visitors and there'll be patriotism for all.

We are now entering upon that season of the College year that might well be termed the grand finish. The remainder of the term will be fraught with events of interest, such as the Y. M. C. A. revival, the anniversaries of the two Literary Societies, State Contest, Patriots' Day, and other things.

The Seniors spent a day near Flora not long since, studying the mysteries of Mother Earth.

Dr. Walmsley's announcement that the Senior Class would visit the historic old town of Natchez before the session comes to an end, has caused much rejoicing in the camp of that august

body. It, also, gives us pleasure to be able to state that the Juniors will accompany the "poor, over-worked creatures" on their trip.

Count Scheneskazara, or something to that effect, has arrived in America, and one of our newspapers suggests that his name would make a good yell for Millsaps. We would suggest to some of our poetic souls that they make an application of the asclepiadean stanza and watch the results.

AFTERMATH.

All is silent everywhere
And assumes a mystic air,
We can not even romp about
Or make the slightest sound,
For Freshie's down and out
Since he rode the goat.

He joined the "Frat" two nights ago—
Got in the next A. M.,
With twelve members as escort,
Though he says he 'scorted them.
His leg was sprained, and one big rip
Had rent his Sunday coat,—

And now Freshie'll not sport,
Since he rode the goat.
He's "cuttin' " his classes today,
Nor relishes his grits or gravy—
Not even that dear old "star navy."
He softly utters pass words 'gain and 'gain,—
When relieved of 'scruciating pain,
The members certainly worked well
For Freshie caught h——ll,
When he road the goat!

Mr. Thomas Franklin Baker, a former student of Millsaps, visited friends here recently. It was indeed a pleasure to see

him and his old friends, Messrs. Witt and Mullins, meet and stroll over the campus as of yore. His presence banished that longing look that has been wont to linger since he left school.

Mr. J. L. Addington, the gymnasium instructor, has selected a "gym" team that is to perform on Patriots' Day. The following young athletes are on the team: C. C. Hand, J. B. Kirkland, Alton B. Parker, Peter Thompson, Butler Fisherman Witt, Nat Morris, and John Homer Milton Brooks. Peter Stuyvesant Buffkin will keep time, and J. L. Sumrall will "loop the loop."

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

BESSIE HUDDLESTON, Editor.

THE WEAVERS.

With the appearance of "The Weavers" the public has finally been convinced that political prominence does not necessarily impose the sacrifice of all the talents of a gifted man. Drawn more and more, of recent years, into the life of a parliamentarian and a statesman, Sir Gilbert Parker has lost none of the vigor of his pen; on the contrary, his powers in this line seem rather to have been broadened and strengthened by his public life, and with the possible exception of "The Right of Way", "The Weavers" is the greatest production of his prolific pen.

Our author is a Canadian by birth, and his first stories were of French-Canadian life; but in his later works he has drawn upon the material acquired by extensive travel, and the plot of "The Weavers" is laid in Egypt. The name of the book is borne out in the irresistible weaving of the various characters into the form which gives us the plot of the story, and the effect is that of a gorgeous piece of Oriental

tapestry, rich in texture, and varied in color, bewildering in the depth of its contrasts. The magnificence of the Egyptian court and the hopeless sordidness of the life of the fellah are woven and interwoven with threads of Oriental intrigue and treachery; and into this background are woven, as if in relief, figures of Western civilization, their sober coloring heightening the splendor of the final creation.

The hero of the story is a young English Quaker, David Claridge, who goes to Egypt to take charge of property left him by a deceased uncle. His scrupulous honesty of word and deed bring him to the notice of the great Effendina of Egypt, and when he has finished his business and is ready to return to England he is surprised by being appointed the chief adviser of the Effendina. He hesitates in accepting a place which, though affording an opportunity for the elevation of the poorer classes, brings also grave dangers and great loneliness. But the question is settled when in rescuing an English girl from an Egyptian man he accidentally kills the man, and his quick conscience prompts him to make retribution by sacrificing the rest of his life in working for Egypt. The rest of the story tells of his repeated trials and failures in the gigantic work he has undertaken; of his love for the English girl and her marriage to a brilliant but unscrupulous English nobleman who turns out to be a younger half-brother of David's; of this young Lord Eglington's dishonesty in inheriting David's estate and in wilfully hindering the latter's work in Egypt; of the girl's love for David upon learning of her husband's duplicity; and, finally, of the success of David in Egypt just at the time his brother's short career in England is brought by death to a bitter close. By years of earnest labor the Quaker has impressed the virtues of Occidental civilization and integrity upon the people he has adopted, and though he has but begun his work, we leave him confident of success.

The chief criticism that we have heard of "The Weavers" is that the plot is confusing, that the characters are introduced and withdrawn so suddenly and move so swiftly that the reader has difficulty in following them. We believe that this is due

rather to the subject matter than to a defect in the manner of treatment; for while we do not profess to be acquainted with Egyptian methods of peace and war, from what we have learned we have an idea that when such a people are moved to the feelings that David's presence in Egypt inspired, things necessarily happen in rather a bewildering fashion. It is characteristic of Gilbert Parker to use no unnecessary words in telling a story, and if some of the experiences of David Claridge are not absolutely necessary to the development of the main plot, still they give a more complete idea of the odds against which he had to struggle. A more serious objection lies in the manner in which circumstances are made to play into the hands of one man. Time after time we see our hero in an apparently inextricable situation, and exactly at the right moment help comes from somewhere and he is set free to get into another dangerous place. The price of this feature is a fraction of the realism of the story, for a normal reader is apt to become skeptical at such continued good luck.

When all has been said, however, "The Weavers" remains an intensely interesting and well developed novel, especially from a psychological point of view. We may conclude by saying that the book fulfills the author's own test of a good novel when he says,

"There is only one test for a novel; that it be first and before all a well-constructed story; that it deal sincerely with human life and character; that it be eloquent of feeling, have insight and revelation; that it preserve idiosyncrasy; and above all, that it be sane and healthy."

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

JEFF COLLINS, Editor.

During the last month there have been on the college campus three men who represent almost all the important types of college men. The men to whom I refer are Messrs. M. S. Pitman, H. H. Bullock and Jim Purcell.

When we heard old "Pit" question the boys in regard to the literary societies, the Y. M. C. A., the fraternities, and athletics, with that keen interest which he always manifested in all those things, we could not help feeling that he was the ideal college man in all these respects. "Pit" was a man while in college who controlled men—not by scheming, nor for selfish purposes, but because he had an interest in every man and everything. This interest was not an artificially cultivated one, but, as we believe, emanated from a heart full of love for all his college mates. "Pit" never made any distinction between men, when it came to matters of associating with them. It did not matter of what class a man was a member, from what place he hailed, what kind of clothes he wore, or to what fraternity he belonged, Pitman was his friend, and was ever ready to help him in any way. Pitman was the ideal man when it came to dealing with college men and being a leader in college interests.

The other type of college man as represented in Bullock, may be referred to as the student. Bullock considered his class work of first importance, and sacrificed everything else to study. He did not, however, work without results. He prepared every lesson, and made grades which result only from such work. He left college a thoroughly equipped man in the information to be had from text books. This, it can not be gainsaid is a very enviable reputation to win in college; because, after all, scholarship is rated as the thing of prime

importance. It is the one thing for which a man leaves his home and spends four years of his most important time.

Jim Purcell is a representative of the type of men who are skilled debaters. He was beyond all question a man who had a talent for debating. It is said that during his long stay at college he never lost a debate. Jim had the talent for assuming the attitude of a staunch believer in whatever he was advocating. He had a way of saying things which could not be successfully met.

If it were possible to combine all three of these men in one man, the result would be a VERY wonderful man; but as we must be content to take them alone, they are really only wonderful men.

Since all of these men are making plenty of money, winning enviable reputations, and are being surrounded by hosts of true friends, it would be jumping at conclusions to say which of these men is the ideal man. All of them may be, without hesitation, taken as models after which one would not go wide of the mark if he were to model his own life.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT,

J. C. ROUSSEAUX, Editor.

Valentine Day and Dan Cupid's birthday have gone, while no longer does the cold wind shriek through the nude trees and around the corners of the buildings. Instead of the cold of February has come the warmth of spring. The strong March winds have blown away the chill cares of winter, uncovered the buried, hidden seeds, and ushered to our hearts the spring-time that makes indolent the energy of man and vulnerable his susceptible heart. Poor old winter! We are sorry to see

you go; for tho' your breath was a trifle frosty, your heart was warm. Was it not the heart of nature? We but remember that it is the cool brain and the warm heart that win; the calm, unprejudiced thought is the cause of stalwart, resolute character and the warm heart and open hand captivate with a magician's charm the humanity of earth.

And why should I think of Dan Cupid's birthday? It is because there are here to remind the writer a number of college magazines and many of them "Valentine numbers." As we in spring's beginning read these publications that have come as last productions of the winter months, we can but feel gratified at the work that has been done before the glowing coals. Now that spring has come there will appear a somewhat different literature—doubtless more love stories and certainly more baseball stories. And wouldn't it be proper at this time to hope, if not to pray, that all scribblers may not exchange the pen for the bat? With the advent of spring comes the tendency to lower the standards set for the winter months. The last issues of college papers should be by far the best.

Let us, however, devote our time to what Dan Cupid's month has inspired.

The Campus.

Among the neatest of the February magazines is "The Campus." Bound with an attractive gray cover, stamped on the front with the figure of a young woman attired in muff and fur boa, the publication is artistic in binding and print, and the picture suits the chill month. "When Madge Decided" is a charming story of a country school, its teacher, two of its pupils, and a mad dog: the teacher has had the misfortune of having one of his pupils care too much for him, much to the confusion of her quondam sweetheart. After school this lover seeks an explanation but can find none, yet he informs Madge that the teacher has a sweetheart whence he had come. Then the mad dog bites Madge's brother, and the lover comes to the rescue, but is bitten. After two weeks of suspense he returns and finds

that the teacher is no longer "in via." The story is of interest to the end and the writer recommends it to some of our prospective summer teachers.

"The Sense of Mastery" shows a clear and forcible style and presents valuable, fundamental thought. The balanced sentences are good. "Battle of Balcony Plains" is certainly a rare composition. How artistic is the drawing! The student world is indeed grateful to the pains-taking staff of the "Campus" who have sent their artists to the modern battle-fields to paint modern contests. Such work as this would be most excellent for a college annual. The only criticism that the writer would like to offer is this: Since Epworth University is co-educational, and all "Freshies" and "Sophs" took part, where were the girls? If the boys fought the girls, the battle was modern and co-education is a failure!

We encourage and commend "The Campus", which, tho young, is sprouting favorable thoughts and we predict for it a prosperous fruitage. To make this a surety, however, the students must work harder to supply more short stories and some attempts at verse, which is sadly lacking.

The St. Mary's Muse.

Indeed it is a valentine number that is given by this odd magazine. "The Picture" is very good poetry. "The Tables Turned" is a short story containing a good plot and holding the reader's interest to the end. It is a valentine story of a small boy and girl who at valentine are attending a small school. The girl buys with her ten little pennies a red heart for him which he ruthlessly destroys. Fourteen years after he is a young man with a yearning expression on his face and she is a saucy maiden who "will not be serious."

"Valentine's Day in 2808" is a charming piece of imagination, but contains very few remarkable stretches for a story of its nature. "Leap Year in the Stone Age" is a good attempt

at verse, while the idea of a woman throwing a stone heart at a man to induce him to fall into the trap of love is amusing.

The magazine is distinctly local—it is rather too full of locals to rank among the first of publications in literary value. We note also a lack of criticism of foreign magazines. The way to get "taffy" is to give it. The Alumnae Department is the best edited of all. It should always be our aim to keep in touch by spacious departments in our magazines with those who have left our walls.

The Mansfield Collegian.

The "Mansfield Collegian" is bound neatly and printed clearly on very good paper. The editorial on "The Influence of Literature" is good to be so short, but when we consider what a broad subject this is, we feel that it is too broad for an editorial. But what is written is presented in a clear style, tho' the marks of the amateur are quite apparent. The best article in the issue is "A Study of Goldsmith." The charming incidents told portray vividly the character of that author.

The story on "Class Election" is very good in its purpose to teach a lesson of moral rather than to entertain. To write a story teaching a moral is a hard task; lever the tendency is to say too much along in the story that will make the moral appear to protrude itself. This seems to be the serious sobjection to the story, but the young writer must not be discouraged. Has she forgotten also that the conversations in stories must be in separate paragraphs?

The parody on Shakespeare is rich, and "February" is charming verse, while "Baby" is the best in the issue, tho the last simile of the star is quite far-fetched. "A Valentine Romance" is an amusing story of the lighter vein. The article on "The Influence of Trivial Ideas" contains some good suggestions and shows that the writer promises to be somewhat of a thinker tho her style is as yet in its partly undeveloped stage. "Practice makes perfect."

EXCERPTS.

Baby.

Baby boy, you're a toy,
Come to college just at noon;
You're so sweet—hands and feet—
I would eat you—just as soon.

Stay with us, make a fuss,
Sing your darling little song,
Wink your eyes, heave your sighs,
Laugh and play the whole day long!

—Mansfield Collegian.

Jones says it takes "horse-power" to translate Virgil. He must be right.—Ex.

Young Wed—"I want accommodations for my wife."
Hotel Clerk—"Suite?"
Young Wed—"You bet she is."—Student.

Teacher—Johnny, translate "rex fugit."
Johnny—The king flees.
"You must use 'has' in the perfect tense."
"The king has flees."—(Stator.)

Hostess—Oh, Professor, haven't you brought your wife?
Professor—There! I knew I'd forgotten something.—Ex.

Weaver (in Latin)—"Cowart, what is the meaning of 'Forte dux in aro?' "
Cowart—"Forty ducks in a row."—Ex.

Logan declares that it is best to "Look not on the wine when you haven't a red."—Ex.

Rapid Transit.

"I am your own forever,"
Iago said that to Othello,
Now, wasn't it really quite clever
To take such phrases for that fellow?

Iago didn't mean it, ever—
That is what we all regret—
It gives a chance, although so clever
To catch another fellow—already yet!

Iago didn't mean it—
Very few who do—
Unless they're before the preacher,
And then—you'd mean it too.

And though they mean it then
The vow too often proves untrue
So that this rapid transit age
Must make divorces twenty-five for two.—Ex.

We are the happy recipients of "Green and Gold," "Bessie Tift Journal," "University of Mississippi Magazine," "R. U. Success," "Eatonian," "Piedmontonian," "Review and Bulletin," "University of Virginia Magazine," "Black and Gold," "Ouachita Ripples," "The Concept," "Emory and Henry Era," "Emory Phoenix," "Academy and College Journal," and "Andrew College Journal."

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

W. A. WELCH, Editor.

Remember that "the first requisite to leadership is to know Jesus Christ as the power of God unto salvation."

Is it You?

There is a tendency on the part of some to neglect Christian work when they get into college life. There

are those among us who were active church workers and Sunday School leaders—men who kept their secret devotions and held their lives clean in the sight of God, before they came here, who now, it seems, have forgotten the kind of manhood the world is calling for. These men, some of them, have failed to affiliate with the Association at all and others that have joined seem not to be taking the active part they should. Now, this is a deplorable situation. If you were a worker before you came here, there are two reasons why you should continue in active service: First, you are having an influence here either for good or for bad; you are either leading some one to a better life or you are a "stumbling block" in some one's way. Second, we know that "faith without works is dead"—we cannot expect to stand still in our Christian living, for if we do we shall certainly find ourselves very soon cold and indifferent towards religious work; then our second state will be worse than the first.

A Challenge!

We learn from the pages of the "Inter-Collegian" that all but five of the cadets of the United States Military Academy at West Point are members of the Young Men's Christian Association there. Now, hardly a third of our boys are members here. Since our very existence is due to the generosity of the Church, it seems that we should look upon such a report coming from a National institution as a challenge, and no longer sleep, but open our eyes and get to work and see if we cannot better this situation before the session is over.

"Islam—A Challenge to Faith!"

This is a book for general reading if one wishes to know the task to which the missionary enterprise is committed, and it is also a book for students. Dr. Zwemer, its author, after having mastered the special problems of Islam in a typical Mohammedan land

through sixteen years of missionary experience is certainly qualified to present the history, principles and practices of the Moslem faith. This book shows great ability on the part of the author. It can now be had from our Association library, so read it and become informed.

A New Move.

Through the active support of the members and friends of the Association, we have been enabled to secure a nice library of missionary and other religious literature. This is something we have been in great need of, and now since we have it, let us make the proper use of it and become better acquainted with the great religious movements and workers of the world.

Items of Interest.

We learn from the Bible Study Committee that there was only an average attendance of thirty-five for last month. We must increase this work, and not give vent to our feelings just because it is spring time.

There are now forty-three doing mission study, and some is being given in a financial way to the support of mission work.

The Normal Class under Dr. Kern is doing some effective work in the way of training leaders.

All devotional meetings have been attended fairly well.

The finances of the Association are now in good condition, there being more than enough money in the treasury necessary to balance all accounts.

At the last business meeting the Association voted Mr. L. M. Jones a card of thanks for his generous gift of forty dollars to the Association.

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The MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN

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ON TO THE CAMP GROUND.

The shrill whistle of the cannon-ball far up the track put life and energy into the now tired and sleepy passengers. I had been in the sitting room half asleep, but I picked up my suit case and followed along with the straggling mass. In a minute we came to the cars. Here it was a hurry and hustle as to who should board first, and I threw myself bodily into the contest. I was steadily nearing my goal and was feeling that an untimely success was assured when I came squarely in collision with a tall, dark, black-eyed, well-dressed woman, who was also a contestant. No sooner did I realize the situation than I heard threats and curses rained upon me. It hurt my religious spirit to hear such harsh words and, being a preacher, my heart went out in sympathy to this poor lost soul.

"Dear sister," said I, "you can never enter the glorious Kingdom if you continue in this way. God in His Mercy——"

"Pass on!" commanded the porter. I advanced a step nearer the steps; but, being absorbed in the Lord's work, I again repeated, "Dear lady, God in His mercy——". But I never finished. Just then I felt a rough hand in my collar and before I knew it, and in spite of my two hundred and forty pounds, I was jerked entirely out of the way by the porter, breaking my collar and tie in two.

I was now almost raging and, still holding my suit case in my left hand, I made a lurch at the porter; but he jumped back in time to escape the blow and the corner of

my suit case hit the side of the car, broke open and all of its contents fell upon the ground. A roar of laughter went up from the crowd as they saw it and as I picked them up I was an object of ridicule to all the passengers.

When I had picked them up I went into the car, for now nearly every one was inside, and took a seat in the only one vacant in the car. I bought a paper from the boy that I might better endure the ridicule on all sides. Nothing happened then except that the conductor came through and wanted to put me off for not having on a collar and tie, thinking I was drunk. I explained and he took my ticket. Then I went into the smoker, took a collar from my suit case and put it on, but I had no tie. I then returned to my seat.

After riding about an half hour we came to the first stop. Here several persons got on, among them two ladies. My chivalrous spirit arose in me when I saw that none of the men offered them a seat, so I graciously tendered them mine.

As I arose from it, a dirty-faced fellow slipped in just ahead of them. I commanded him to get up, and when he refused I seized him by the collar and pulled him out. But I was to pay the penalty, for no sooner had he regained his feet than he sent a blow with all his force on my right eye. The blow so stunned and dazed me that I staggered and fell in the laps of two men behind me. They roared with pain as my heavy weight came down upon them, and one caught my coat collar to pull me off when my coat split all the way down the back. When I came to myself I was raging and might have done something terrible if it had not been that I recalled, "He that doeth good will be persecuted." I grabbed my suit case and paper and went to the back of the car, turned my face toward one of the corners and did not look around until we came to the next stop where I was to change cars.

While here I reflected on my predicament. What on earth was I to do with my coat split, my tie ruined, and a black eye to boot! What would the people at the camp

ground think when they saw me? Then I thought of that sweet one who would be waiting at the station for me with outstretched arms. What would she think? After I had pondered over the whole thing for about a dozen times the train blew for the stop.

When the train stopped I picked up my suit case, went quickly to the ticket office, bought me a ticket and took a seat where my coat would be less likely to show. I put my ticket in my pocket book which I kept concealed in my inner coat pocket. But when I decided to take a few minutes sleep, as I had not slept much during the night, the pocket book made a very uncomfortable lump in my breast. So I took it out, opened my suit case, placed it inside and relieved myself of its care. I then laid my head back and was soon fast asleep.

I had not slept long—it seemed to me—when I was awakened by the porter's calling out my train. When I became fully awake I reached down for my suit case. A feeling of unutterable despair swept over me. It was gone! I was just about to give up all hope of ever getting to my destination and burst into a flood of tears, when I remembered this passage, "Be strong in the faith." So I comforted myself and assured myself that Providence would intervene.

I then turned my attention to my train which had already come to a stop. I passed out the door to my car and just as I swung on to the rod I saw a villain darting around a corner with my suit case. In a minute I would have given chase, but I remembered that I was upon the Lord's errand and that I must not turn aside simply for man's temporary benefits. Then I went in amid much ridicule and took my seat. But by some good fortune I had a part of my newspaper with me so I began reading this. We had ridden some miles and were nearing the next station when the conductor came through. I reached for my inside pocket. The book was not there. I felt my hip pocket; but it was not there either. Then I remembered! I had put it in my suit case. How God had

cursed me! Just then the whistle blew for the next station. "Ticket, please," repeated the conductor. Then I told him my sad story, but he only scorned me and commanded me to leave the train at the next station. Oh! I was the most miserable creature alive, and what could I do in this place but starve!

When the train had pulled out and I stood there on the little platform alone I was the most miserable creature on earth. I was utterly at a loss as to what to do. But I soon recalled that passage of Scripture which says, "He that hath faith in Me shall not lack any good thing." Then I thought perhaps I hadn't trusted Him as I should. So I determined to spend a few minutes at this lonely spot doing nothing but trusting in Him. By the time three minutes was up, I had received an inspiration for I had conceived an idea.

I went over to where I saw a man standing alone and asked him where the preacher lived.

"Two miles away," said he kindly, "but he is now in town with his carriage. I'll show you him. Are you his brother?" I told him I was not, and was sorely perplexed as to why he asked me this. I followed him around a corner, meanwhile telling him my story, until we came to a double seated carriage in which sat a man of about my own size. Now I saw plainly why my guide had asked me the question.

"Mr. Greaves, this is our pastor, Mr. Savage," said the young man.

I bowed to the jolly old man, who told me to "hop in." Then I thanked the young man heartily for his kindness. We bade him good-bye and began the trip to his home. I told him my story, and he promised me all aid possible. When I told him how I got my black eye, he asked me why I had not turned the other cheek. Then I recalled the passage, "If thy enemy smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," and now I saw why God had continued His curse upon me. When I told him about my suit case being stolen, he told me that there had been a good many robberies lately

and that he was expecting one at any time. I assured him that God would watch over and protect them and he laughed long and loud. "You have had such blessed experiences lately," he roared.

We traveled on for about a mile with nothing to break the monony of the scenery but the birds and their songs, until we came to a peddler who was trudging along the road with his pack on his back. Moved with sympathy for the tired fellow we told him to get in and ride. He hesitated a minute, then got in the back seat.

"My name is Graves, and my friend's is Savage," said I by way of introduction.

The peddler looked suspicious. Then it crossed my mind that I should speak to this fellow about his soul's salvation.

"Are you ready to die?" I asked. At the same time my friend Savage was reaching for his handkerchief, and the peddler, thinking he had fallen into the hands of desperadoes, jumped from the carriage and fled. We set his pack down by the side of the road and rode on.

In a few minutes we came to the home. I became acquainted with the family, and was given some of Mr. Savage's clothes to wear. That night I slept in a little white bed in the front room—a bed which I knew the old man never used, and I wondered as to how it would stand my weight. I raised up the front window, as it was warm, and retired.

Late in the night I felt that something had exploded, and when I was awake enough I felt myself struggling to keep from falling. I realized at once that several slats had broken.

In the other rooms there was indeed a commotion. The family were running screaming from the house crying, "Robber! Robber!"

In a few minutes I was the only one in the house. I was just about recovered from the excitement, and was now fully dressed, when two officers came rushing in the door and ordered me to come along. I tried to explain, but they would not listen. So I was unceremoniously ushered away. Where

Savage was I did not know. God's curse was surely upon me! I felt that I could not escape it.

I was locked up in the little town jail, and the next day people came in streams to see "the robber who had done so much mischief in the neighborhood." Oh, if I had just turned the other cheek I would have been spared all this! Where on earth was Savage? I felt that the limit of my endurance was almost reached when my friend came in and identified me and verified my story. I was then set free. A train was to leave in twenty minutes for my destination, and I determined to catch it if I had to run all the way. But Savage soon had his carriage ready, and, after many regrets from his family, we hurried off for the station and arrived just as the train was pulling in. After thanking my friend for his kindness, and after his expressing his regrets, I boarded.

In half an hour we came to the camp grounds, and whom should I see first but my darling Mary? I saw her before she saw me, and there were tears in her eyes. As I came down the steps she cried:

"Oh, my little darling! Can it be true?"

"What, dear?"

"That you have fallen in love with a tall, dark, black-eyed woman. I heard you were calling her 'dear' at the train yesterday morning. And then when you didn't come here yesterday——! Oh, my little darling!" She was still weeping.

I looked into her blue eyes and said:

"Do you remember, 'He that followeth after me and doeth my work will be persecuted of men'?"

She understood.

J. W. Crisler.

TO —— ——.

With pleasing doubt and anxious bliss,
My mind divided, stricken thro',
Revolves the sweet hypothesis:
If you were I, and I were you.

Thro' all the realms of College lore,
Some sure conclusion I pursue;
The question vexes more and more;
If you were I, and I were you.

In chemistry no help I find:
Its sage discussions give no clew;
The thought persistent racks my mind:
If you were I, and I were you.

The languages all likewise fail,—
Greek, Latin, French, and German, too,
To solve the riddle nought avails:
If you were I, and I were you.

The 'ologies, Ge—Soci—Bi—
And economics old and new,
With Delphic vagueness make reply:
"If you were I, and I were you!"

Stern mathematics answers me,
Your supposition can't be true;
What would become of Q. E. D.,
If U were I, and I were U?

In blank despair I beg and pray,
O, Saccharissa, Sallie, Sue!
How would you feel, what would you say,
If you were I, and I were you?

R. S. V. P. A Soph in Doubt.

"ALL IN DOWN AND OUT."

"Will you gentlemen please make less noise?" said Mrs. S.——, the librarian.

This hushed the moving of feet and chairs on the floor, and the crackle of the papers and magazines of the reading room. All eyes were turned to the offender, for to speak in the library was an unpardonable offense. Mrs. S—— turned and walked slowly back toward the desk, thinking "What will I do?" for she had promised the house maid she would be back at three, and it would never do to leave the library in charge of any one in the reading rooms, even if some of them were Seniors—she had already tried this before. "But here comes Miles, whom I know will keep order," thought she as an old trustworthy Senior came through the front door of the library.

"Will you please keep the library for me a few minutes, Mr. Miles?"

"Yes'm, with delight."

So he went back behind the desk, where all longed to go because it looked from the outside so much like going behind the cashier's window of a bank. Mrs. S—— put on her cloak and passed out of the library.

Mrs. S—— had barely gotten out of sight when Miles heard a noise of whispering and moving about in both boys' and girls' reading rooms. Looking up he saw mischief on the boys' faces and turning to the girls he caught a similar expression on theirs.

Before the venerable old Miles could get them to think once of the library regulations, all of them, both girls and boys, were in the alcoves hunting mischief of any kind, even going so far as to look in Mrs. S——'s sewing bag.

Soon all of them, including Miles, the librarian pro tem, were having what they called, "a good time in the library". Quick as a flash, Marvin thought of the elevator which was used to haul old magazines and books down to the cellar.

"What a swell thing it would be to take a ride up and down," flashed through his mind. So up the elevator window went and in hopped Marvin who, in a half minute, was pulling himself down, almost believing he was making a descent from the top of a "New York sky scraper." After going down, down, down to the bottom, he came up to see if he had not created more laughter than any of the rest. As he drew himself before the window, just ready to come out, Thomas and Tilman ran to the window jerking it down, almost striking his head, and as well as he could see the other boys and girls were getting out just as fast as possible and making as little noise as they could. Marvin lowered himself and peeped through under the window, and sure enough there was Mrs. S—— already back. What in the word would he do, for if she caught him in the elevator he would surely be reported to the president for misconduct in the library. Mrs. S—— slowly pulled off her cloak, placed it on a chair and walked over to the elevator window.

"Oh, what shall I do to be saved?" thought Marvin, trembling from head to foot.

She took hold of the window as if to raise it; but, no, it was held by much stronger hands than hers.

She turned, and went to the reading room where Miles and all the rest were very hard at work with their lessons.

"Mr. Miles, what is up?"

"Nothing; it has just gone down."

"Well, what has been taking place over there in the elevator?"

"Descensions and ascensions."

She walked with a quick step back to the elevator window and to her surprise when she attempted to raise it, the mysterious hand hadrel eased its hold and up flew the window at a touch. But the elevator was at the bottom and the ropes were still shaking.

"There must be some one in it," thought she. "But if

there is he will have to come up after a while for the lower window is fastened down, so I will wait and catch him."

Mrs. S—— waited in vain, for "necessity is the mother of invention." The next hour found Marvin in the chemical laboratory enveloped in the fumes of H_2S forgetful of the recent excitement.

M. GIEGER.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His wise providence to remove by death our honored friend and colleague, Dr. J. A. Moore, and

WHEREAS, The passing of a life so long associated with ours and so large and useful as his calls for some expression of appreciation on our part, therefore be it

RESOLVED, By the Faculty of Millsaps College:

First. That we bow in submission to the will of God, believing that He does not willingly afflict His people, and that in this, as in every dispensation of His providence, however grievous at the time, His goodness and loving kindness will one day be made to appear.

Second. That we count ourselves honored in having enjoyed for years an intimate daily association with one whom we have found so noble in purpose, so pure in principle, so single minded, kind, and true in all the social and official relations between him and us.

Third. That in Dr. Moore we recognized a teacher of eminent qualifications for his special work, a man who stood always and everywhere without faltering for the right as he was given to see the right, and a Christian who adorned the doctrine of God our Savior.

Fourth. That the life of Dr. Moore was a positive force in the educational work of our State and of our Church and his death a loss that will not soon be supplied.

Fifth. That our deepest sympathy goes out and is hereby expressed for those in his home who are so sadly bereaved.

Sixth. That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Faculty and that a copy be furnished to the MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN and to the New Orleans Christian Advocate, and also that a copy be sent to the family of Dr. Moore.

R. S. RICKETTS,
J. M. SULLIVAN,
J. E. WALMSLEY,
Committee.

April 14, 1908.

WHEREAS, Our All-wise Heavenly Father has chosen to send the black-robed Angel of Death into our midst to take away the great spirit of our beloved teacher and elder brother, Dr. J. A. Moore; and

WHEREAS, We, having known him as an able teacher, a strong man, whose lofty ideals and unswerving purpose, uprightness of character and devotion to duty has been an inspiration to all who have sat at his feet, be it

RESOLVED, That we, the students of Millsaps College, bowing in humble submission to Him who doeth all things well, do reverently mourn the inestimable loss of our good friend and honored teacher;

RESOLVED, That we extend to his devoted family and loved ones in this their time of sorrow and grief, our deepest heartfelt sympathy;

RESOLVED, That a copy of this feeble expression of our love and respect be furnished the stricken family, the MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN, and the College Annual.

C. H. KIRKLAND,
BESSIE HUDDLESTON,
D. T. RUFF,
Committee.

THE DOCTOR'S BOY.

It was the afternoon of the first day of April. Dr. Price had finished writing questions on the long black-board at one end of his lecture room and had taken his seat on the rostrum.

Every man of us Sophomores was busy with the task at hand, a chemistry test. For about fifteen minutes all had been quiet, when presently there was a rap on the door. The Doctor answered, and we could hear him as he talked with some one just outside. Soon he re-entered the room, and mounting the rostrum, said: "Attention, please! I will have to dismiss the class and go look after my little boy. He has not returned home from school. The class is dismissed." Having said this, the Doctor hastily left the room with a look of anxious concern upon his face.

If I may not say that we Sophomores were gratified at the turn things had taken, we were at least in no melancholy mood as we rushed out of Science Hall and dispersed, some of us turning to the right, and some to the left as we went to our respective boarding places. Few of us felt that there were any grounds for uneasiness for the Doctor's boy.

I went to my room arm-in-arm with Frank Henry, my closest chum. Frank boarded in town, a mile and a half from the College, but he spent a goodly part of his time with me in my room in the dormitory. As we walked along the following conversation ensued between us:

"What do you suppose has happened to the Doctor's kid?" asked Frank.

"O, I suppose he is playing along the way like you and I used to do when we were his age," I answered.

"I hope that is true," said Frank, "but I can't help feeling uneasy about him when I think how the crimes committed by those 'black hand' devils have been increasing of late. I saw an account in the morning's paper of where, in the southern part of the state, a child had been stolen and a demand for several thousand dollars made for its safe return.

I guess if there are any of the 'Black Hands' in this city the Doctor's money appeals to them. Eh, Tom!"

"Well, I should say!" I replied, and giving Frank a mischievous look, added:

"By the way, old fellow, don't you suppose that the Doctor's money might be made to account for a part of your affection for his daughter?"

Frank blushed deeply, for he was one among the many who had fallen a victim to this fair young Co-ed's charms; but he was game and not very easily teased.

"O, you can knock me," he answered, "'but you know that deep down in your heart you can't blame me for loving that girl. Now, honest, can you, Tom?"

I answered, "No;" for really I couldn't; and here we dropped the conversation for by this time we had reached my room. Tossing our books aside, we were soon into our base ball clothes and away to the athletic park where, for a while, we forgot every thing else in our enthusiasm for the game.

About sundown we again arrived at the dormitory and learned there, to our surprise and sorrow, that Rupert Price had not been found. The police had searched the town and a neighboring swamp, but no trace of him could be found. Mrs. Price and Dorothy were said to be so stricken with grief that they were inconsolable. How Frank and I, and the rest of the fellows did wish there was something we could do to help! But as there wasn't, the alternative was simply to wait and to hope that everything would turn out alright.

It was almost dark when Frank left the dormitory for town, nevertheless he decided not to take a car. He had seldom ridden since the base ball season opened, and had found that the walks to and from town kept him in good trim for base ball. His way led by Dr. Price's home, and as he passed by he paused. Amid moans and sobs, he could hear Mrs. Price cry out repeatedly in bitter anguish: "O, my baby, my little baby boy! Can't some one find my baby?" He

could hear Dorothy crying, too. How it pierced his very heart. Some good ladies were trying to comfort them; but Frank knew well, and painful the knowledge was to him, that for them there would be no surcease of sorrow until the "kid" was found. When he passed on tears were in his eyes, and a prayer was on his lips: "Lord, help me, or some of the men, to find the kid to-night."

Afterwards when Frank looked back over the events of that night and remembered the words of prayer that he had uttered, he was sure that his faith was pretty weak when he uttered them. But who can blame him if he had doubts as to whether his prayer would be answered? The probabilities were certainly against its being answered. The fact that no trace of the lost boy had been found led to the conclusion that he had been stolen. If this conclusion were true it was certainly not probable that one wary enough to kidnap the boy was so stupid as to allow him to be re-taken that night. But if Frank's faith was weak, to balance this he had one strong point: He was in earnest about the prayer that he made, and would have risked his own life quickly enough to bring about an answer to it. When he had passed the Doctor's several hundred yards, he sat down on the grass beside the street to think, reluctant simply to go to his room and await developments, yet totally at a loss to know what he could do that would be of any avail.

While we leave Frank thus meditating, I must enlighten the readers of this story a bit with respect to the mysterious disappearance of Rupert Price. About a half mile from the public school building, in the direction of the college, was a small shop not much larger than an electric street car where, for some months, a dark-skinned, black-eyed Italian had been keeping a fruit stand. Rupert, as he passed here daily, going to and from school, had attracted this Italian who, having found out who the boy was, had watched eagerly, yet warily, for a chance to take him without being seen. Finally his opportunity had come, and the very simplicity of his

tactics had saved him from suspicion. Having seized Rupert, he had hastily put a handkerchief in his mouth, tied him "hog fashion," and placed him in a chest in the rear end of his shop. Then he had carelessly resumed his duties, expecting to further his plans by carrying Rupert to the "Italian Quarters" that night when he went to supper.

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How long Frank sat there on the grass beside the sidewalk he was afterwards unable to say. So burdened was his mind that he was heedless of the passing time. He watched the new moon rise and, with something of satisfaction, saw the clouds shut out her rays from the earth. A bright night would be almost mockery, thought he, when so many hearts are sad. His reverie was at last interrupted by approaching footsteps. The figure of a man carrying something on his back could be dimly discerned coming up the sidewalk. Frank decided to lay quietly by and escape the observation of the passer-by, and would have succeded in doing so had not something unexpected happened.

As has been stated above, it was the first day of April. Some mischievious boy had, for a fool's day trick, placed on a rail across the walk just a few feet beyond where Frank had turned aside on the grass. The passing man, when almost opposite Frank, tripped over this rail, and fell sprawling, losing, as he fell, his hold on the sack he was carrying. Frank sprang to his feet in utter surprise and, simultaneously with his getting up, the clouds shifted a bit and the silver rays of the moon illumined the scene. For a brief second he glanced at what was before him: the dark figure of a man lying at full length, and to one side, a small boy bound so securely that he could hardly wiggle. Instantly the situation dawned upon him and he emitted a yell for aid. The amazed Italian, probably thinking that he had been waylaid, was no sooner down than up; but before he could make away Frank had siezed him. For a moment they grappled together, but Frank was no match for his opponent. The Italian threw

him—threw him hard on the concrete pavement. That was the last he remembered.

When he awoke, he was in bed. Involuntarily he put his hand to his head. "What hurt's you?" a sweet voice asked. He opened his eyes and saw a face he had often seen in his dreams. It was Dorothy Price's. "My head," he answered. Then he remembered it all.

"Did they catch the man?" he asked.

"Yes, he is safe in jail," she replied. "The policemen came up just in time to save you. You were awfully brave."

FORD BUFKIN.

A CO-ED'S CHOICE.

Professor (to anxious Co-ed, applying for Freshman class)—Now, Miss Sallie, what degree do you apply for?

Anxious Co-ed—Well, Professor, I am not particular; but I think I should prefer an M. A.—in Law.

—"R."

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EDITORIALS.

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

In the March issue of The Collegian there occurred an article setting forth the need for a new gymnasium. The writer gave a clear statement of the case and made a strong appeal for the erection of such a building. The article was so well fitted to speak the sentiment of the student body that it was given a place in the Editorial columns. During

the past few weeks there has been considerable agitation for new and better quarters for the Young Men's Christian Association. The present Hall is neat and fairly well able to meet the present demands of the Association. But many leading men feel that the time is here for the Association to take a more active part in the affairs of College life. There is some strong conviction that the erection of a building to be entirely controlled by the Association would greatly increase the usefulness of this great force on the campus.

Under these circumstances we come with the proposition that the Athletic Association and the Young Men's Christian Association join hands in the move for better supplying the needs of the two institutions. There can be no objection to having the "Gym" form a part of the greater whole on the part of the athletic enthusiast. The Y. M. C. A. would not hesitate to accept the responsibility for it is committed to the care of the body as well as the mind and spirit. Certainly the plan is expedient for the two forces united would form a more aggressive campaigning force than either alone. So with the purposes harmonized, and the forces combined why should we not launch a campaign on this broad basis and unite our efforts so as to secure its success?

The thing can be done, but it is easier said than done. Certain conditions must be met before it will be done. Therefore we suggest a note of warning to the student body as well as the leaders of the movement. The plans must be wisely laid and success should be assured before the real campaign is opened. Some man must see the end, complete the work from its earliest conception to the successful administration of the Association before the effort is made to begin the structure. So let us consider the questions to be settled and the dangers to be met.

Do we really want such a building? If so, how much are we willing to sacrifice for the cause? This must be settled before another step can be taken. It is absolutely foolish to force such an enterprise on an unappreciative student body.

Of course we would be willing to accept such a gift from an Aladdin; but the days of good Haroun Alraschid are no more. There is many a rub other than the rub of a magic lamp before great things are accomplished in this age of ours.

Is there really a need for such a thing? Our present Hall is not too small for the ordinary meeting of the Association. But it is replied that the plan is looking to the demands of the Association in years to come, when it has grown. Then we ask if we are assured that the Association would grow to meet the demands and really use the building to advantage? If there is no real need it is better not to have it for there can be much more real spirit of the Master grown in a small hall, neatly kept, than in a "Great Temple" so poorly cared for that its appearance would be distasteful to the average student. Would the erection of such a building sufficiently strengthen the Association that it could look after the spiritual needs of the campus, giving attention to all the new phases of its work and then find the ability to manage an entire building? In other words, are we ready to support a Secretary who will be demanded as a manager of the building and leader of the Association? Moreover, have we the requisite number of men so wrapped up in this work that they will inform themselves on every piont concerning the matter and dedicate themselves to the finishing of the undertaking, hard as it may be?

Let us consider these questions and if they can be answered favorably, then we are ready to plan the campaign and start the movement which will result in great good to the College. We only hope that these questions propounded may be of service in enabling the first steps to be taken in the right direction so that well begun may indeed prove half done.

If we need it and want it, we can get it. If we are willing to pay the price and meet the conditions it will be done. The Faculty will co-operate with us, and we can depend on the public-spirited men to support a good thing if they are assured that it will succeed and result in strengthening the forces of the Right. The responsibility rests with us. Have we the mettle to try? Let us think on these things.

DR. J. A. MOORE, AN APPRECIATION.

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee
For thou wert kind as thou wert true."

This tribute to his lamented friend by England's great laureate comes easily to mind in view of the recent death of Dr. J. A. Moore, our honored Professor of Mathematics. We cannot conceive of him otherwise than as filling the right place and doing with his might the right thing in whatever sphere God may have called him. Like a true Wesleyan he was "never unemployed, never triflingly employed." So single was his aim in life, so constant his devotion to duty, and withal so unique was his personality that he is become an integral part of the history of Millsaps College. In an important sense it may be said that he was the founder of our Department of Mathematics, for while not one of the original Faculty, he signed the diplomas of our first graduating class, and left the impress of his strong individuality upon their successors for a period of nearly fourteen years.

The ordinary terms of obituary writing would not be appropriate in this appreciation of our subject. To say that a figure long familiar upon our campus and in our college halls, has disappeared; that a teacher of rare equipment and distinguished service has been lost to the educational work of our State and Church; that the voice of a faithful minister of the Gospel has been hushed in death; that a kind neighbor, a true friend, a good citizen, a devoted husband, a wise and tender father has ceased to live, would all be true; but those who knew Dr. Moore well would hardly think of these things as necessary to be said; they fall naturally into the scheme of a life like his.

It would be in doubtful taste, however the facts might justify it, to speak in terms of fulsome praise concerning one whose dominant characteristics were simplicity and exactness. And yet he will, in college tradition, be always associated with the loved and rememberable teachers, real or imaginary,

that are met with in our reading of English or other literatures. He was not Dr. Arnold, but Dr. Arnold himself had no greater gift of rectitude, no loftier standard of life, personal or professional, than he: he was not a counterpart of the master we read of in "The Deserted Village", and yet Goldsmith's genial dominie inspired no truer devotion, no more loyal admiration than did Dr. Moore among those who from time to time came under his tuition.

From the equation of his life, however, we must eliminate the foibles of the village savant. Somehow college ingenuity invented no nick-name for him, and it is worthy of note that the most rollicking mood of the college wit never attributed to him anything that was little or low. In the school room, on the campus, on duty or at leisure he was always the same; kind, earnest, dignified, simple, candid, a man who knew what he thought and meant what he said.

The limit assigned us leaves no room for detailed account of his boyhood and student life or of his services in the ministry and in the several schools in which he taught. His later career is thus summarized in our college catalogue: "A. B. Southern University 1880, and A. M. 1887, Member of Alabama Conference 1881-94, and of Mississippi since 1894; Professor of Mathematics, Southern University, 1883-1894; Ph.D., Illinois Wesleyan University 1888". To this may be added Professor of Mathematics in Millsaps College 1894-1908.

The filling of this outline can be taken for granted. It was a typical American life, one fully possible in no other land than ours. A brave, ambitious, single-minded country boy, inspired by high ideals steadfastly adhered to, grew normally into the successful college student, the faithful pastor, the accomplished teacher, the honest, honored, trustworthy man.

Special mention should be made of Dr. Moore as a Christian. In this character, though skeptical to the last degree in matters of science, his faith was like that of a little child. To him God's Word was the Word of God, authoritative and final;

the cardinal doctrines of Christianity were sacred truths, not mere questions for debate.

A peculiar interest attaches to the judgment passed by a student body upon a teacher whom they have known for many years. An occasional lapse may provoke passing criticism, a peculiarity of dress, or speech or manner may challenge college caricature, and both may express themselves in extravagant ways, but in the long run he who stands the test of college scrutiny and receives the stamp of college approval, may be trusted anywhere.

Before this court Dr. Moore stands unimpeached, and the college verdict is: "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace". In the keeping of this court his good name will be secure, and none the less if judgment should be rendered in terms he used so often, and he should be remembered among us as one whose character was a "constant" in all manly virtue, and his life an "increasing variable" whose "limit" was "the measure of the stature and fullness of Christ."

In any event, while Millsaps College stands, the memory of Dr. Moore will be honored and revered. In the hearts of his old pupils he will have his own place always, and in College tradition he will stand out a figure clear, distinct in every lineament; himself "to the finger tip", not "Lancelot nor another".

REGARD EN ARRIERE.

Only for a time, then no more! There is a tinge of sadness in the last farewell. Yet the law of change demands that we play our brief part, then pass off the stage in favor of a successor. Especially is this true of college life. We are in one position for such a brief time we scarcely fit the harness when we are called to move into another sphere of action. Sadder still is the thought that our alma mater is turning us loose to make our way as best we can through the wide cold world. But the shadows of sorrow fade from

view, and we catch a gleam of a greater school, a preparation for a larger life, when we go out to fight our battles under the guide and inspiration of the great visions we have seen. Whether or not we count for much in the world we can be sure that the world is yet looking for a man, and that we will be received in the ratio with which we measure up to the standard.

Thus it is with sadness we leave; with gladness we go. But we loathe to leave the scene of precious memories without giving expression to the thoughts and emotion with which we go. Life on the campus is never one continuous song; discord often takes the place of harmony. Yet so far as we have seen ther is much of joy to little of sorrow. Our teachers and fellows have ever been ready to recognize the good and slow to critcize the fault. Fortunate do we count ourselves that our virtues are magnified and our vices diminished. We have tried to do our part, "to pluck a thistle and plant a rose" at every opportunity, but how often have we parted. Many times what we had thought was best, we sadly found was bad. Then deeper is our gratitude that we have been judged by our aspirations rather than our accomplishments. With all in the past we now record our thanks for the honors unworthily bestowed, and for the enthusiastic co-operation on the part of the student body which in a very great degree was responsible for whatever success has come from our labors. But above all else are we thankful for the good will that has lightened our labors, made pleasant our duties, rendering the years of college life so delightful, enriched with the wealth of sympathetic fellowship.

A WORD OF SYMPATHY.

Just as we go to press, the campus is saddened to learn of the death of the loving and faithful wife of Major R. W. Millsaps through whose beneficent gifts, our beloved College had its origin. The devotion of Major Millsaps to the College of his name, the open and free manner in which he

has contributed to its needs, his great philanthropic heart, and untiring interest in education have not failed to make a deep and lasting impression upon College life. So closely has he been drawn to us both by his personal touch and by his devout interest in the life and progress of the College, that as a student body, we feel the profoundest sympathy for him. Therefore we gladly use THE COLLEGIAN in giving some expression to our grief, and the sympathy deep and heartfelt toward him in this his hour of grief.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

T. L. BAILEY, Editor.

NOTE.—The Editor would gratefully appreciate anything of interest so please don't hesitate to report the news to him.

· Police! ! ! !

· It's almost ended.!

Mr. Chas. L. Neill was a recent visitor to the campus.

Messrs. Applewhite and L. M. Jones attended the State Sunday School Convention at Greenwood, on April 28th.

D. Thomas Ruff has been selected Principal of Camden High School. We congratulate the people of Camden on their selection. "Tom" has borne worthily every duty thrust upon him while in College, and we feel that his future will be no exception to his past.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the following officers were elected: President, J. M. Guinn; Vice President, Thomas Stennis; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. J. E. Walmsley; Base ball Manager, A. B. Clark; Football Manager, R. O. Jones; Basket-ball Manager, J. M. Guinn.

At this meeting the President appointed a committee to raise money, by subscriptions, from the student body, to pay a part of the salary of the Coach of the Baseball Team. It is very important that all students subscribe something. THE COLLEGIAN has aided you in your fight for Athletics and hopes to see you show your appreciation of Athletics by liberally subscribing when the Committee visits you. Just think, how much was that "2-1" worth to you?

One of our number was very unfortunate this year in that he got some zeroes, being unable to prepare his lessons while cutting "wisdom" teeth.

There are some of the students who have not subscribed for the "Annual". We would urge upon them the supreme importance of securing a copy before they go home. You may not know it, but in the long summer months, it will prove to be your nearest companion. Take a copy, if you can get it, and you'll see that we are right.

Not long since the Faculty and those of the students who appreciate oratory assembled in the Chapel to hear the Freshmen speak. After an hour's entertainment, covering a range of subjects from the time when the injunction, "Let there be light" was uttered, to the present day, the Faculty authorized Messrs. Anderson, Beasley, Boutwell, Bingham, Cooper, Glass, Savage and Wimberly to contest for the Millsaps declamation medal.

The Literary Societies have installed the following officers for the fourth term: Galloway—President, W. A. Welch; Vice-President, J. A. Alford; Secretary, W. F. Roberts; Assistant Secretary, Rufus Benton Alexander. Lamar—President, C. H. Kirkland; Vice-President, Robert J. Mullins; Secretary, C. E. Johnson.

Several of the students attended the recent anniversary exercises at Clinton. They report that they were highly entertained, and that everything at our sister institution is on the boom.

The entire student body has been deeply affected by the loss of two of its dearest and most highly esteemed friends Dr. Jas. A. Moore, and Mrs. R. W. Millsaps, wife of the Founder of our College.

In the early part of last session Millsaps received a challenge from the Southern University of Greensboro, Alabama, to meet them in joint debate. The challenge was promptly accepted and representatives of the two Literary Societies went to Greensboro and won the debate. The event proved so interesting that it was decided to have a debate each year On April 17th, the second annual debate occurred in the College. Chapel, and Messrs. Jeff Collins and J. A. Blount successfully defended the negative of the question, "Resolved, That Federal Power is Unduly Increasing,"

Millsaps is indeed assuming the air of the prosperous. A new concrete walk has just been completed from the main building to the Science Hall, thence to the car line, thus giving an excellent walk through the entire length of the campus.

While Millsaps is broadening and developing so rapidly, how about a modern Y. M. C. A. building? The erection of a new $25,000 building, with a modern "Gym", bath rooms, reading rooms, and up-to-date fixtures of every kind is the next step in the advancement of Millsaps. If the students will get busy in good earnest they can, with the assistance of our friends, within the short span of five years, erect it. It is not hard to see that such a building would greatly stimulate college life with respect to moral, social, and athletic activities.

Jesse Levi Sumrall and Sing Ung Zung visited the southern part of the state recently on a lecture tour. It gives great pleasure to annouce that there were no fatalities.

It is announced that the distinguished Dr. W. F. Tillett will preach the Commencement sermon and deliver the Baccalaureate Address at the comming commencement exercises. Dr. Tillett is one of the Methodist Church's strongest men, having been Dean of the Biblical Department at Vanderbilt for several years. Dr. Alonzo Monk, of Louisville, Ky., will preach the Y. M. C. A. sermon, and Rev. J. R. Countiss, of Greenville, will deliver the Alumni Address.

Drs. Sullivan and Walmsley have been elected Vice President and Secretary of the College, respectively, to succeed the late and lamented Dr. Moore. The students are very much gratified over the selection as both Dr. Sullivan and Dr. Walmsley are able and popular men.

Said the Freshie to Sophie:
"Of all the books, which would you be?"
"Not a 'pony', I would say,
For A. B. rides them night and day."

Since our last issue many events of importance have transpired. The Literary Societies have had their anniversary exercises and held high their reputation as being the most important adjuncts of the College. The Patroits of the various classes have held forth, stirring the crowds and creating within them a new love for country.

But the event that has aroused most enthusiasm was the victory over Tulane. We had expected to lose, for had not Tulane played with the mighty Mississippi College team? However, our boys went into the game with determination and snatched victory from the abyss of defeat. It was our first series of Inter-collegiate baseball, and the boys celebrated it in grand style, marching to the campus and singing of the victory to that tune of the grand old chorus, "Makes Me Love Everybody" and that's just about the way they felt. No one thing in recent years has so stimulated and strengthened college spirit.

Every student will long cherish the memory of Mr. Armstrong and his beneficent gift of suits for our baseball team. The student body, through THE COLLEGIAN, thanks him and assures him that there will always be a warm spot in their hearts for him.

For the past few years there has been a pronounced tendency to raise the standard of work in the southern colleges, so as to make it fully equal to that of the north. This has been hastened by the definition given to an institution by the Carnegie Institute. This presupposes entrance requirements of fourteen units, defining as a unit one year's high school work beyond the eighth grade in any subject. The faculty has just passed an ordinance putting Millsaps College in the front rank of institutions complying with these requirements. Hereafter fourteen units will be required for entrance to either of the two degrees, A. B. or B. S., except that in consideration of the present lack of preparatory training in the state students for the next two years may be admitted on twelve units.

This will, of course, give time for more thorough and advanced work in the college classes, so that Millsaps will easily maintain her leading position in accurate and painstaking scholarship.

The change in the preparatory department is most marked. A full year is added to its course, it is understood that an additional professor will be employed, and we can truthfully insist that the best training school in the state is on our own campus. The preparatory course as now given will be an excellent life training for those who can not take a collegiate course, and will supply a felt need on the part of many.

In this last issue of the COLLEGIAN for this session, I desire to thank the student body most heartily for the assistance they have rendered me. I hope some day to see THE COLLEGIAN reckoned among the foremost college journals in the country. This can be realized with the proper support from the students. So my parting word is: Do more next year than you did this! By all means hlep the Local Editor by reminding him of jokes and local items of interest—Vale!

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

BESSIE HUDDLESTON, Editor.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS.

One of the most charming of modern novels, considering both the story and its telling, is Harold Bell Wright's "The Shepherd of the Hills." Its simplicity, its freshness, its freedom alike from affectation and from so-called "spice-giving" touches, its cleanness and withal the interest of its plot, make it a book which might well be studied by some of our modern writers. While pathos is not lacking, while the usual "villain" is not absent, the tone of the book is that of Christian optimism, and the moving force is the power of human love. The influence of the pure air of Ozarks is extended by this book far beyond the little group of people with whom the story deals; the spirit of mysterious fascination and inspiration they have for their inhabitants has been caught by our author—I say caught, because he is not a native of the mountains, I believe—whose pen in revealing their features to us is equaled only by his brush.

Some writers in dealing with this story would have gone to great pains to explain different points of the plot. But what is more simple than Daniel Howitt's appearance in the Ozarks, whose peaks and valleys have a deep interest for him because they were beloved by his dead son? What more natural than that in this lonely region he should find his way to the home of the girl who had died for love of his son? This done, it is but a step for the cultured reader of a human flock to wish to spend the vacation ordered by his physician, in caring for the sheep of Grant Mathews, the father of the girl; and once within the spell of the mountains and started upon the work of educating Sammy Lane, to linger on and on the

rest of his days, a single and quiet force for good among the crude people of the hills. Even the return to the mountains of the Shepherd's son, (who was not dead at all) and his unsuspected presence in the hills where his sweetheart lived and died—this point over which another novelist would have wasted paragraphs of justification—is explained so simply in a few words of their own, that it would not occur to the average reader that he could have done anything but return and live in concealment. It is this lack of effort in ascribing motives to the characters that is one of the excellences of "The Shepherd of the Hills."

The evolution of Sammy Lane from a specimen of perfect physical animal to a "real lady" is a specimen of "Dad Howitt's work which we follow with keen interest. Her progress seems a little rapid sometimes, but the psychological processes involved are true. The conception of Sammy is excellent, as is also that of her "Daddy Jim" and of Grant Mathews and his wife, "Aunt Mollie" and son "Young Matt." It is in the idiot Pete, however, that the author shows his originality. This delicate-faced boy who seems to possess two selves, whose quaint talk of God and intimate acquaintance with the "flower-things' and the "shadow-things" make him seem akin to all of these, is an ideal creation of great skill. Though he is in no sense the hero of the story it is in his unique figure that the chief interest is centered.

There is nothing in "The Shepherd of the Hills" to make it live, perhaps, but it is second proof that the author of "The Printer of Udell" is a delightful story-teller as well as a landscape painter.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

JEFF COLLINS, Editor. TOM STENNIS, Acting Editor.

To many of our students it is a matter of surprise much that there are located in Jackson such a comparatively small number of Alumni of this College. A boy might enter this institution and remain here four years without ever learning that Jackson contains more than one or two men who have received diplomas from Millsaps. This should not be the case we know, for as our College is located in this town it should contain more of her graduates than any other town in the State. And it does, but for some reason those Millsaps men who have settled in Jackson have, to a great extent, forgotten us. Of course there are many in town who still feel interested in us at times, but we fear that only a small per cent. of them are filled with the feeling of loyalty and enthusiasm which should cause every graduate of Millsaps to work earnestly for the advancement and growth of his alma mater.

Is this our fault? As students in a College such as ours, situated in a town the size of Jackson, we do not find it as easy to meet and become acquainted with our predecessors as we would like for it to be. It may be that we do not offer the proper inducements for others to come out on the campus and be with us sometimes, but we do the best we can.

We have some in town who have not forgoteen the many pleasures which they experienced while in College and who are often seen strolling along the paths where in years that are past they pored over "Analit" and tansalated passages from Homer and Euripedes, or, as the case may be, where they concocted schemes by which they could raise poultry or ring the Chapel bell without being caught. One who visits the campus regularly is John B. Ricketts, '05, who is at present one of the most enterprising young lawyers in Jackson.

He is rapidly making a name for himself of which any of us might well be envious. Notwithstanding the fact that his time is pretty well taken up with his extensive law practice he is seen on the campus nearly every week and mingles with us just as if he was still in College.

Another Millsaps man who is becoming recognized as a power in the business and social circles in Jackson is Felix E. Gunter, '03. Gunter is at present agent for the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, an i in that position he has no superior, and few equals. He made quite a reputation as an insurance agent even before he left College, but the success he achieved then is as nothing when compared with what he has since accomplished. Though Gunter is a busy business man he is never so rushed as to neglect an opportunity to help our College enterprises whenever possible. He is ever a liberal subscriber to our magazines and always has a good-sized "ad" in our College publications. We understand that Gunter has tired of "single blessedness" and has taken unto himself a wife. 'Tis needless to say that every Millsaps man wishes him well in this matrimonial venture.

The programme for the State Teachers' Association has notice that Wirt Williams, '07, will deliver an address before that body on, "How to Teach a Country School." This is is quite an honor for one who has been out of College just one year.

Rev. J. L. Neill, '06, was on the campus for a few days recently. He is at present pastor of the Methodist church at Pass Christian.

C. L. Neill and John Carlton, '07, were in Jackson on the fourth and fifth of April. We understand that Carlton will be with us next session as a member of the Law class.

Hon. Joe Baker was shaking hands with his friends here a few days ago.

Sam M. Graham, '05, who has just finished the course given in our Law Department, has located in Meridian, Miss., where he will practice his chosen profession.

E. B. Allen, '05, who has been teaching at Auburn, Mississippi, was on the campus not long since. Allen has many friends among us who are always glad to see him.

Talmage V. Simmons, '05, visited his friends on the campus a few weeks ago. Simmons is regarded as one of the most promising young salesmen in Mississisippi.

Harvey Bullock, '07, came over from Morton to hear the debate between the Southern University and Millsaps.

George M. Beaver, one of the most popular members of our law class of 1906-1907, was with us for a short time in the first week of April. "The Judge" is practicing law at Newton, Mississippi and seems to be making quite a success.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT,

J. C. ROUSSEAUX, Editor.

Criticism is the salt of literature: it permeates each paragraph, modifies the most delicately woven lines of thought, makes clear the spirit and atmosphere of composition, and goes so far as to change the minutest detail of language construction. Nor is it untrue in its mission and unlike good salt in its effects. The natural preservative of meats is salt: it permeates every crevice, touches every fibre, and preserves every molecule. The critic with his wondrous preservative of literature enters the packing-room. Behold before him the many meats: some the flesh of birds, some of fishes, others of beasts, and still others of venomous reptiles and poisonous

dragons. What a mighty inspector is this critic, he who carries the salt-bag of his criticisms! Need he fear the world because he is in the vocation of separating the good from the evil? Thank Heaven's Nay! There still remain those who know the good, eatable, substantial flesh of birds, of fishes, and of animals from the bad, sin-stained, poisonous flesh of snakes, of scorpions, and of dragons. To him who belongs to this company assorting, selecting, purifying, ennobling and preserving the nourishable flesh of good literature all honor is due. Well might he labor on; for if he denounce the many poisonous productions and salt down with his criticisms the many good publications, he performs in his sacrifice for the future a service inestimable for mankind.

And is it not noticeable that salt can preserve only dead flesh? How it stings, how it pains the living flesh! During the life time of a great writer no one can know the many pangs that may have come to him through a seemingly adverse criticism. How sensitive was Tennyson to the salt of criticism! May it not have been another reason added to his aversion of society that caused him to be a recluse? A sting makes one rub the affected spot; so criticism makes writers rub more effort into their work towards perfection. But salt preserves dead flesh. Ah! how often it has been the case that a truly great writer has risen and men have not recognized him till after he has been long departed to the land of spirits, men begin discussing his work and holding him out to view until by the opinions and criticisms advanced the true genius has been shown. Thus it is that the salt of criticism has preserved for posterity valuable possessions of literature.

Can we, in view of these considerations, hope for any higher attainment for our College Magazines than the possession of literary merit?

A publication which we take great pleasure in reviewing is the March issue of the "Andrew College Journal" which is

neatly bound and has the college colors in an attractive pennant on the front. The magazine is well edited and has a great variety and quantity of material. The exhortation of the Exchange Department we shall try to follow and shall later take note to see if what is preached is also practiced. The editorials are all upon live topics except one and that is "Spring Laziness." The editor recommends work as the panacea for all ills, "spring laziness" included. The attention is drawn well to one's use of slang and incorrect language. But the best editorial is "Sympathy in the School Room." Here the writer leaves valuable suggestions together with a good definition of sympathy and a statement of its results.

Andrew College Journal.

" 'Tis Spring," a good attempt at verse, gives the atmosphere of the spring time. The best stroke is "Feathered Folk," though the young poet takes great liberty in making birds people—it is easily allowable on the ground of "poetic license." We should like to criticize the doctrine that love is the truest in Spring. We wonder if it is not truest in winter's icy season when by sacrifices and suffering provision is made for the "lesser man." We think that "Spring" as a poem surpasses the one just mentioned. The remaining rhyme is ditties and parodies, which, though they contain much spirit and amusement, are some of them sadly lacking in meter.

The only serious article in the issue is "The Influence of Spring on Poetry" in which the writer carefully but truthfully shows how Tennyson, Lowell, Thompson, Burns, Pike, and Lanier were made exultant because of spring. "The Serenader" is an excellent college story: we think that the picture of the girl making fudge could not have been painted any better. The story ends with an amusing bit of humor. The plot of "Madam Carlini" is not intricate and is too apparent from the beginning, though the language of the story is well chosen.

Perhaps the most notable feature is the rivalry shown between the Seniors and the Juniors: the "knocks" on both sides are good. But the best are found in "The Dissection of a Junior's Brain." The end of the story is meritorious. We advise that not too much space be taken in a literary magazine to such frivolities. May we also suggest a more careful reading of the proofs?

Randolph-Macon Monthly.

The best issue that has come to our desk this month is "The Randolph-Macon Monthly." It was with a true sense of enjoyment that the issue was perused. It has always been so. We may safely place this magazine by the side of "The University of Virginia Magazine" and say of them both that they are second to none in the South. How well the verse fits in between the charming, interesting stories! Nor is the magazine lacking in serious matter; for "The March of Liberty" shows how blessed it is to be in a democracy, and demonstrates the evils of autocracies, and denounces the absolutism of Russia's Czar who wields power over 100,000,000 of souls. The only criticism we have of the oration is that it is not long enough.

The verse is of high order. We think that "A Sonnet" deserves first rank while "With Dreams of You" comes second. "With Horse and Hound" is good poetry. But unless we account for an apparent contradiction in it by letting it cover the periods of winter, spring, and summer, the poem would be defective. In the first stanza mention is made of "the frosty morn;" in the last, "fields of corn." This is an abrupt transition through three small stanzas, and can be accounted for only on the use of three seasons, while the poem evidently opens with daybreak and ends with nightfall of the same day. With some slight change the defect might easily be removed.

And now the stories. What charming ones they are! To "A Recollection" we ascribe the second rank. The scenes are accurately pictured and the plot is good to the end. We

wonder, however, why the father and son in pursuit of the negro, after the son has shot the negro, do not go up to examine him. We think it rather defective for them to wait until the next morning to learn from the doctor.

"Mating-Time" is the best story in the issue, not that the plot is out of the ordinary, for it is the usual love story, but because it is so charmingly told and contains such good description. The opening as well as the closing situations are meritorious. The conversations are natural and the saucy humor of the girl are appreciated.

"Little Clouds" also deserves mention; the pictures of the moody fellow are splendidly drawn. We should like to commend the strong editorial on "A Literary Awakening." Here the writer shows ripeness of style and richness of thought. The departments are well represented with good editorials, and some good humor is enjoyed.

EXCERPTS.

Spring.

Spring has come in all her grandeur,
Clad in robes of verdant hue,
And the hills resound with laughter,
Echoing sounds of love to you.

Winter, fierce, in tears has glided
To the cycles of the past;
And no more he waves his sceptre
With a firm and icy grasp.

And the snow-capped mountains tremble,
Lest the peace of their domain,
'Mid the rays of Spring-time sunshine,
Be disturbed in this calm reign.

No more he spreads his icy mantle,
Shedding rays of glimmering light;
For today the flowers blossom,
And the swallow sings tonight.

Grasses decking hill and meadow,
Flowerets sweet, of gaudy hue,
Raise their faces, full of gladness
For the sunshine and the dew.

Carols sweet the birds are singing,
Chirping loud in gayer notes,
For the trees now robed in leaflets,
Make a brighter, happier home.

And we, too, with faces radiant,
Gazing upward to the blue,
Songs of praises we ought to utter
To the God, all-wise and true.
—(Edna Ward, '08, in Andrew College Journal.)

"Spring frogs, spring;
Leap frogs and sing;
Your music to the world bring,
In this our beautiful spring.

Spring chickens, spring;
Till your necks we ring;
How we love your sweet wing,
In this our beautiful spring.

Leap year, too, this spring.
How many beaux on your string?
May many wedding bells go ding,
In this our beautiful spring".—Ex.

We are the happy recipients of "Baylor Literary," "Eatonian," "College Reflector," "Concept," "Campus", "Black and Gold", "Mansfield Collegian", "Gibsonian", "St. Mary's Muse", "Columbia Collegian", "University of Mississippi Magazine", "Review and Bulletin", "Academy and College Journal."

He Had Hopes.

"Do you suppose," said Parson Brown
To Johnnie on his knee,
"Some day you'll have a pair of wings,
And a holy angel be?"
"Perhaps I will" said little John,
With puckered, thoughful brow,
"For mamma says, 'beyond a doubt
I'm a holy terror now.' "

—A. N. TURNER.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

W. A. WELCH, Editor.

Is it not a striking fact that the tie of associated Christian effort has united more college men than any other bond?

A most glorious revival meeting was conducted in the Association during the month of March. Prof. Charles Lane did some very effective preaching and the results of his efforts are great. Prof. Lane did excellent service, but much of the success of the meeting was due to personal workers. This is the most effective mode of reaching men as was demonstrated during the services. About thirty-five students claimed Christ as their personal Saviour, and a number of the boys who were non-church members before the meeting have made good their promises by uniting with the different churches, and it is believed that much permanent good has been accomplished. A number of new members has been added to the Association. So great was the success of the meeting that when Prof. Lane was compelled to leave, the boys continued the meeting with no leader save the Spirit of Christ. It was by far the best meeting in the history of the Association.

IT WILL BE DONE.

In the editorial columns of the March issue of THE COLLEGIAN there appeared an article on "The Gym" which brought out very forcibly the needs of a gymnasium here, and in conclusion the writer said, "Let us devise some plan by which this pressing need may be satisfied." In the Editorial department of this number will be found an article on a "Y. M. C. A. Building," setting forth several important questions in regard to such a building and it gives exact expression of the attitude of the Young Men's Christian Association when it says, "Many of the leading members feel that the time is here for the Association to take a more important part in the affairs of College life." It is the purpose of this article to reply in behalf of the Association to these two articles.

In the first place we really want and need a Y. M. C. A. building. At present our quarters are located in a single room which, it is true, is large enough for ordinary meetings. But we must not lose sight of the true purpose of the Association by limiting it to devotional exercises. If we do not advance with the advancement of others, if we do not try to expand and become better known, certainly the present Hall will always suffice. The Y. M. C. A. building can be made the center of college life, and certainly we need such a gravitating power here. We need places for the Bible Study groups to meet, a library of Missionary, and other religious literature where the different bands may assemble and have at their disposal maps, charts, and books, without having to bother with the College library. A more commodious meeting place and a reception hall would certainly be helpful and a reading room and bath rooms connected with a clean swimming pool would be of interest to every one. Moreover, we would not lose sight of the athletic feature, assuredly a good "Gym" under direction of a well trained Secretary would answer the crying need felt here at present.

The question has been asked: Are we willing to make the necessary sacrifice in order to meet these needs? We voice

the belief of a number of men in the Association, as well as prominent members of the Faculty, when we say that there are those here who are willing and ready to pay the price, and not only this, but are anxious to see the campaign for such a building launched. Furthermore, we have ample reasons to believe that the entire student body will support such a movement when it is properly presented to them. And when the students have put their shoulders to the wheel, convincing the faculty, trustees, and friends of the College that the need is pressing, certainly help will be near. And, too, we are persuaded that after an enthusiastic effort on the part of the students and friends, some philanthropist will see the great opportunity of an investment for good, and will come to our assistance.

It is clear, then, that such an undertaking is not an impossibility. It carries with it a responsibility which we owe to those who are to follow us in the Association work. We can not afford to lose this excellent opportunity for erecting a monument for good, and of making the Y. M. C. A. the commanding institution in our midst.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Rev. Alonzo Monk, of the Broadway Methodist Church, Louisville, Ky., has consented to deliver the annual commencement sermon before the Young Men's Christian Asrociation June 7. Mr. Monk is an accomplished man and comes highly recommended from another State and Conference; this promises to be an interesting and profitable occasion.

The following is the announcement of officers and committees of the next Association year: Officers—W. A. Welch, President; L. M. Jones, Vice President; J. A. Brooks, Secretary; T. A. Stennis, Treasurer. Committees—Devotional: J. M. Guinn, Charman; B. F. Witt, T. W. Lewis, J. M. Morse: Bible Study: J. H. Brooks, Chairman; W. F. Holmes, W. F. Bufkin, L. M. Jones. Mission Study: A. C. Anderson, Chair-

man; Clyde Ruff, Henderson, Jake Bingham, Butler, J B. Kirkland. Memebrship: D. R. Wasson, Chairman; H. M. Frizell, C. G. Terrell, Olin Ray, Johnson. Finance: T. A. Stennis, Chairman; A. B. Campbell, Dan Bufkin, Charles Galloway, S. E. Williamson. Hand Book: R. J. Mullins, Chairman; Dan Bufkin, J. H. Brooks. Reception: W. R. Applewhite, Chiarman; Brewer, R. J. Mullins. Advisory Board: Dr. J. M. Sullivan, Rev. T. W. Lewis, Prof. R. S. Ricketts.

Great things are being planned for next year in the Association work. The various Committees are at work making definite plans and are preparing to accommomplish their undertakings. The finance committee has already issued the budget for next year and is now receiving subscriptions. The Mission Committee has planned for a greater enrollment in Mission Study, and proposes to give $125.00 by systematic giving. The Membership Committee tells us it is going to double our membership for another year. The policy of the Bible Study Committee is to enroll 175 men in the systematic study of the Bible. The Hand Book will be issued on time and the Reception Committee are planning their work well